The Story of the Nations

MEDIÆVAL ROME

Stephen McNulty

Glastonbury - April 2000

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ST. PETER'S.

MEDIÆVAL ROME

FROM HILDEBRAND TO CLEMENT VIII.

1073—1600

BY

WILLIAM MILLER, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE BALKANS," ETC.

"SEPTEM URBS ALTA JUGIS, TOTO QUÆ PRÆSIDET ORBI"

PROPERTIUS, iv. 11, 57

SECOND IMPRESSION

London

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

1904

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PREFACE

THE idea of the present work was suggested to me by the lack of a short history of Mediæval Rome. Of the thousands of British and American visitors, who now flock to the Eternal City, few have the patience or the leisure to peruse, even in an English translation, the great work of Gregorovius. Yet, as Goethe said, the traveller sees in Rome only what he takes to Rome ; and, without some knowledge of its chequered annals during the Middle Ages, it is impossible to appreciate and enjoy a large part of its archæological and artistic treasures. I have accordingly endeavoured in the following pages to narrate the most striking incidents in the history of the city between the middle of the eleventh and the end of the sixteenth century, confining myself as far as possible to those events of which Rome was the theatre. Original research is, of course, out of the question in a work of this kind, but I have gone in all cases to the best authorities. I have accordingly based the story in the main on the latest German edition of Gregorovius' *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im*

Mittelalter (Stuttgart, 1886–96), and on Von Reumont's *Geschichte der Stadt Rom.* I have also consulted those chapters of Gibbon and of Hallam's *Europe during the Middle Ages*, which deal with the subject; Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores;* Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, vols. iv.–ix.; Stephens' *Hildebrand and his Times;* Ranke's *Die römischen Päpste*, B. i.; Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici* and *Life of Leo X.*, as well as other recognised authorities on the period. During several months' stay in Rome at various times I have attempted to familiarise myself with the features of the city, and I have also visited most of the places in Italy and elsewhere to which the narrative makes incidental allusion.

W. M.

CHELSEA, *October* 18, 1901.

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MEDIÆVAL ROME

(1073—1600)

I

HILDEBRAND AND HIS TIMES

NO one who visits both Rome and Athens at the present day can fail to be struck by one remarkable difference between the two famous cities, which stand for so much in the history of the world. While Athens is composed of a very old group of ruins and a brand-new town, which was rapidly made to order in Germany; while every trace of that mediæval splendour, which once distinguished the court of the Frank dukes, has vanished; in Rome, on the other hand, we have side by side the works of the kings, the memorials of the Republic, the monuments of the Empire, the remains of the Middle Ages, and the modern erections that have sprung up since 1870. Thus, while at Athens there is a sudden transition from buildings, which were constructed in the golden age of Periklês, to houses planned in the reigns of Otho and George, Rome furnishes us with an almost

unbroken series of historical monuments from the time of Romulus down to that of Vittorio Emanuele III. The rise of the Papacy saved the Imperial city from falling in the Middle Ages to the condition of a decayed town, and, after it had ceased to be the capital of a vast Empire, it was still the centre of the religious world.

No period in the history of the Papacy, and, therefore, of that mediæval Rome, which it represents, is more important than the eleventh century, that same century which witnessed the transformation of our own history by the Norman conquest of England. Under Benedict IX., the Roman Church reached a evel of degradation, almost as low as that to which t descended under the Borgias. The Vicar of Christ sold his high office to Gregory VI., in return for an assignment to his private uses of the Peter's Pence that were paid by the English. The loss of the temporal power had accompanied this abandonment of spiritual aims. The pilgrim to the Holy City was lucky if he escaped the bands of robbers which infested the approaches to it. Within the walls, the churches were allowed to fall into ruin, and the priests to run riot in every kind of debauchery. Murder and outrage were of nightly occurrence in the streets, and the Roman nobles did not spare even the altar of St. Peter in their quest for plunder. They were, indeed, the arbiters of the Papacy, and made Popes at their will, just as in former days the prætorians had proclaimed emperors according as it suited their purpose. In short, about the middle of the eleventh century, Rome and its Church were in the lowest

depths of humiliation, when suddenly there arose a man who raised the Papacy to a pinnacle which it had never occupied before, and made the name of Rome once more feared and respected by the great ones of the earth.

Hildebrand was the son, it is said, of a poor joiner of Soana, in the marshes of Tuscany, and belonged, as his name implies, to the Lombard stock, with which that district was largely peopled. Courtly genealogists endeavoured, in the usual fashion, to exalt his family when he had become famous, and it was pretended that he belonged to the noble family of the Aldobrandini. Marvellous tales are told about his infancy—how fire played around his head—as it had played around that of the youthful Servius Tullius, and how his first exercise in the alphabet was to put together a phrase emblematic of universal dominion. But the facts are, that he went as a lad to Rome, where his uncle was Abbot of the Monastery of Sta. Maria on the Aventine, that he became a monk, and entered the order of Cluny. But the master-mind of Hildebrand was not likely to be "cabined and confined" within the narrow limits of a monastic cloister. Small and insignificant in appearance, he possessed boundless ambition and the practical abilities to gratify it, for, if he despised the world, he wished to show his contempt by conquering it. While others composed from the safe recesses of some remote hermitage envenomed diatribes against the modern Gomorrha of the Seven Hills, he cast about for the means of reforming the fallen Papacy and restoring it to its historical functions. When Gregory VI.

purchased that office from Benedict IX. in 1045, Hildebrand foresaw that, tainted as was the new Pope's election with simony, he might yet be made an instrument for the benefit of the Church. He became his chaplain and confidential adviser, and when Henry III. of Germany deposed the Pope at the Council of Sutri, Hildebrand accompanied his master into exile at Cologne, and meditated there on the liberation of the Papacy from its position of dependence on the will of a German sovereign. Three years later, when the reforming Pope, Leo IX., entered Rome in the garb of an apostle, Hildebrand was one of his scanty retinue, and the real power behind him. From this moment he played, under six Popes, the part of an omnipotent minister, without whose consent nothing was done, until at last he not only governed in the name of others as minister, but also reigned as Pope himself.

Before his death, Leo IX. commended the fortunes of the Church to the care of his trusty adviser, and Hildebrand, not yet ripe for the supreme post, went to Germany to beg the Emperor to appoint another reforming German, who would continue the policy already begun under Leo. The Emperor consented, and Victor II., the new Pope, was Hildebrand's nominee. Under him and his successor, Stephen IX., the improvement in the condition of the Church continued, but the next Pope, Benedict X., was a creature of the Roman nobility, which had recovered influence on the death of the German Emperor. Hildebrand was not the man to acquiesce in this state of things. He procured the election of an

opposition Pope at a synod, held at Siena, and did all he could to facilitate the entry of his candidate into Rome. Supported by the Margrave of Tuscany this anti-Pope was installed in the Lateran as Nicholas II., and Hildebrand hastened to Campania to obtain the assistance of the Normans of the South for the prosecution of his plans. Nicholas, at his suggestion, summoned a council, which condemned his rival, Benedict, and strongly forbade the crime of simony and the marriage of priests. A still more famous decree emanated from this same council, and was the work of Hildebrand. At one time he had looked to Germany to take the lead in the reform of the Church; but he had seen that Teutonic popes were too German for the Italians, and too Italian for the Germans. It was therefore, now, his policy to render the election of the Pope independent of the German Court and the Roman nobility; to restore Rome, as the seat of God's Vicegerent, to its historic position as the centre of the world. He accordingly persuaded the Council to raise the College of Cardinals to the dignity of an ecclesiastical senate, from which the Vicar of Christ should be elected, while the clergy and people of Rome were only to retain the shadowy right of confirming the election. A saving clause was inserted with the object of not offending the rights of the German sovereign, but a great step had been taken towards the complete liberty of the Papacy.

The Council of 1059 marks a great change in the history of that unique institution. It was then that it received the form which it has retained down to

our own days. It was then that the new constitution of the Papal Office was formally and finally established. But Hildebrand was sufficiently man of the world to know that decrees are of little use, unless there is force behind them. He accordingly resolved to make the Normans, who in the same century in which they conquered England, had made themselves masters of Southern Italy, the special defenders of the Papacy against the City of Rome and the German Empire.[1] Robert Guiscard and Richard of Aversa the Norman robber-chiefs, who had won one Southern Italian town after another in the general confusion of that period, were induced by diplomatic handling, to regard their conquests as fiefs of the Holy See, which thus generously bestowed upon them principalities and duchies, without the least regard to the rights of the legitimate owners. But a great political point had been gained, if at the expense of ordinary morality. The Normans swore to maintain the Church in its possessions, and to help the Pope against his enemies, and they were easily the first soldiers of the age. No time was lost in carrying out this part of the bond. Nicholas and Hildebrand led a Norman army to Rome, forced the castle in which Benedict had sought refuge to surrender, and drove that Pope, robbed of all his dignities, into the Convent of Sta. Agnese. Hildebrand, now an Archdeacon, was the real ruler of the Church; and the papal schism was at an end; the Roman nobility was, for the moment, crushed. But the latter made

[1] Besides Gibbon's picturesque account of their arrival in Italy, the reader may be referred to Mr. Marion Crawford's "Rulers of the South."

common cause with the German Court against this new system of papal election, which threatened them both, and the City was henceforth divided for centuries into an Imperial and a papal party.

The death of Nicholas II., in 1061, brought the rival factions into speedy conflict. The German party in Rome begged the young king, Henry IV., to appoint a new head of the Church; Hildebrand boldly took up their challenge, and in conformity with the recent decree, assembled the Cardinals and obtained the election of a reforming bishop as Pope, under the title of Alexander II. The violence of the Normans procured the installation of Hildebrand's candidate; but a new schism had begun, for the German party elected Honorius II. in Bâle, and thus the German Empire and the Roman Church, stood forth as combatants.

The combat was preceded by a pompous palaver in the ancient Circus Maximus, between the envoy of Honorius and the Roman nobles. The anti-Pope soon followed at the head of an army, and once more Rome witnessed a sanguinary conflict outside its gates. The literary men of the time compared the carnage to that in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey; but even the horrors of that fratricidal struggle were surpassed, inasmuch as the rival leaders of the new conflict were not ambitious soldiers, but the high-priests of Christianity, who had grasped the sword in order to maintain their claims to be the representative of Him who preached the religion of peace. For the moment the rivals were induced to accept the intervention of the Margrave

of Tuscany. Hildebrand gained a diplomatic victory in Germany, and his nominee, Alexander II., was acknowledged to be the only legitimate Pope. But the Roman nobles were not so easily disconcerted. They induced the deposed Honorius to re-appear before Rome, and installed him in the Castle of Sant' Angelo. The civil war was renewed, and the monuments of the City were turned into so many coigns of vantage, from which the adherents of the one Pope hurled taunts and weapons on those of the other. Just as now, the Vatican and the Quirinal represent opposing parties, so then St. Peter's and the Lateran were the headquarters of contending factions, where for a year hostile Popes cursed one another, and blessed their respective adherents. The language, with which the rivals besmirched one another's character, cannot be reproduced without offending decency, but finally the curses of Honorius proved ineffectual. The Normans came to his opponent's aid in Rome ; Hildebrand again scored a diplomatic triumph in Germany, and at last, in 1064, Alexander II. became sole Pope in fact as well as in name. Hildebrand had managed to surmount all obstacles, and Romans and Germans had alike bent before his will. The Church hung on his lips, and a monkish admirer hailed him, in indifferent verses, as more than a Pope. Thanks to his energy and masterful character, Rome had once more become the centre of the religious world, whither bishops came to attend councils, and princes came to seek pardon for their sins. Just as in former days, Cnut, King of England, and Macbeth, King of Scotland, had made pilgrim-

ages to the Eternal City, so now the German Empress Agnes, mother of Henry IV., approached the chair of St. Peter, in the garb of a penitent, with a prayer-book in her hand, to beg for mercy and forgiveness.

Alexander II., died in 1073, and at last, Hildebrand, who had so long been the most powerful figure of the Church, became Pope under the name of Gregory VII. Few men have ever entered upon that office with greater ideas; fewer still have possessed greater practical ability for their realisation. Yet, when the crucial moment had come, and enthusiastic voices demanded his instant election, he is said to have had misgivings as to his capacity for the post which was now his. No one knew better than he the difficulties of the reformer, for he had been grappling with them for years. But, once elected Pope, he cast his misgivings behind him, and began to work out his ambitious programme of making the Papacy the head of a second Roman Empire. The Great Powers, as we should say in the political language of our own day, should, according to him, become the vassals of the Pope, who, as God's Vicegerent, should be the highest authority on earth. Nor was Gregory VII. content with mere vague generalities. He claimed overlordship over Bohemia, Russia, and Hungary. He informed the Spaniards, that their country had ever been a fief of the Holy See, and he asserted rights over England, which William the Conqueror, in 1076, firmly refused to recognise. As self-constituted head of Europe, he conceived the audacious plan of first driving his old

friends the Normans, as well as the Greeks and Saracens, out of Italy, and then subjecting Constantinople to the Roman Church, and planting the Cross in Jerusalem. But his attempt to head a crusade was a failure, and even the smaller programme of reducing Southern Italy to a fief of the Church, met with the obstinate resistance of Robert Guiscard, though the rulers of Capua and Benevento were willing to take the oath of allegiance to him.

A more serviceable ally was the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, a woman of the same Lombard stock as the Pope, and of scarcely inferior ability. Her adhesion was all the more valuable, because the geographical position of Tuscany made it a strong barrier against German intervention from the north. Enemies and cynics have endeavoured to attribute the political alliance of Hildebrand and this active woman of twenty-eight to other than political reasons. But there seems to be no reason to doubt that the tie which united them was less than platonic. Like most great men, Gregory VII. doubtless had his weaknesses; but it is more charitable and also more probable to assume that he recognised in the Tuscan Countess a kindred spirit, who could, and would, assist him in his political schemes. At any rate, she was present at his first Council, where he renewed the reforming decrees of his predecessors, and ordered the deposition of all married and simoniacal priests. He could have no compromise with either of these twin evils, as he regarded them, and the natural result of these drastic reforms was to raise against him most violent opposition from all the interested parties. In Rome

itself, hundreds of priests were living in a more or less married state, in open defiance of the decisions of synods, and their children occupied some of the most lucrative places at the disposition of the Church. Even in our own day similar conditions are not unknown within sight of the Vatican, while their existence in the Roman Catholic States of South America has lately been brought before the notice of Leo XIII. Still, though abuses of this kind still occupy the attention of the head of the Roman Church, there has been a marked improvement since the period of which we are writing. For in the time of Hildebrand even St. Peter's itself, the Holy of Holies of the ecclesiastical world, was not safe from the orgies of men who masqueraded as Cardinals, and, in point of rapacity, were indeed excellent imitations of the genuine wearers of the purple. Like every reformer, Gregory VII. made swarms of enemies. Naturally, every deposed priest became a sworn foe of the new Pope, and found no difficulty in persuading his boon-companions that Hildebrand was worse than an atheist—a conscientious follower of the New Testament doctrine in the every-day business of life. The Roman nobles had, as we have seen, reasons of their own for disliking the man, who had made the Papacy independent of them, and the Triple Alliance against him was completed by the adhesion of the Archbishop of Ravenna, who had long been Hildebrand's bitterest enemy.

But, great as was the storm aroused in Italy against the new policy, it was less serious than that excited in Germany. Henry IV. had, indeed, accepted the

Pope's behests for the moment; but his practice continued to be the same as before. He sold ecclesiastical benefices in the good old style, and the majority of German priests continued to be married. A second decree of the Pope, which forbade the investiture of priests by laymen, was a still more direct blow at Henry's influence, and at that of all temporal magnates. This attempt to separate the Church from all State control was a bold stroke of policy, but it united a whole host of powerful foes against the Papacy, and lighted a fire, which blazed for the next half century almost without intermission.

The first act of violent opposition to the papal ordinances was the conspiracy of Cencius, a disappointed place-hunter, who made himself the leader of all the discontented at Rome, and was so much feared by the papal party, that they dared not execute a sentence of death, which had been passed upon him. Cencius wrote to Henry IV., promising to deliver the Pope into his hands; and, though it is not clear that he obtained any response, he at once set about to redeem his promise. He selected the Christmas Eve of 1075 for the date of his attempt; and, at the moment when the Pope was reading mass in the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, rushed up to the altar with a drawn sword in his hand, followed by a band of fellow-conspirators. Neither respect for the sacred building nor regard for the person of the Pope had the least weight with the savage leader of the revolution. Seizing Gregory by the hair, he dragged him out of the church, threw him across his horse and galloped off with his burden to his tower of safety

Yet, even in this extremity, Gregory was not wholly abandoned. A noble lady and a man of lowly birth, typical of the influence which he exercised over all classes, followed him and ministered to his wants. The news of his abduction soon spread through the city, for, accustomed as Rome was to acts of violence, the kidnapping of a Pope was not an every-day occurrence. The alarm bells summoned the people to arms; the priests veiled the desecrated altars; the guards barred the gates; torchlight processions traversed the streets in quest of the lost Pontiff, for it was not yet known where he was, nor even if he was still alive. All was uncertainty and confusion. The days of the conspiracy of Catiline seemed to have returned, and in the morning the people thronged the Capitol to deliberate on what should be done. At last the news came, that Gregory was a prisoner in Cencius' tower, that he was wounded and alone. In a moment the mob rushed to the prison of the Pope, and his gaoler, finding resistance useless, obtained pardon by entreaties or threats from his prisoner. The Pope kept his word, and saved Cencius from the hands of the infuriated people. Returning to Sta. Maria Maggiore, he completed the interrupted mass, while his captor, who had pledged himself to go as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, took to the more congenial occupation of ravaging the ecclesiastical domains in the Roman Campagna. Gregory came out of this fiery ordeal with heightened prestige, and the people recognised that the Pope was not only morally courageous, but physically brave.

A greater enemy than Cencius now stepped into

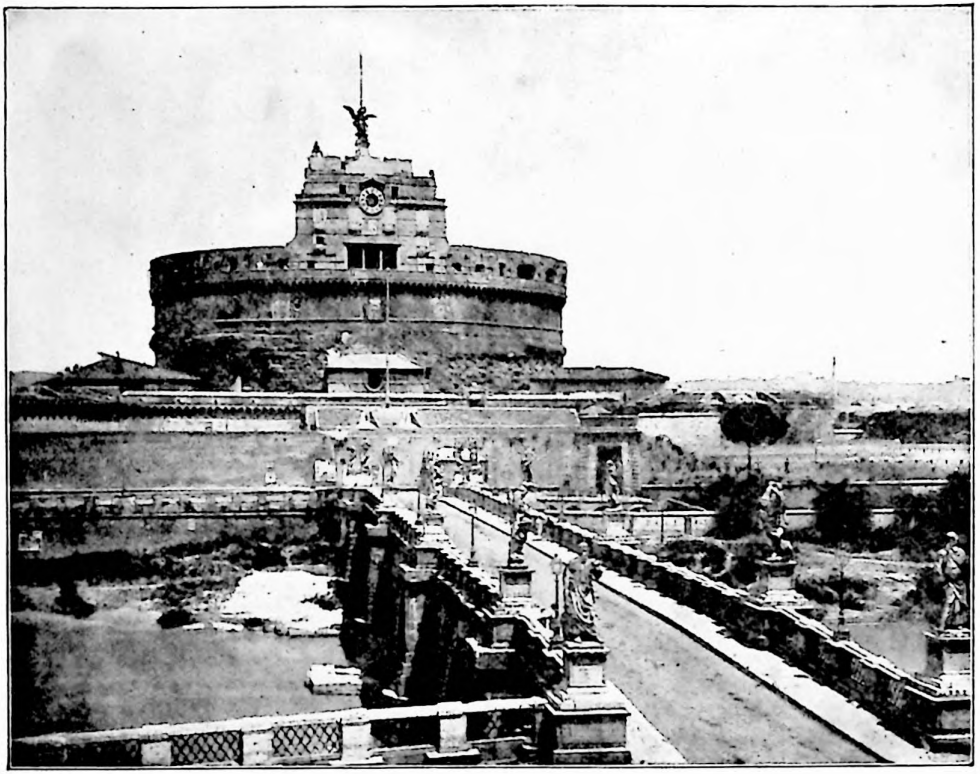
the arena, to try conclusions with the Pope. The latter had reminded the youthful Henry IV. of the end of Saul, and threatened him with the curse of the Church, unless he repented of his sins in sackcloth and ashes. The King retaliated by summoning a Council at Worms, where his obedient German bishops declared the Pope to be deposed. The conflict between Church and State, Rome and Germany, had begun, and the letter, which Henry, "King, not by usurpation but by the holy will of God," wrote to "Hildebrand, not Pope, but false monk," left no loophole for a compromise. The writer accused his enemy of having "trodden underfoot archbishops, bishops, and priests, like slaves"; of having "rebelled against the Royal power itself"; of having "gained the Papacy by cunning and treachery"; and of "arming subjects against their lords." Possibly Henry sought to veil the illegality of his action by the violence of his language, while he cloaked his aggression in biblical quotations, after the manner of South African diplomacy. But Gregory was not the man to quail before strong words, even in the mouth of a king; and, when the Royal emissary stepped forth at the opening of a Lateran Council, and bade the Pope come down at once from his seat, he saved the rash envoy from the consequences of his act and at once replied by placing Henry beneath the ban of the Church. He deposed that monarch from his throne, released Henry's subjects from their oath of allegiance, and justified rebellion against a sovereign, who had dared to raise his hand against the Vicar of Christ. Powerful as Henry had believed himself to

be, he found that he was no match, in that superstitious age, for a monk, weak in physical force but strong in the might of his supernatural attributes. Princes, bishops, and people deserted the cause of their king at the bidding of the Pope ; party spirit, always the curse of mediæval Germany, seized the opportunity to identify itself with religious duty ; and Henry, alone and abandoned, bowed before the storm.

No monarch has ever undergone a more humiliating penance. Crossing the snows of Mont Cenis in the depth of winter, he entered Italy in the garb of a penitent, where his father had trodden at the head of an army. Rejecting the counsel of the North Italians, who urged him to lead them to Rome, he wended his way past Reggio dell' Emilia to the Castle of Canossa, behind the walls of which the Pope and the Countess Matilda were entrenched. At that spot the Papacy obtained the greatest of its triumphs over the power of sovereigns. For three weary days the stern Gregory kept his humbled rival waiting before the castle-gate in the shirt of a suppliant. At last Matilda interceded on his behalf; and the Pope released the kneeling and weeping king from the ban of the Church, but only on condition that he should relinquish his crown until such time as a Church Council had decided his fate, and that, in the event of his reinstatement, he would swear ever to obey the will of the Pope. The scene at Canossa in 1077 has, in our own time, been made the subject of the greatest modern statesman's comment. Eight centuries after a German king had knelt humbly at the feet of a Pope, Prince Bismarck, in all the heat of the *Kulturkampf*, declared that

never again would a German sovereign "go to Canossa," with what results the sequel showed. But the apposite nature of the allusion showed that in 800 years Church and State were still foes, and the subsequent surrender of a statesman far stronger than Henry, to a Pope far weaker than Gregory, proved that the passing of centuries had not much diminished the power of the Roman Church over the minds of men.

Gregory and the Papacy had triumphed; but their triumph was not long unquestioned. The candidature of Rudolph of Swabia, as a rival for the German crown, placed the Pope in a difficulty; for a large party in Germany clamoured for his recognition of that prince, and the Pope at last yielded, and once more placed Henry under the ban. But this second thunderbolt failed in its effect. Henry retorted by ordering the election of the Archbishop of Ravenna as Pope, and thus met Gregory with his own weapons. Rudolph's death left the field open in Germany, and four years after his penance at Canossa, Henry marched at the head of an army upon Rome. His first and second attempts to capture the city failed, although he tried those golden arguments which Philip of Macedon had declared to be an unfailing means of success. A third attack at the end of the following year was a more serious affair. He occupied the Leonine city, and a tradition has preserved the name of Godfrey of Bouillon as the first man who set foot within it. St. Peter's was the scene of a violent conflict between the opposing forces, and Henry, accompanied by his Pope, now styled Clement III.,



CASTLE OF SANT' ANGELO.

entered the great church in triumph, while Gregory fled to the adjoining Castle of Sant' Angelo. The latter's position seemed, indeed, hopeless. The three sieges had exhausted the resources of the city and the patience of its inhabitants. Even among his own adherents there were not wanting those who urged Gregory to make terms with the king, and save what remained of Rome from utter destruction. Henry professed himself willing to receive the Imperial diadem from his hands, if he would consent to peace. But Gregory would have no compromises. He vowed that he would recognise Henry as neither king nor Kaiser, and insisted that the terms accepted by the king when he was a penitent at Canossa must be observed when he was a conqueror at Rome. He was willing to call a council to decide the question, and this arrangement Henry accepted for the moment, but he speedily broke his word. Utterly weary of the struggle, the people now abandoned the cause of Gregory, and betrayed the city to his enemies. An assembly of Roman notables proclaimed his deposition from the Papacy, and recognised Clement III. as the lawful Vicar of Christ. Clement owed his dignity to Henry, and he repaid his benefactor by crowning him Emperor, in St. Peter's, on Easter Sunday, 1084.

Still Gregory held out in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, that memorable fortress, which down to 1870 played such a great part in the history of the Popes. He could see from the battlements the ruins of the Leonine City, the army of his enemies, the treachery of his former friends. One day he saw another and a more cheerful sight—the bands of Robert Guiscard

marching across the Campagna to set him free. The Norman chief had made his peace with Gregory before the war began; but, at the moment when hostilities broke out, he was at Durazzo, on the Albanian coast, and it was only now, at the eleventh hour, that he came to the assistance of the beleaguered Pope, in order to save himself, for he surmised that his turn would come next. Henry knew that his forces would be no match for the Norman warriors; he assembled the Romans, told them that pressing business called him northward, and, after destroying the towers of the Capitol and the walls of the Leonine City, he retired, leaving the great object of his efforts unattained.

Three days later, Robert Guiscard arrived before the gates, which were shut in his face by the Romans, whom Henry had abandoned. The Normans climbed the gate of San Lorenzo, and soon the prisoner of the Castle of Sant' Angelo was at liberty. Robert Guiscard could boast that he was one of the commanders who had taken the Eternal City; but he had no mercy for the treasures which it contained. The Romans rose against their conqueror, and he secured himself by setting fire to a part of their great inheritance. Churches were reduced to ashes, streets lay in ruin, corpses cumbered the ground; noble Romans were sold into slavery, or sent off as convicts to the mountains of Calabria. An ecclesiastical poet, who visited the city twenty-two years later, mourned over the destruction which the hordes of Guiscard had wrought, yet declared that, even in her ruin, there was "nothing like Rome." It was, indeed, the severest

trial that the Romans had undergone for centuries, and a long list of monuments can be drawn up, which perished in those terrible days. The Lateran Gate was henceforth known as "the burnt portal"; the Colosseum itself only just escaped. The Cælian and the Aventine then, for the first time, became desolate, and a somewhat later writer actually states that Guiscard wanted to destroy the whole city. Other towns adorned themselves with the spoils of Rome. The cathedrals of Pisa and Lucca were both decked with columns that had once stood in the Imperial capital; and thus, as usual, "the monks ended what the Goths began." Gregory himself was shocked at he state in which the city was restored to him. He saw that he could no longer live there amid the ruins which his ambition had caused, and withdrew for ever from the scene of his conflicts and his triumphs. He knew that his life would not be safe for a moment after the retirement of his Norman allies, so he, too, retired to Salerno to foster plans of a complete restoration of his former power. But death cut short all his further schemes, and he died in exile in 1085. He was buried in Robert Guiscard's new cathedral at Salerno, where his ashes still lie. "I have loved justice and hated iniquity," he exclaimed with his dying breath; and, if ambition rather than a love of abstract justice had been his guiding motive, he was at least a great Pope and a great man. In the mediæval history of Rome he cannot fail to be one of the mightiest figures, and in that of the Papacy he is remembered as one of that small band of Popes who attained to genius. In the phrase of Gibbon he

GREGORY VII.

(*From the Stanze of Raphael.*)

"may be adored, or detested, as the founder of the papal monarchy," according to the opinions of his critics. He aimed at making Rome the capital of the world once more, at raising his own office to the dominion over all earthly principalities and powers. He left the Eternal City in ashes, and his successors have lost all temporal authority, and have had to concede much that he considered as essential. But he made a mark, not only on his own time, but on more than one future era, and his influence and example may be traced in subsequent conflicts between Church and State.

II

ARNOLD OF BRESCIA

THE death of Hildebrand, followed as it was by that of Robert Guiscard, weakened the influence of the Papacy, and the condition of the Roman Church was not such as to attract candidates for the chair of St. Peter. Desiderius, Abbot of Monte Cassino, the magnificent monastery between Rome and Naples, which still bears the marks of his influence, was elected Pope, against his will, under the title of Victor III., and the next two years witnessed the deplorable spectacle of a struggle for the possession of the Papal chair, between the adherents of this reluctant Pontiff and the opposition-Pope, Clement III., who was still supported by German influence. St. Peter's was besieged by the Norman allies of Victor's party, and their nominee installed there. But death removed the Pope from a position for which he was utterly unsuited, and, leaving the Eternal City once more in the hands of his rival, he expired at his beloved Monte Cassino, which he should never have left. In 1088, Otto, Bishop of Ostia, was chosen as his successor, with the name of

Urban II. Urban was the first Frenchman ever made Pope, and is famous in European history as one of the chief instigators of the first Crusade. But his memorable speech at Clermont, which kindled such enthusiasm for that cause, and the deeds of the Crusaders, had merely an indirect influence on the fate of Rome. One of the incidental results of the first Crusade was to restore Rome to the control of the lawful Pope. The effects of that great movement upon the seat of the Papacy were only secondary. Though the Popes found a new source of income in the Crusading movement, and were able to consolidate their power, while other sovereigns became exhausted, the Romans, themselves, showed no enthusiasm for the liberation of Jerusalem, and their trade was injured by the diversion of interest to the East. But the Crusaders, on their way to Bari, found time to clear out of the Roman basilicas the barbarous bands of Christians who supported the anti-Pope. An eye-witness, who had taken the Cross to fight against the Paynim, has left on record his amazement at discovering the most famous Church of Christendom in the possession of armed miscreants, who stole the offerings of the pious from the altars, pelted the worshippers with stones from the beams of the roof, and threatened to murder every one who was a follower of Urban. It may have occurred to some of the Crusaders, that Rome was even more in need of reform than Jerusalem, and students of Eastern politics are reminded that even in the nineteenth century a Turkish guard was required to prevent hostile sects of Christians from tearing one another

in pieces at the Holy Sepulchre. The warriors of the Cross, we are told, were horrified at what they saw in the capital of Christianity, and some called down the vengeance of God upon the wicked city. But the Pope had gained his point. Clement retired to Ravenna, and Urban entered the Castle of Sant' Angelo, only to enjoy for one brief year the undivided possession of Rome.

But the nineteen years' pontificate of Paschalis II., who succeeded him, was a period of misery for the city. The Papal schism, supported by the German party, still continued, even after the death of Clement, and the rebellious nobles of Rome gave the Pope almost constant trouble. Now, for the first time, we hear of the famous house of Colonna, whose origin, according to the courtly Petrarch, was to be found on the banks of the Rhine, and whose name and arms have been connected with almost every celebrated column from that of Trajan to those of Hercules. At the same moment, another noble family, that of the Corsi, dislodged from their fastness, amid the ruins of the Capitol, established themselves outside the gates, and thence plundered the houses within. During the absence of the Pope in France and Southern Italy, these ambitious adventurers raised a rebellion of the Sabine and Latin towns, and the head of the Church had to subdue the rising by force of arms. Such was the condition of Rome in the early years of the twelfth century.

Amidst so much misery, and such wanton destruction, the historians of the time could point to one

remarkable ceremonial—the journey of Henry IV.'s successor, Henry V., from Germany to Rome in 1110–1, to be crowned Emperor. Humiliating as it was for Italy and the Papacy, the pompous pageantry, which the German sovereign displayed, yet lights up the dreary annals of the age. Three thousand knights were in his train; vassals of many languages, led by princes or bishops, followed their liege lord; scribes attended to report his doings for the benefit of those whom he had left at home, just as in our own day a Kaiser's pilgrimage to Palestine is not complete without a "special correspondent." A pact was made between the King and the Pope, which was to have established the peace between Church and State by means of mutual concessions, and the two took their places side by side on the purple throne at St. Peter's. Then followed a scene to which scarcely a parallel can be found in the annals of the world. The text of this new *Concordat* was read aloud before the vast congregation of priests and nobles; the Pope was found to have prohibited the service of clerics in the army, and to have ordered the surrender of all crown property that they held to the Emperor, who, in return, was expected to relinquish the right of investiture. At this point Henry withdrew, under the pretext of consulting with the bishops, who declared the pact intolerable. The King demanded to be crowned as Emperor; the Pope refused to crown him. High words were banded to and fro, and a knight cried out, "What need is there for long speeches? My master insists on being crowned without more ado, like Louis and Charles before him!"

Anxious Cardinals suggested that the coronation should take place at once, and the negotiations between Church and State be renewed on the morrow. But the bishops would hear no more about negotiations. Armed men surrounded the Pope, and he had scarcely concluded the mass, when a frightful tumult broke out. Seldom had St. Peter's seen a more disgraceful spectacle, and the trembling Pontiff was thankful to escape at nightfall, with his retinue, to an adjacent house, where he remained a prisoner, while the church which he had just left was sacked and outraged. But two of his friends had escaped over the Tiber in disguise, and told the people what had occurred. The alarm bells were rung; the citizens rose as one man; every German, who was found by the mob, was cut down. As soon as it was light the Romans rushed to the rescue of their Pope, and Henry, barefooted and half-dressed, leapt on horseback to check the fury of their attack. Wounded, and lying on the ground, he owed his life to the devotion of one of his followers, who himself fell a victim to the disappointed vengeance of the rabble. It was with the utmost difficulty, that the German troops held their ground at last, and the Vicar of the Pope urged on the people to attack them again. Then Henry marched away, taking the Pope and sixteen Cardinals with him as prisoners, while his rough soldiers dragged a band of priests through the mire at their horses' tails. This was his revenge for Canossa; thus Paschalis II. suffered for the triumph of Hildebrand. Not a single Christian Power raised a finger on behalf of the head of Christendom. For

sixty-one weary days did Pope and Cardinals remain the German sovereign's prisoners, until at last the Pope yielded to compulsion, and consented to grant the privilege of investiture to his captor, and crown him Emperor. The latter ceremony was hastily performed, and the newly-crowned Kaiser marched away from Rome, whither the Pope returned with the halo of a martyr. The people received him with boundless enthusiasm, but he read already in the faces of the clergy that he had another, and no less difficult, contest before him than that with Henry. The Cardinals, who had not shared his captivity, regarded him as a coward who had purchased his life and liberty at the expense of the Church. They demanded the excommunication of the Emperor and the withdrawal of the privilege granted to him, which they said was *pravilegium non privilegium.* Paschalis, in self-defence, summoned a council in the Lateran, which lost no time in declaring the Imperial privilege to be a direct violation of canon law, and so great was the stir made by the quarrel that Alexius Comnenus, the Greek Emperor, thought the moment favourable to advance his claims to the sovereignty of the Western world as well.

The last word had not, however, been said in the contest between Henry V. and the Pope. It chanced that there died about this time the prefect of the city—the chief municipal magistrate, who was elected from the noble Roman families, and owed a divided allegiance to both Pope and Emperor, though he more particularly represented the latter—and, as successor to that important official, Paschalis

desired to appoint a son of Pierleone, a member of a Jewish family, whose stronghold was close to the theatre of Marcellus. The Imperial faction in Rome stormed the place, and once more civil war raged in the streets. Scarcely had it subsided, when Henry entered the city in triumph, while the Pope fled to the South. A year later, in 1118, Paschalis died in the attempt to recover possession of Rome, and found an unwilling successor in Gelasius II. The conclave had barely concluded the formalities of his election, when a mob of armed Romans burst open the doors, the newly-chosen Pope was thrown on the ground, trodden underfoot, and dragged in chains to a dungeon of the Frangipani family. Then the violent scene from the life of Gregory VII., which was described in the last chapter, was repeated. The people rose and set the captive Pope at liberty, and riding on a white mule, he was escorted to the Lateran to receive the homage of the citizens. But the Frangipani summoned Henry again to Rome, to protest, by force, against the election of a Pope without his consent. Like Pius IX., seven centuries later, Gelasius escaped to Gaeta, while an anti-Pope was set up in Rome under the title of Gregory VIII. Even in distant England Gregory found recognition; and when, on Henry's withdrawal from the Eternal City, the real Pope ventured to return, the anti-Pope remained in possession of power. Gelasius was able to describe his rival as "the beast of the Apocalypse," but force compelled him to retire again from Rome. The Frangipani assaulted the Church in which he was celebrating mass, and some Roman matrons

discovered him wandering about the outskirts of the city with a solitary follower—a sad spectacle of fallen greatness. Seeing that all was lost, he set out for France, and died at Cluny, in 1119, on the hard floor of a convent cell. His end recalls that of a much later Pope, Pius VI., dying with a single attendant at Valence, a victim of Bonaparte's ambitious policy.

A change, however, came over the Church at this moment. A French Archbishop was chosen at Cluny as Pope under the name of Calixtus II., and his energy soon proved the excellence of his choice. He set himself at once to put an end to the wearisome quarrel over the right of investiture, which had been the curse alike of the Church and the city of Rome for the last half century. He entered the city with a pomp, which was, indeed, a contrast to the last entrance of his predecessor. A liberal use of money won him many supporters, and the anti-Pope was soon in his turn a fugitive in the old Etruscan fortress of Sutri. Calixtus pursued him thither, and the inhabitants surrendered their troublesome guest into his hands. Clad in a shaggy goat-skin, and mounted on a camel with his face to the tail, he who had posed as the head of the Church was dragged into Rome amidst showers of stones and blows, like some wild beast, and, after having afforded to the populace an opportunity of sport or revenge was sent to one prison after another, until at last death released him from his misery. Having finished with his rival, the anti-Pope, Calixtus next proceeded to deal with his enemy, the Emperor. Henry was him-

self weary of the conflict, and a fresh *Concordat* was signed at Worms and confirmed at a Lateran Council, by which the question of investiture was settled by mutual concessions and peace at last made between the two greatest dignitaries of the Western world.

The repose thus obtained was employed by Calixtus in restoring some of the ravages which recent struggles had wrought in the fabric of the city. He forbade the use of churches as places of defence, prohibited the plundering of altars, and protected pilgrims. He began the restoration of the Lateran, built there a new chapel, dedicated to St. Nicholas of Bari, and erected a new audience chamber where paintings of himself and his six immediate predecessors, with their rival popes depicted as their footstools, served as a memorial of the great contest, which had just been closed. These figures have long since disappeared, and their originator did not live many years to contemplate them. Calixtus died in 1124, and in the following year Henry V. followed him to the tomb. The next Pope, Honorius II., is not remarkable in the history of Rome; but on his death in 1130 a phenomenon occurred, which is one of the most remarkable in the mediæval annals of the Papacy—the selection of a Jew as Pope.

At that time the two most influential Roman families were the Frangipani and the Pierleoni. The former derived their quaint name of "bread-breakers" from the legend that one of them had "broken bread" and distributed it to the people during a great famine; the latter were of Jewish origin, and had realised a large fortune by the customary pro-

fession of their race—that of lending money to needy Christians at a remunerative rate of interest. It was said that even Popes had not hesitated to borrow from these Rothschilds of the twelfth century, and Roman nobles of the purest blood did not disdain matrimonial alliances with them. One of the family was converted to Christianity, and Leo IX., at that time Pope, was graciously pleased to stand godfather to the convert, whose descendants ever afterwards bore his sponsor's name. Their riches procured them in due course the most illustrious ancestry, and courtly genealogists three centuries later invented the legend that they were not only descendants of the Anicii, but ancestors of the Hapsburgs! We can hardly wonder under the circumstances that they aspired to the Papacy, and in Cardinal Pierleone a Pope was forthcoming under the name of Anacletus II. But on the same day the Frangipani had already procured the election of another Pontiff, Innocent II., and thus a new schism arose out of the jealousies of these noble families. Pierleone was the popular favourite, for he had wealth on his side, and did not spare it in order to win adherents. Even the Frangipani could not resist his golden arguments, and his rival was soon an exile in France. As for his fellow-Jews, their delight at his election was boundless; for they had, indeed, triumphed with Pierleone. But England, Germany, France, and the greater part of Italy acknowledged Innocent, and the prejudice against the Jewish race was too strong for Anacletus in countries which were too distant or too virtuous to be tempted by his money. He was bound to seek

an ally elsewhere, and, as the price of his assistance, recognised the Norman Roger as King of Sicily and thus laid the foundation of a monarchy which lasted, in one form or another, down to the middle of the nineteenth century. But for the moment Roger could not aid him, and Lothaire, who had succeeded Henry V. on the German throne, escorted Innocent to Rome, and was there crowned Emperor in the Lateran. A second march into Italy cost Lothaire his life, but the Jewish Pope died soon afterwards, and Innocent, aided by the persuasive eloquence of St. Bernard, ruled alone at Rome. The King of Sicily alone remained hostile, and the Pope was unwise enough to attack him. Innocent was taken prisoner, and had to recognise Roger as Anacletus had done before him. One more humiliation was reserved for him. Infuriated at his annexation of Tivoli for his own benefit, his Romans rose against him, and he died in 1143 at a moment when his temporal power seemed to be slipping from his grasp. For the Roman people, inspired by the example of the Republics of Northern Italy even more than by the memory of their own classical past, in the next year restored the ancient Senate, which had long ceased to exist, and installed it on the Capitol as a token of the popular sovereignty.

The agitation against the claims of the Papacy to temporal dominion had about the same time found a powerful champion in Arnold of Brescia, one of the most remarkable figures of the twelfth century. Born in the city whence he derived his name, Arnold emigrated to France, and studied philosophy and

theology under the guidance of Abelard. Returning to his native town, he flung himself with all the ardour of an apostle and all the skill of a demagogue into the conflict which was then raging between the citizens and their bishop. He unhesitatingly maintained that the possession of property by the clergy was against the divine ordinance, that to Cæsar belonged the things that were Cæsar's, and that tithes alone belonged of right to the priests. The corruption in the Church, which moved the indignation of St. Bernard, lent additional force to the arguments of Arnold, and not a few shared his opinion that nothing but a complete severance of the clergy from worldly things could restore the primitive purity of religion. The secularisation of the States of the Church, which he inscribed on his banner, found favour in Rome no less than in the North of Italy, and the clerical party in alarm for its privileges, condemned him as a schismatic, ordered him to hold his peace, and exiled him from the country. The exile once more took refuge with Abelard, and boldly preached the new gospel, which was merely a revival of the old, to the people of Paris, until he was compelled to seek a surer asylum at Zürich, then, as now, the home of banished agitators from other lands. From Zürich he wandered to Germany under the protection of a liberal-minded Cardinal, who had been his fellow-pupil in Abelard's lecture-room, and there disappeared from view till he suddenly reappeared among the Republicans of Rome. But the result of his doctrines was already apparent there. Having restored the Senate the people proceeded to

place a democratic noble of the Pierleone family at the head of their new organisation with the title of *Patricius*, and demanded the deposition of the Pope from all temporal power. This was to be handed over to the *Patricius*, and, in return, the product of the tithes or a pension was to be assigned to the Pope.

It was not in the nature of things that Lucius II., who had been chosen Pope after the brief reign of Innocent's successor, Celestine II., would yield without a struggle what has always been, and still is, the great object of papal policy. He applied for aid to Conrad III. of Hohenstaufen, who had lately ascended the German throne; but that diplomatic monarch was not sorry to see the papal power diminished, and declined to intervene. Thrown back on his own resources, Lucius stormed the Capitol, where the *Patricius* and the Senate were entrenched. But a stone thrown by one of the defenders, smote him as he was mounting the Capitoline slope, and history must register a Pope among the many eminent men who have fallen on that celebrated spot.

His successor, Eugenius III., had to flee to Viterbo, and the Romans, freed from even the presence of the Pope, abolished the Prefecture of the city, the representative at Rome of the authority of the Emperor. The Senate and the people, as of old, were to rule supreme, with the *Patricius* at their head as their representative. But Rome had many enemies among the nobles and townsfolk of the Campagna, and the fickle people soon grew tired of their new chief. Eugenius was able to make terms with them, on condition that

he recognised their constitution and they paid him homage. The *Patricius* was deposed, the office of Prefect of the city was restored, the Senate was re-elected annually in the presence of papal officials, and the proud inscription, *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, was once more to be read on the coins. Civil cases came before a tribunal of senators, and thus, under the suzerainty of the Pope, the Romans enjoyed complete political liberty. But they were not content, and the appearance of Arnold of Brescia in their midst increased the prevailing feeling of unrest. The great agitator had made his peace with the Pope, and vowed to submit in silence. But the atmosphere of Rome soon caused him to forget his vow, and the Capitol rang with his declamations in indifferent Latin against the abuses that still existed in the Church. He spoke of the pride and rapacity of the Cardinals, and branded their college as "a bench of money-changers and a den of thieves"; he denounced the Pope as the "hangman of the Churches and the destroyer of innocence"; and he backed up his arguments by citations from the classics and those rhetorical devices which never fail to please a Latin audience. The purity of his own life strengthened his logic in the opinion of his hearers, and the senators took him into their service as a useful advocate. Even in the ranks of the clergy there were some who heard him gladly, and the Pope, who had left Rome in disgust some little time before, hastened to excommunicate the daring demagogue, who had wrought so much harm in his absence. St. Bernard wrote to the Romans, imploring them to listen to the Pope, without whom

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HADRIANVS IV. Nicolaus Breskspea=
tre Angl.⁹ creatus die 3. Decemb. an. 1154 Se=
dit an. 4. mens. 8. dies 29. Obijt die 1. Sep=
temb. an. 1159. Vac. Sed. dies 4.

HADRIAN IV.

their city would be "a rump without a head, a face without eyes." The tact of Eugenius seems to have had more effect than the epistle of St. Bernard, for he returned to Rome and was peacefully buried there, and the brief rule of his successor, Anastasius IV., did not disturb the relations between the Church and the Senate. But it was only an armed peace, for there now mounted the papal throne one of the most famous of the Popes, Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who has ever occupied that great position. Twice since his day the election of an English Pope seemed possible, but no one has attained to Breakspear's unique distinction. Of all the 262 medallions of the Chief Pontiffs which look down on the visitor in the Church of St. Paul-outside-the-walls, that of Hadrian IV., alone contains an English face. Nor is it likely that the Anglo-Saxon traveller will ever find the features of a compatriot in in the still vacant spaces.

The life of this distinguished Englishman is a striking proof that in the Roman hierarchy, far more than in English public life, the career is indeed "open to talent." Nicholas Breakspear was born at Abbot's Langley, the son of a poor clerk of St. Alban's, where, as a boy, the future Pope begged for alms. Ashamed that the lad should have to live on charity in his native land, Nicholas' father sent him abroad. After numerous adventures he became Prior, and subsequently Abbot, of the Abbey of St. Rufus of Arles, near Valence, and ruled that establishment in a way that showed a capacity for government. His learning, his powers of speech, and his imposing

presence attracted the notice of Eugenius III., whom he had occasion to see while he was engaged in defending his character in Rome against the attacks of the enemies whom his strict discipline had made. Eugenius created him Cardinal of Albano, and despatched him as legate to Norway, where he organised the Church with much circumspection. On his return to Italy, he found the Papacy vacant, and on December 5, 1154, he was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy, in the same month that Henry II. became king of his native land. The irony of fate decreed that the beggar boy of St. Alban's should bestow Ireland upon that proud Plantagenet monarch, and thus unconsciously open a question which in our own day has been the chief preoccupation of Britisl statesmanship. Yet even in favouring the Englisl king, he did not forget to remind him that "all islands were the exclusive property of St. Peter."

Although he had passed most of his life abroad. Hadrian IV. possessed that dogged determination of character, which we are wont to associate with the Anglo-Saxon race. He was not the man to relinquish one jot of the papal power to any Senate or any demagogue, and lost no time in threatening the destruction of the new constitution and demanding the banishment of Arnold. Although for the moment shut up in St. Peter's—for his enemies were in possession of the Lateran—he launched against the rebellious city a thunderbolt, which no previous Pope had dared to hurl, even in his hour of direst need. An assault upon a Cardinal gave him an excuse for laying Rome under the Interdict ; every religious service ceased, the

mass was no longer celebrated; the dead were no longer buried in consecrated ground. In later and more enlightened days even the Interdict lost some of its terrors; but Hadrian's example was so successful, that it long found imitators. For a brief period the citizens endured the terrible punishment of the Pope; but the weak and the superstitious, the priests and the women, soon counselled surrender, and when four days of the Easter ceremonies had passed uncommemorated, the people rose and compelled the Senate to yield. Hadrian had triumphed, and would only consent to listen to the prayers of the senators, who were grovelling at his feet, on condition that they at once drove Arnold out of the city. After nine years of constant agitation, the great demagogue was once more compelled to flee from one castle to another, in the hope of finding some spot where the long arm of the inflexible Englishman could not reach him. On the Wednesday after Easter Hadrian withdrew the Interdict, and a joyful procession escorted him to the Lateran. But he did neither forget nor forgive the prophet of Brescia. Frederick Barbarossa was on his way to be crowned in Rome, and Hadrian asked him, as an earnest of his good-will, to have Arnold arrested. Barbarossa complied with his request, and sent the enemy of the Church to Rome, there to await the papal pleasure. But the Pope had first to make sure of the German sovereign, and discover whether he came as friend or foe. After careful negotiations, they met at Viterbo, but not till an absurd piece of etiquette had been performed. It had always been the custom for princes to hold the stirrup of the Pope,

and Hadrian was not the man to neglect such an outward sign of his authority over mere earthly potentates. When, however, he arrived in front of Barbarossa's tent, the spirited young German did not come out to greet him, in order that he might escape what he considered a degradation. Terrified at his dalliance within his tent, the papal retinue fled, leaving the Pope alone in the midst of the German host. But the Teutonic legions had no terror for the cool-headed Englishman. Hadrian calmly dismounted and seated himself on a chair ; and, when at last Barbarossa appeared and went down on his knees before him, he refused to give him the kiss of peace. The great question of the stirrup was discussed for hours with all the zeal that diplomatists bestow on trifles, until finally some members of Barbarossa's retinue, who had accompanied his predecessor, Lothaire, to Rome, and witnessed that prince's performance of this ceremony, induced him to yield for the sake of form. Next day the greatest of German Emperors held the stirrup of the beggar-lad from St. Alban's, and gave it, we are expressly told, a "vigorous" pull. The scene of this incident is still shown to tourists on the piazza in front of the cathedral at Viterbo,[1] and, trivial as it was, it was typical of the age and of the men.

Yet a further characteristic event took place before Barbarossa entered Rome. The Senate, filled with its own importance, sent a deputation to inform him, on what conditions it would consent to his coronation as

[1] Another authority places it on the shores of the Lake of Janula, near Nepi, between Rome and Viterbo.

Emperor. In high-flown language which recalls the worst platitudes of the silver age of Latin literature, the envoys reminded him of the greatness of the Roman people and the former extent of its sway, and bade him listen to what "his duty" enjoined. Unaccustomed to be addressed in this fashion, the monarch expressed astonishment at their boundless presumption, and capped their classical quotations by reminding them, how one of their own historians had said that "Rome was once virtuous." "But the virtues of ancient Rome," Frederick continued, "have been transported to Germany, and We hold the club of Hercules, which none can take from Us." The deputation rode back to Rome in disgust, and soon St. Peter's rang with the voices of the Germans, acclaiming Frederick I. as Emperor. Hadrian was willing to perform the ceremony of the coronation, but the spectacle of an Englishman crowning a German in St. Peter's did not appeal to the Romans. They rushed over the bridges of the Tiber and fell upon the Imperial camp, while the Emperor was still at the coronation-banquet. The bridge of Sant' Angelo was the scene of a prolonged conflict, which only ended with nightfall, and many perished by the sword or were drowned in the river. Next day Barbarossa thought it prudent to quit the city, and withdrew home. But before he left the neighbourhood of Rome, the prisoner, whom he had delivered up to the Pope, met his fate. The end of Arnold of Brescia is obscure, but it seems that the Prefect of the city passed sentence of death upon him, with the assent of the Emperor, as a heretic and a rebel. In vain the condemned man

pleaded the purity of his doctrines; his judges retorted with the convincing argument that they were unorthodox, and he was told that he must recant or die. He chose the latter alternative, and died like a Christian saint and a Roman hero. Even after death, his body was not spared; like that of Wycliffe, it was burned and the ashes were thrown into the river, so that no relic of him should come into the hands of his followers. But his influence lived long after him, and all who have opposed the temporal power of the Papacy may be reckoned as his disciples. Even his enemies admitted that he was honest, and seven centuries after his death his name was made a party-cry against Pius IX. In his native-town he has now been honoured with a statue, but the greatest, and perhaps most enduring, monument to his power, is the Italian occupation of Rome.

So far Hadrian had been entirely successful. He had humbled the Romans; he had asserted his authority over the Emperor; he had rid the Church of a troublesome reformer. But his real troubles now began. He had to accept the terms of King William I. of Sicily, and, by so doing, estranged the Emperor; while, though he added Orvieto to the papal possessions, he converted the Kaiser into an active enemy by the language in which he permitted himself to write to that autocratic potentate. He had taken occasion to remind the Emperor that his coronation was due to the papal condescension, and that his Imperial crown depended on one who was higher than all sovereigns, the Pope. Barbarossa replied in an indignant manifesto that he derived the Imperial

power from God alone. All Germany supported the Imperial interpretation of the relations between Church and State, and Hadrian had to send a second message, explaining away the language of the first. But the Emperor soon took the offensive, and raised again the whole question of investiture, which had been allowed to slumber since the days of Calixtus II. It is said that he went so far as to regret the death of Arnold of Brescia, in whom he would now have found a valuable ally against the Pope. But Hadrian was not long for this world. On September 1, 1159, in the fifth year of his pontificate, he died at Anagni, the old papal town, which the traveller may see on his way to Naples. Here he closed his strange career, leaving behind him one of the most touching confessions of the vanity of human greatness that history contains. "Would that I had never left England," he told his countryman, John of Salisbury, "or had remained in the Convent of St. Rufus! Is there anywhere in the world a creature so wretched as the Pope? I found in the Holy See so much distress, that all the bitterness of my past life seemed to me sweet in comparison. If the Pope-elect be a Crœsus to-day, he will be a beggar and in debt to countless creditors to-morrow. Truly is the Pope called 'a servant of servants'; for the greed of the Romans' servile souls makes him a slave, and if he cannot satisfy them, then he must quit his throne and Rome as a fugitive." This was Hadrian's description of the Papacy in his time, a description all the more convincing because it was not the complaint of an ascetic who, in Gibbon's phrase, had "renounced the

honours which it is probable he would never have obtained," but the deliberate opinion of a clerical statesman who had won the highest prize of his profession. Moreover, this great Englishman was no weakling; few Popes have had more practical minds, or knew more clearly what they wanted and how to obtain it. But the times had changed, and he could not "set them right." In the ancient crypt of St. Peter's a granite sarcophagus contains the mortal remains of the only English Pope, and the portico of the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cælian hill, which another Englishman, Cardinal Howard, restored twenty-one years ago, is his work. None other of the seven hills contains so many memories of our own history, or bears such striking witness of the connection between Rome and England. It is there that the Church of San Gregorio reminds the English visitor how Gregory the Great bade St. Augustine godspeed on his mission to preach the gospel to the heathen Britons. It is within that building that one of the most famous of English envoys to the Roman Court lies buried; and it was there, too, that Cardinals Wiseman and Manning, in our own time, endeavoured to heal the breach between England and the Papacy. But Hadrian IV. will, it is hoped, no longer be commemorated by his portico on the Cælian hill alone. The British Roman Catholics, assembled in Rome during the last Holy Year, decided to raise subscriptions towards a statue of the only English Pope. There should be no difficulty in reproducing the features of the man from the portraits which we have of him. One of his

biographers has left us a full description of his personal qualities. Hadrian IV., we are told, had a patient disposition and a kindly manner ; he was "slow to anger, but swift to pardon" ; he was a good preacher, and could perform the services of the Church in a fine voice ; he spoke both Latin and English well, in spite of his long absence from his native land ; and he possessed the gift of eloquence as well as the art of conducting business. He was charitable to the poor, and in all respects an upright man—one, in fact, of whom both England and the Papacy have reason to be proud.

The death of Hadrian left two parties in the college of Cardinals, one friendly to the Emperor, the other opposed to his influence. Each faction nominated a Pope of its own, and once more a papal schism found leaders, one styled Victor IV., the other Alexander III. The latter, destined to be the mightiest adversary of Barbarossa, was consecrated in the town of Ninfa, on the edge of the Pontine Marshes, a spot now abandoned to malaria, while his rival held the city. The Emperor naturally acknowledged his supporter as the true head of the Church, while Alexander retorted by excommunicating the Emperor. The death of Victor gave Alexander an opportunity of regaining possession of Rome ; but Barbarossa lost no time in having another Pope elected and in sending an army to support him. At Monte Porzio, near Frascati, a battle took place, in which the curious spectacle was presented of two German archbishops leading troops against a Pope. The Romans had not

put so many men into the field for centuries, but they were utterly routed, and only a third of their forces returned to tell the tale. Since the fatal day of Cannae, says an annalist, there had been no such slaughter of the Romans. Old men and matrons wept in the streets, and Alexander shed tears of sorrow. The Emperor soon arrived in person before the gates, and St. Peter's, converted into a fortress for the occasion, alone resisted his attack. But when the most famous Church in the world was threatened with destruction at the hands of the assailants, the besieged laid down their weapons, yet not before the doors had been battered by axes and the marble floor covered with corpses. The *Te Deum*, which was sung by the victors, seemed a mockery to those who had witnessed the temple of Christendom converted into a battlefield, where armoured bishops contended for the mastery in the name of the religion of peace. The Turks, who three centuries later entered Santa Sophia over the bodies of the Christians, were perhaps less sacrilegious than these Christian desecrators of St. Peter's. Then, the excited people, as is the manner of the Latin races, demanded a scapegoat, and insisted on the abdication of Alexander. The latter refused and fled ; Barbarossa could make his own terms with the Romans, and install his own Pope under the title of Paschalis III. The Senate and people, who had treated him so arrogantly when he was on his way to Rome for his coronation, now acknowledged him as their liege lord, in return for his recognition of their privileges; he stood at the summit of his power. But a cloud, at first no bigger

than a man's hand, arose one August day ; rain fell in torrents, and burning heat followed the rain. Malaria, the curse of Rome in the Middle Ages, fell upon the German army, and Roman fever, more deadly than any weapons, swept off the victors of Monte Porzio. The survivors saw the hand of the Lord in this fearful visitation. The Emperor had to retreat before a general whom the skill of that age was unable to vanquish, but whom the young twentieth century seems likely to subdue ; and Becket, whose fortunes in England varied with those of the Pope in Italy, could write to Alexander, comparing Barbarossa with Sennacherib and his correspondent with Hezekiah. But Alexander's rival, Calixtus III., who had been chosen Pope on the death of Paschalis, still kept him out of the city, and it was in the castle of Tusculum that he learnt the news of his friend Becket's murder at Canterbury, and received the envoys of the English clergy and those of the English king, whose gold had been assiduously employed throughout this papal schism. "If the Pope should die," it was said, "Henry II. had the whole college of Cardinals in his pay, and could name his Pope."

It was the spirit of democracy, a new and unnatural ally, even more than Henry's subsidies, which saved the papal power and restored Alexander, its representative, to his throne. The Lombard Republicans inflicted a severe defeat upon Barbarossa at Legnano, and that autocrat was glad to make his peace with the Church. A Congress was held at Venice, which deposed Calixtus, and recognised Alexander ; the Emperor kissed the feet of the Pontiff at the portal

of San Marco, relinquished his claims on the city of Rome, and acknowledged the Pope as its independent lord. After ten years' exile Alexander returned to the Lateran, the anti-Pope begged and obtained his forgiveness, and the schism was at an end. But Alexander, whose reign of twenty-two years was one of the longest in the annals of the Papacy,[1] lived long enough to experience once again the fickle nature of the crowd, and the people who had strewn flowers in his path when he entered Rome in triumph, threw stones at his coffin, when, in 1181, it was smuggled into the Lateran. His victory over Barbarossa at the Congress at Venice and the penance which he inflicted on Henry II. of England for the murder of Becket raised the prestige of the Papacy, and caused the name of Rome to be esteemed and feared by two of the most powerful monarchs of the age. But, as usually happened in the history of the Papacy, a reaction set in, and the three immediate successors of Alexander, lived and died, mere shadowy names, in exile. Then Clement III., a Roman by birth, came to an agreement with the Roman democracy in a document which sanctioned the powers of the senators, on condition that they swore allegiance to the Pope, and provided that one-third of the Roman tolls should be expended for the benefit of the people.

[1] The longest reigns have been those of Pius IX. (31 years, 7 months), Pius VI. (24 years, 8 months), Hadrian I. (23 years, 10 months), and the present Pope (23 years, 8 months.) St. Peter is usually inserted as second to Pius IX., of whom alone was falsified the famous saying, "Thou shalt not see the years of Peter," *i.e.*, 25. The anti-Pope, Benedict XIII., as we shall see later, considered himself Pontiff for over 29 years.

On these terms Clement returned to Rome and was able to devote his attention to the third Crusade, in which Richard Cœur-de-Lion bore so conspicuous a part. It is curious to find the English sovereign, who had touched at Ostia on his way to the East, scornfully rejecting the polite invitation of the Pope that he should honour Rome with a visit. The King told the papal messenger bluntly that he understood there was nothing but avarice and corruption at the Lateran, and complacently went on his way. Yet, when the lion-hearted monarch was lying in an Austrian dungeon, his mother and friends did not hesitate to write impassioned letters to Clement's successor, Celestine III., begging for his intervention. When the King had been released, Celestine intervened, and excommunicated his captor just as he excommunicated the Emperor Henry VI., whom he had crowned with the utmost condescension a few years before. Thus the twelfth century was drawing to its close with the reiteration of the Pope's claim to be the ruler of princes, and when Celestine, in the words of a contemporary English writer, "struck the crown of the Emperor with his foot, and cast it to the ground," his contemptuous act was symbolical of that power over temporal sovereigns, which, as we shall see in the next chapter, was so emphatically claimed by his great successor.

Meanwhile Rome, too, like her master, was becoming more and more conscious of her grandeur. At the close of the twelfth century the capital of Christendom was not, indeed, a temple of virtue or a shrine of culture, and the beginnings of archæological study,

which mark that era, would not have interested England's fighting sovereign. Yet the Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, who had visited the spot some thirty years earlier, exclaimed that "no man could count the buildings and monuments of Rome." We cannot believe all the details which that imaginative author gives, but there seems no reason to doubt that at the date of his visit much remained, which has since disappeared. Yet much had been destroyed during the wars and tumults of the century which we have just described. The ruins of the city had been used as quarries, and fragments transported, wherever transport was possible, to adorn churches and abbeys elsewhere. Some monuments were happily saved by being assigned to private individuals or corporations; thus half of the Arch of Severus was awarded in 1199 to the Church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus, and half to the heirs of a certain Ciminus. The restoration of the Senate in that century, by reviving the names and memories of the past led also to the preservation of objects which recalled the days of the ancient Romans. The senators undertook to keep the city walls in order, and near the now closed Porta Metronia may still be read the names of those of their Order, who restored that portion of the ramparts in 1157. Another senator restored the Ponte Cestio, and in 1162 the Senate resolved to preserve Trajan's column "to the honour of the whole Roman people," and sentenced to death any one who dared to mutilate it. In our own day that famous pillar has been the rendezvous of Roumanian pilgrims, who see in Trajan's victories

over their Dacian ancestors a bond with Rome, and thus it has become a token of the union between the Latin races. People began, even in the twelfth century, to see that Rome derived no small amount of prestige from its ruins, and church architecture, too, showed signs of improvement with the increased love of the beautiful in art. Sta. Maria in Cosmedin and Sta. Maria in Trastevere were restored at that period; additions were made to the Lateran, then the usual residence of the Popes; and the beginnings of the future papal palace of the Vatican date from the same era. So, in spite of papal exile and civic commotions, the twelfth century marked an advance in artistic matters and an increased interest in archæology. Culture was still defective, and literature meagre, with the exception of the revival of Roman jurisprudence. But the Romans were proud of the history that lay written in their ruins, although they could not always decipher it.

III

INNOCENT III. AND THE ZENITH OF THE PAPACY

SHORTLY before the twelfth century closed, Rome witnessed the consecration of one of the most resolute men who have ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. On a February day in 1198, the three bishops of Ostia Albano, and Portus performed that sacred office in St. Peter's, and the new Pope, seated on a chair, received from the hands of the Archdeacon, amidst the applause of the people, the round, pointed tiara, which Constantine was said to have given to Sylvester I. "Take the tiara that thou mayest know that thou art the father of princes and kings, the ruler of the world, the vicar of our Saviour Jesus Christ on earth, whose is the honour and the glory for ever and ever." With these words the Archdeacon crowned the Chief Pontiff, who then rose from his seat and mounted a horse covered with scarlet trappings as a sign of his sovereignty. The noblest personage present held his stirrup, and accompanied him a little way on foot; then all mounted their steeds, a richly caparisoned horse of the Pope leading the procession without a rider. Then followed the bearer of the crucifix,

twelve carriers of red banners, two horsemen with golden cherubim on their lances, the two prefects of the sea, the notaries, advocates and judges in their long robes of office, the singers, the deacons and sub-deacons, the foreign abbots, the bishops and archbishops, the abbots of the twenty Roman abbeys, the patriarchs and cardinal-bishops, cardinal-presbyters and cardinal-deacons. Then came the Pope himself on a white palfrey, led by senators or by nobles on either side. The municipal corporations, the militia, the knights and grandees of Rome closed the procession, which paraded to the sound of bells and solemn songs through the triumphal arches, which marked the route known as the *Via Papae*. The Pope halted in the Jews' quarter to receive the acclamations of the chosen people, who stood in fear with the Rabbi at their head and offered the roll of the Pentateuch to the new sovereign. Glancing at the roll, the Pope returned it with condescension to the Rabbi, and the Jews went back cowering to their homes amid the scornful cries of the Roman mob, to which at five fixed places the papal chamberlains threw handfuls of money. By the way of the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum, the procession at last reached the Lateran. There, as a token of humiliation, the Pope reposed for a moment on a marble chair, still preserved in the Vatican Museum, and technically called *sedes stercoraria* or "the filthy seat," whence the Cardinals hastened to raise him.[1] Then he took three handfuls of gold, silver, and copper from

[1] In allusion to Psalm cxiii. 7, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill."

one of his chamberlains, and threw the coins among the crowd with the most inappropriate quotation: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." After a prayer in the Lateran he took formal possession of that residence, and received from its prior the crozier and the keys of the church and palace. Girded with a red silk girdle, on which hung a purple purse, he then received the officials of the Lateran, who were admitted to kiss his foot. After they and the Cardinals and prelates had done obeisance, the Senate proffered its homage, and the day closed with a banquet, at which the Pope sat alone, and the highest among the guests waited upon him.

Innocent III., who entered on his pontificate with these traditional ceremonies, belonged to the noble family of the Conti, Counts of Segni, and was born at the neighbouring town of Anagni in 1161, two years after the death of Hadrian IV. at the same spot. After studying theology at Paris and law at Bologna, he returned to seek his fortunes in Rome. Blessed with the highest form of ability—influential relatives—he soon procured the recognition of his talents and learning by his uncle, Pope Clement III., who created him a Cardinal before he was nine-and-twenty. The successor of Clement, belonging to an opposition family, stigmatised this appointment as a gross act of nepotism, and gave the young Cardinal an opportunity of composing in retirement a tract on "Contempt of the world and the misery of human life." When the next vacancy in the Papacy occurred, the philosophic author demonstrated the difference

between precept and practice by accepting the post which the Conclave offered to him. A German poet complained that a Pope who was only 37 years of age was "far too young"; but Walther von der Vogelweide did not know his man. Innocent was fully conscious of his own strength, and set out with a determination to execute the policy of Hildebrand and make himself the autocrat of Christendom. Beginning with the city, which was under his more immediate jurisdiction, he at once made his force of will felt. He compelled the Senate to recognise him as its lord, and the Prefect of the city, who represented the Empire, acknowledged himself to be his vassal. Innocent became the Supreme Court of Appeal for Christendom, and from England, France, and Spain litigants appeared before the Roman tribunal. One town after another in the Campagna accepted his temporal rule; even Perugia for the first time did homage to the Pope. But the feuds of the Roman noble families, among which the Orsini began to be prominent, were not easily prevented. That noble race was the hereditary rival of Innocent's relatives, and was loath to lose the position which it had gained under his predecessor, the first Pope of the Orsini clan. Originally settled at Spoleto, the family had migrated to Rome, with whose civic feuds they were soon identified. They made even Innocent feel their influence, and by the irony of fate, at the very moment that the Latin Crusaders were taking Constantinople from the Greeks, the head of the Roman Church, who had urged on the Crusade and was ready to take this new Latin Empire under his pro-

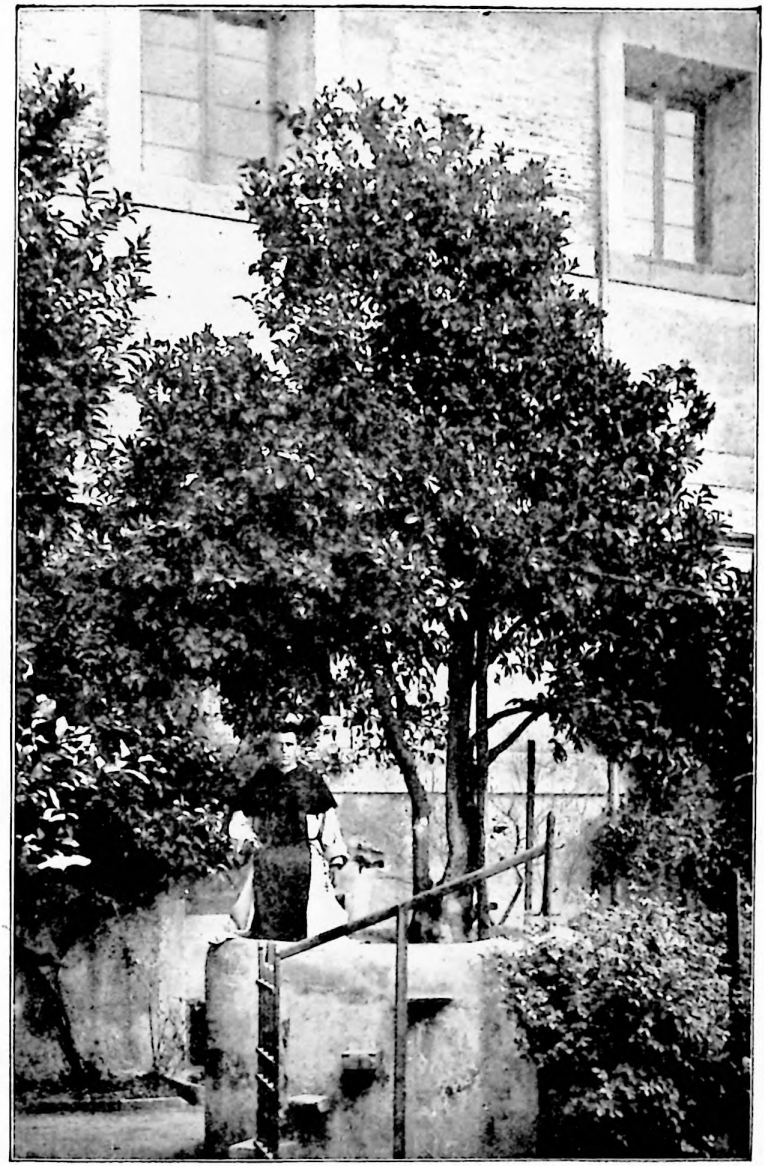
TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

tection, was an exile from Rome, and that city was given over to faction fights. The ancient monuments lent themselves to that kind of warfare, for they could be easily converted into fortresses, as was, for instance, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, while wooden towers could be run up in a night. The Colosseum itself served as a castle to the Frangipani, and from its topmost tiers of seats it was easy to hurl missiles upon an enemy below. At last every one grew sick of fighting, and the crafty Pope was able to return and make his own terms with the exhausted Romans.

The importance of Innocent's pontificate in English history is well known, and only indirectly concerns the annals of Rome. We need only refer here to his quarrel with King John over the election of Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, the Interdict which he placed on England, and his excommunication of the English sovereign. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to John's reconciliation with him, the homage which he paid for his kingdom to Innocent, and the subsequent annulment of Magna Charta by the Pope. These things show the power of the man even in a land so remote as our own then was from the centre of the Church. Nor need we make more than a passing reference to the excommunication of Philippe Auguste, the most powerful of mediæval kings of France. More closely allied to the history of Rome was his action in the crisis which was then rending Germany in twain. The sudden death of the Emperor, Henry VI., at Nizza di Sicilia, half-way between Messina and the

lovely town of Taormina, at the time when his son Frederick was still only a child, had left a disputed succession between Philip of Swabia and Otto of Brunswick, and Innocent, in the true spirit of Hildebrand, seized the occasion to increase the power of the Papacy at the expense of the Empire. He decided in favour of Otto, who, in return, abandoned the Imperial claims in the larger part of Italy, and acknowledged the independence of the States of the Church in a document, which all later Emperors recognised as valid, and which served thereafter as the title-deed of the papal dominions. But Otto, freed from alarm by the death of his rival, had no sooner been crowned by Innocent in Rome than he turned against his maker. Innocent, however, held one trump card in his hand, and he played it; he put forward Frederick, the son of Henry VI., who had now almost grown up, as a candidate for the German throne. Frederick, "the priests' king," as his opponents nicknamed him, was ready to promise all that Innocent desired, and that statesmanlike Pontiff enjoyed a distinguished triumph when more than 1,500 prelates and princes from all lands knelt at his feet in the Lateran at that great Council which decided the fate of the Imperial throne. The Pope treated the German rivals as mere pawns in the great game, and we cannot wonder that the patriotic poets, like Walther von der Vogelweide, inveighed against this foreigner, who claimed to give away the crown of their country at his pleasure. But this was Innocent's last victory; in 1216 he died at Perugia, the arbiter of Europe and the master of Rome. With him the

Papacy reached its political zenith. Astute, clear-sighted and unscrupulous, he was more of a diplomatist than a divine and more of a statesman than a saint. Constantinople, under the brief Latin rule, took its ritual from Rome, and thus the great dream of the Popes to unite the Eastern and Western Churches seemed to be realised for the moment. From Aragon a king came voluntarily to be crowned by his hands, while in far Norway his voice was heard with attention. Yet just at the time of his greatest glory, a still, small voice was raised, which was one day destined to roll like thunder, so that even the Roman Church trembled before it. Heretics are always a minority, or they would not be so called; but revolutions are the work of minorities, and, despite the cruel persecution inflicted on them by the Church, the Albigenses of Provence effected a revolution in spiritual things. Despite their cruel fate, they may be regarded as the forerunners of later and greater reformers, who struck their blows more forcibly and at a more favourable moment. Even within the pale of the Church itself there rose up two notable teachers, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic, who both practised and preached the gospel of plain and godly living. Thirteen years after the death of Innocent, the first settlement of the Franciscans took place in Rome at the spot where San Francesco a Ripa now stands; the Dominicans established themselves in the Church of Sta. Sabina on the Aventine, and in the adjacent garden the tourist may still see the orange tree said to have been planted by their founder. The Roman Church, with its usual skill, availed itself of



ORANGE TREE OF ST. DOMINIC.

the enthusiasm of these two Orders, and thus those who perhaps with less tactful handling might have become dissenters served in the ranks of that army which usually finds a place for every kind of talent and a talent for every kind of place.

The reign of Innocent's successor, Honorius III., was signalised by an event, which has occurred once only in the long annals of Rome—the coronation of an Eastern Emperor by the hands of the Pope. In 1217, Peter of Courtenay, the legendary ancestor of the noble English family of that name, was crowned outside the walls in the Church of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, in order to avoid any awkward claims to Roman sovereignty which might have been raised had the Emperor of Constantinople been crowned inside Rome. Three years later the German Emperor, Frederick II., received his crown from the Pope in St. Peter's, and for almost the first time the ceremony passed off without the customary conflict between the Roman populace and the Emperor's German retinue. For another century no German Kaiser was crowned in Rome, and thus the two coronations which marked the pontificate of Honorius stand out with unusual lustre in the history of the city. But Frederick had to pay dearly for his visit. He had to recognise the immunity of the clergy from taxation, admit the complete freedom of the Church, and vow vengeance against Christian heretics, no less than infidel Mussulmans. The work of Innocent III. was complete; the Church was fully independent of the Emperor, and Honorius enjoyed a more peaceful possession of the Papal States than

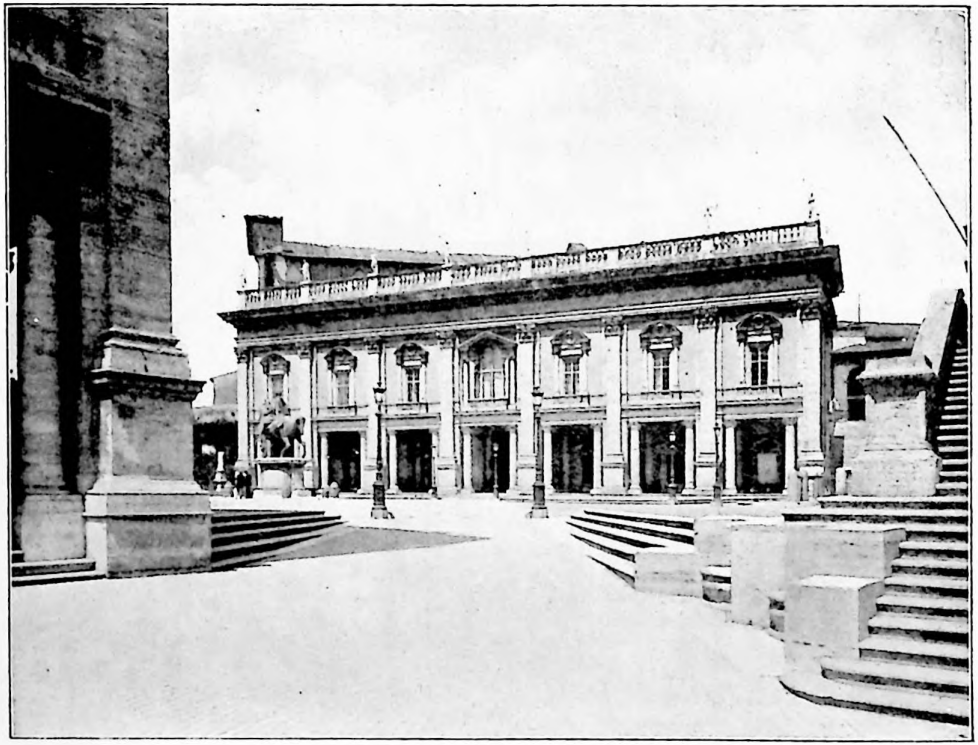
SAN LORENZO FUORI LE MURA.

most of his predecessors. In England he posed as suzerain of the country, and guardian and liege lord of its young king, Henry III., whose cause he espoused against the rebellious barons and their French allies.

His successor, Gregory IX., who was elected in 1227, when between eighty and ninety years of age, was of a less pacific disposition. An eloquent speaker and a skilful jurist, he was a man of strong will and pure in private life. Like Honorius, he professed to be intensely anxious for a fresh Crusade, and when the reluctant Emperor Frederick II., after having at last taken ship at Brindisi, turned back and landed again, he publicly excommunicated him, more out of jealousy of his influence than from a desire to see Jerusalem freed. The two ancient enemies, Pope and Kaiser, were once more unmasked. Both issued manifestoes, accusing one another and justifying themselves, the Pope addressing himself to the bishops, the Emperor sending a circular note to the kings, and reminding them of what had recently happened in England in consequence of papal aggression. The Imperial language was strong and plain ; it described the abuses in the Church, the greed of the clergy, the ambition of the Papacy in a way that would have been heretical in a person of less exalted rank. Amidst applause the document was read aloud on the Capitol, where an Imperial party was speedily formed. Such confusion reigned at the headquarters of the Church, that the Pope was interrupted by the mob as he was declaiming against the Kaiser in St. Peter's, and driven out of

the city. The departure of Frederick for the Holy Land, instead of appeasing the papal fury, only increased it, thus showing what Gregory's real motive had been in excommunicating his rival. The cynical world witnessed the curious spectacle of a Pope overrunning the Italian lands of an absent Crusader, and our English ancestors were compelled by the papal legate to pay tithes for this eminently unapostolical expedition. On hearing of the invasion of his dominions, the Kaiser returned, and drove "the soldiers of the keys" beyond his borders. Saracen troops fought on his side against the papal forces, while the Roman Senate congratulated him at his success over Gregory. Superstition, however, and an inundation, caused by an overflow of the Tiber, procured for the Pope the return of his faithless subjects to their allegiance. Hunger and plague followed the flood, and messengers were hastily despatched to Perugia, where the Pope was, to implore him to come back. Gregory returned in triumph, and set to work to repair the damage done by the floods. He restored the bridge now known as the Ponte Rotto, which, as has often happened, had been swept away by the river; he erected a workhouse, and distributed food and money. But he found Rome full of what he considered a worse evil than sickness and famine. The number of heretics had greatly grown during his absence, and demanded, he thought, drastic measures of repression. So he made his peace with the Emperor, and devoted himself to the task of uprooting these rank weeds, which threatened to choke the vineyard

a trophy to Rome. There they were set up on the Capitol, where a commemorative Latin inscription, one of the few memorials of the German Emperors in the Eternal City, may still be read over the staircase of the Palazzo dei Conservatori. But the Pope feared any increase of the Imperial power, and this aggrandisement of Rome at the expense of Milan was not to his taste. For the second time he took up his parable against the Emperor, and, intervening in the cause of the Lombard cities, excommunicated Frederick II. again. The Kaiser issued a counter-blast to the Romans, bidding them take his side under pain of incurring his displeasure, while Gregory rejoined with an encyclical, which, in the language of a Hebrew prophet, set forth the claims of an Italian prince. An English chronicler has described the effect of these rival documents on the minds of our countrymen. The arrogant pretensions of the Papacy during the reigns of John and Henry III., and especially the exaction of tithes and taxes for ecclesiastical purposes, had embittered public opinion against the Roman Curia, while the Kaiser had never had a penny from the English taxpayer. Yet the Emperor, though Henry III. was his brother-in-law, found that, in spite of these extortions, the English were furnishing the sinews of war with which the Pope was contending against him. Undaunted by papal comminations, he marched into the States of the Church, and was soon only two days' distance from Rome. Everything depended on the decision of the Romans; and, placed between the alternative of becoming the vassals of the Emperor, the bitter foe of all



PALAZZO DEI CONSERVATORI: AT THE PRESENT DAY.

civic automony, or of remaining under the milder rule of the Pope, they mostly decided for the latter. Gregory was fully equal to the occasion, and confirmed the waverers by a striking appeal to their imagination. He organised a solemn procession, in which the relics of the Cross and the heads of the Apostles were conveyed from the Lateran to St. Peter's. There he ordered them to be laid on the high altar, and, taking his tiara from his head, placed it upon them, and cried aloud, "Ye holy ones, protect Rome, which the Romans wish to betray!" Religious enthusiasm at once seized those, who had hesitated before. Many took the Cross against the Kaiser, as if he had been an infidel Saracen, and he had to retire. But Gregory was no longer content with having defended the city; he wished to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and invoked a council to pronounce sentence on the Emperor. The letter of a cleric, who wrote to a correspondent urging him not to attend it, throws incidentally a lurid light on the condition of a town in the year 1241, which is now one of the healthiest capitals in Europe.[1] "How can you be safe in Rome," he wrote, "when all the citizens and clergy are daily fighting for and against the two opponents? The heat there is unbearable; the water bad; the food coarse and rough; the air so dense that you can feel it with your hands; there are swarms of mosquitoes and scorpions; the people are dirty and disgusting, and, as the whole city is undermined with catacombs, a poisonous and deadly vapour rises

[1] The death-rate of Rome, which in 1875 was 33·9, fell in 1899 to 17·2.

out of the ground." Many, who, undeterred by these terrors, set out for the council, were arrested by the Emperor on the way, but even disaster could not induce the unbending Pope to yield and make peace. Richard of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., in vain came to Rome to mediate. But age, and the August climate, effected what persuasion had failed to accomplish. Almost a centenarian, Gregory IX., succumbed in the Lateran, where Frederick II., encamped at Grotta Ferrata, had kept him a true prisoner. With one doubtful exception, he was the oldest of all the Popes.

No sooner had Frederick heard the news of his stubborn enemy's death than he abandoned his attack on the city, where the demise of Gregory's successor after only seventeen days of office left the Church once more without a head. Nearly two years elapsed without a fresh papal election. The Cardinals fled from Rome to Anagni, and there at last, in 1243 proclaimed a former supporter of Frederick as Pope under the ominous name of Innocent IV. "I have lost a good friend from among the Cardinals," said the Emperor, when he heard of the election, "for no Pope can be a Ghibelline." Events showed that he was right, and ere long Innocent, in his distrust of the Kaiser, was fleeing in disguise to his native Genoa. The flight of the Pope was not achieved without incident. Storms, and the fear of being captured by the Imperial Admiral, compelled him to take refuge in the island of Capraja off Corsica; but, when at last he arrived safe in the harbour of Genoa, he was able to pose as a martyr, and gained general sympathy

in his struggle against Frederick. But the foreign kings, whom he asked to receive him in their dominions, excused themselves from welcoming so awkward a guest, and England escaped the honour of sheltering a Pope in his exile from Rome. A council was summoned at Lyons, then practically a free city, and the Emperor's deposition announced; but Frederick appealed to the civilised world against his rival in a vehement manifesto, which did not spare the Church. In England, at any rate, he found a hearing among the people, for the remark of Innocent that our island was "an inexhaustible well of wealth" was not the opinion of the English taxpayers. The English view of the matter may be seen in the reply of the King's Council to the suggestion that it would give Innocent "great pleasure to see the pleasant city of Westminster and wealthy London."—"We do not want the Pope to pillage us" was the brusque answer to this proposal.

But the Pope did not wage war against Frederick II. alone; he declared that he would never tolerate any of "the viper's brood" of the Hohenstaufen on the throne. It was a war without pardon, and the papal legates did not even draw the line at the attempted assassination of "the second Nero," as the Pope styled his adversary in the address which he issued to the Kaiser's Sicilian subjects from his retreat at Lyons. Meanwhile the Romans had regretted the flight of their sovereign to Genoa, and still more his sojourn at Lyons. Urgent messages were sent begging him to come back to "the widowed city," and he was reminded of St. Peter's return to Rome for very

shame at his master's reply to his question, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" The fact was that they had begun to fear the permanent removal of the Papacy from their city, to which it was a source of profit and honour. Horace has said that we dislike virtue when it is before our eyes, but seek it when it has disappeared. So was it with the Romans and the Papacy. While the Pope was in Rome he was generally unpopular; as soon as he had gone he was missed by the fickle citizens. Already they seemed to suspect the long residence of the Popes at Avignon in the next century. A great event, the death of the Emperor in 1250, rendered it easier for Innocent IV. to listen to the entreaties of his subjects. Frederick II., the greatest man of his century, rests in his porphyry sarcophagus in the Cathedral of Palermo, but even now opinions are not unanimous about his career. The clerical historian still regards him with the eyes of an Innocent, as the bitter adversary of the Papacy; the liberal-minded writer considers him as one of the champions of liberty against papal claims. The cause of freedom has triumphed; but it would be against human nature to depict this autocratic Emperor of the thirteenth century as the forerunner of the constitutional king who, in the nineteenth, broke the temporal power of the Pope. The immediate effect of his death was the departure of Innocent from Lyons, after six years' sojourn there, and his entry like a conqueror into Italy. But the Italy which he found on his return was not the same Italy that he had left. The spirit of municipal freedom had made great progress in the peninsula, and

he must have recognised that the dream of a temporal dominion, which should coincide with the boundaries of the Italian nationality, was not to be realised. Meanwhile, he took up his abode in the charming city of Perugia, the favourite residence of the mediæval Popes, and considered what policy would best profit him in the conflict with his dead rival's sons, Conrad IV. and Manfred, of whom the former had succeeded to his father's dominions, while the latter, a bastard, had been appointed his half-brother's viceroy in Sicily and in the Italian peninsula. Finding that he could gain nothing for himself, Innocent resolved to offer the Sicilian crown to a foreign prince, who would snatch it from the hated House of Hohenstaufen. Accordingly he turned to the English reigning family, and invited Richard of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., to become ruler of Sicily. Richard refused, but Henry accepted the crown for his own second son, Edmund of Lancaster, at that time only eight years old. The bargain had, however, scarcely been struck when the death of Conrad IV. led Innocent to repent that he had made it. Conrad left behind him Conradin, a child of two years, and Manfred felt unable to carry on the conflict, and made his peace with the Pope, who seemed on the point of attaining his object, the sovereignty of the dominions of the Hohenstaufen in Southern Italy. Manfred, now become his vassal, led Innocent's horse by the bridle over the river Liris, which marked the frontier, and the Pope entered Naples as its overlord. But death removed Innocent in the hour of his triumph, and in the same year that had

witnessed the demise of Conrad IV. he breathed his last at Naples.

A contemporary English historian summed up the judgment of the age upon Innocent IV. in the dying words which he ascribed to him when his weeping relatives surrounded his couch, "Why are you lamenting? Have I not made you rich enough?" In truth, Innocent IV. had thought of little else but principalities and powers, of the accumulation of wealth and the adding of kingdom to kingdom. He had inaugurated the system of nepotism, which became in later times the curse of the Papacy and the mainspring of its policy, and against which an Englishman, Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, was the first to protest. A true successor of the Pope whose name he bore, he had been, like the third Innocent, a diplomatist rather than a priest. He hesitated not to break solemn treaties when it suited his purpose, and converted the world, so far as he could, into an armed camp, where men strove for the most material ends with the words of Scripture on their lips. He was a terrible hater, and was well hated in return. But, strong as he was, he was never able, amidst all his dreams of territorial expansion, to make himself real master of Rome. When, after nine years of exile and wanderings, he returned there he had to seek the aid of the all-powerful Senator Brancaleone to save him from the constant pressure of his importunate subjects.

A great constitutional change had, indeed, been effected a little earlier in the government of Rome. Following a practice then common in other Italian

cities, of which a vestige may still be traced in the sole surviving Italian Republic of San Marino,[1] the Romans had, during the absence of the Pope, selected their Senator, or Chief Magistrate, from amongst the nobles of Bologna. Brancaleone, a notable lawyer upon whom their choice had fallen, accepted, on condition that he was elected for three years with absolute power, and that the sons of eminent Romans were entrusted to him as hostages for his personal safety. For the first time the two principles of a three years' term of office and a foreign official were adopted by the Romans. The Senator henceforth became the political chief of the community in peace and war, its principal judge and its generalissimo; he had the right of sending envoys to other states, and of concluding treaties with foreign potentates. His name appeared on the coinage, which had formerly been the prerogative of the Popes. His official garb—a scarlet robe lined with fur, and a cap like that of the Venetian Doge—marked him out as the representative of the people's majesty. But his power had its limitations and its disadvantages. He could not quit the city for more than a certain time, nor go farther than a certain distance. He was forbidden to accept the hospitality of a noble; and, if he were married, his wife could not be with him, nor was any near relative allowed to accompany him. When his term of office was drawing to a close a commission was appointed to examine all his official acts, and for ten days any one who had aught against him could lay his complaints before the chairman of this body.

[1] Whose doctors and policemen are always chosen abroad.

If the committee found him guilty of maladministration he was liable to forfeit at least a third of his salary, or to be arrested, in case that sum proved inadequate. But he was not responsible to the committee alone. On all important occasions his heralds summoned the people to a species of Parliament, and the bell of the Capitol invited them to take their seats in the Church of Aracœli or on the Piazza del Campidoglio. It was there that the Roman people was asked to signify its sovereign pleasure on matters of state, such as the recognition of an Emperor or the recall of an exiled Pope. There, too, embassies from other cities came before it, and sued for the alliance of the mediæval Republic. Thus, side by side with the papal authority, there had grown up that of the Senator and people of Rome; and, when the executive power was entrusted to a strong man like Brancaleone, the proud and quarrelsome nobility, no less than an ambitious Pope like Innocent IV., had to submit, at least for a time, to his dictation or to solicit his aid.

The history of the Papacy usually shows us the succession of a weak and pacific Pope to a strong and ambitious one. Just as the mild Honorius III. followed the proud Innocent III., so the warlike Innocent IV. was succeeded by the easy-going Alexander IV. On his entry into Rome he found the city in a state which bordered upon civil war. Brancaleone's three years of office had just expired, and the populace, whose cause he had championed at the expense of the nobles, desired his re-election. The opposite party left no stone unturned in order

to defeat this proposal; complaints against his administration were lodged with the committee of investigation; it was said that Rome had been handed over to a foreign tyrant who now sought to perpetuate his tyranny. Brancaleone, who had recently adopted the style of "Captain of the Roman people," in addition to his official designation of Senator, placed himself under the protection of the popular party, which, however, was induced to surrender him to his enemies. His death would have been certain had it not been for the thirty hostages which Bologna still held for the safe return of its distinguished citizen. The Pope demanded the unconditional surrender of these hostages; but even the terrors of the Interdict could not make the Bolognesi give them up, and it was only when Brancaleone had been set free that they yielded. Another Senator, also a foreigner, was elected as his successor, but the guilds, which had by this time become a popular force in Rome, rose under the leadership of a master baker of English extraction; the new Senator was slain in the streets; the Pope was forced to take refuge at Viterbo; and Brancaleone was recalled and reinstated in his office. The desire for revenge increased the strength of his arm; he sent two prominent nobles to the gallows, and scoffed at the papal weapon of excommunication. Another of his measures had a marked effect on the external appearance of the city. He ordered the destruction of no less than one hundred and forty fortresses of the nobles within the walls; and though the wholesale removal of these robbers' castles was

an advantage to the peace of the burghers, yet it inevitably caused the ruin of many classical monuments on which some of these towers had been built. Brancaleone, although a friend of the people, was thus one of the worst enemies of the archæologist, and from his time a new period of decay for the relics of ancient Rome may be dated. Archives, no less than monuments, disappeared in the scenes of pillage which followed, and thus the mediæval records of Rome were impoverished. Brancaleone, whose career recalls that of the tribunes of the old Roman Republic, did not long survive this purification of the city. He died of fever in 1258, and his head, as a rare relic, was placed by his admirers in a costly vase, and set on a marble pillar on the Capitol. Later on, the Pope ordered the destruction of this weird monument, the only one that commemorated the great "Captain of the people.' No inscription in Rome preserves his name, but there are coins still in existence which bear it—the first instance of a Senator's name on the currency. In the vivid pages of his contemporary, Matthew Paris, the famous monk of St. Alban's, he is described as the "hammer and uprooter of the haughty lords and evildoers of the city, the protector and defender of the people, the imitator and lover of truth and justice." The Bolognese lawyer has thus gained a place in history, beside Rienzi, and had he lived longer, he might have yet further extended the power of the Roman people and weakened that of the nobles and Pope.

The constant struggles in the Italian cities, the miserable condition of the people, the conflict that

had so long raged between Kaiser and Pope, had at last produced a remarkable reaction which affected Rome, though it originated at Perugia. Processions of people of all ages and professions paraded the streets, scourging themselves till the blood ran, and calling aloud for "peace and the grace of God." Aged hermits left their cells to join in the throng of these "Flagellants," as they were termed; monks and priests preached repentance, and criminals prayed to be punished for their sins. It seemed as if the human conscience were at last awake, and a new era about to begin. But the "Flagellants" made little impression on the Papacy, the excitement of self-inflicted flogging soon wore off, and Alexander IV. pursued unmoved his predecessor's persecution of the House of Hohenstaufen.

Alexander had confirmed the English prince Edmund in the sovereignty of Sicily, and urged his father, Henry III., to take effective possession of the island on his behalf. But Manfred had himself proclaimed king at Palermo, and thus became independent alike of Germany and the Pope. The national feeling of the Italians, weary of German intervention in their affairs, was behind him, and his papal foe died before he could achieve the great object of the Church's policy. Urban IV., the next Pope, a Frenchman, who never once set foot in the Lateran, adopted a fresh means of attaining the same end, by offering the Sicilian throne, regardless of the English claims, to his fellow-countryman, Charles of Anjou. But an unexpected event somewhat alarmed the cautious Pope. Almost at the

same moment that he was negotiating with Charles, the Guelph party at Rome chose that prince as Senator, while the opposite faction proclaimed Manfred. It was the first time that a foreigner of royal rank had been elected to that post, and the Pope had no wish to see either of them attain such influence in his own city. But he, and his successor, Clement IV., another Frenchman, continued to support the French prince against the Italian champion; and even English and Scottish bishops were compelled to subscribe to the expenses of the holy war, which was to place Sicily under a French ruler. Meanwhile the Romans kept urging Charles to come among them, and were becoming discontented at the doings of the deputy whom he had appointed to preside over their councils in his absence. At last he landed at Ostia, and in May, 1265, Rome witnessed the strange sight of a fleet of Provençal galleys sailing up the Tiber, and anchoring off the church of St. Paul-outside-the-walls. The curious citizens hastened to greet their Senator and Sicily's future king, the man of the hard face and the restless mind, who complained that sleep shortened his time for action. A tournament and knightly songs celebrated his entry, and the guest made himself so much at home that he took possession of the Pope's Lateran palace without even asking Clement's leave. "Thou hast taken upon thyself of thine own accord what no Christian king has ever permitted himself to do," wrote the indignant Pope. "Thou shalt know that it is in no wise agreeable to me that the Senator of the city,

be he never so honourable, should reside in one of the papal palaces. Seek for thyself a dwelling elsewhere; there are roomy palaces enough in the city." Charles took the hint, and moved out of the Lateran. He was invested with the senatorial insignia at Aracœli, and lost no time in coining money with his name upon it. A more important ceremony followed, when in the basilica of the Lateran four papal plenipotentiaries invested him with the Sicilian kingdom. Six months later, in the early days of January, 1266, he was solemnly crowned sovereign of Sicily in St. Peter's. Thus, for the first time, one who was neither an Emperor nor a Pope celebrated his coronation on that hallowed spot. But nothing could induce Clement to perform the ceremony in person, though he enlisted the peoples of Christendom against the hated Manfred, and begged for funds all over Europe with indifferent success. He was even reduced to mortgaging the property of the Church in Rome as security for a war loan, and his letters were full of lamentations over the difficulties of raising it. It was an undignified position for a Pope, but it was the natural result of the worldly ambition and desire for revenge which actuated the authors of this new Sicilian expedition. Yet, plunged as he was in the depths of despair, Clement declined to make peace with Manfred, even when the latter stooped to appeal to him. No traces of Christian forgiveness can be found in the correspondence of this unbending head of the Church.

Soon after his coronation Charles left Rome to

attack his rival. The decisive battle was fought outside Benevento, and the treachery of Manfred's followers gave the victory to Charles.[1] Seeing that all was lost, Manfred resolved to die on the field. For some time it was not known whether he had fallen. But three days later the victor was able to write to the Pope that Manfred's naked body had been found among the slain. The French knights laid each a stone upon the grave where Charles had had him buried; but the vengeance of the Church would not allow him to rest in this honourable tomb. A bishop, with the Pope's consent, ordered the body to be exhumed and thrown down on the bank of the river Verde. Dante has commemorated the spot in a line of the *Purgatorio*,[2] and the novel of Guerrazzi, *La battaglia di Benevento*, has familiarised the conflict in which Manfred fell to thousands of Italian readers. Cursed by Popes as a heathen and a murderer, he seemed to Dante a kindly figure, and the best of his contemporaries praised his many noble qualities. The fate of his family was as sad as his own; his young wife and children all languished in prison till they died, and thus the sins of his grandfather were visited on Manfred and his race. The Popes had attained their object; the tool of the Papacy was King of Sicily; the rule of the Germans in Italy was over for ever, and of the hated race of the Hohenstaufen only the young Conradin remained

[1] To this Dante alludes in the lines:—

"Là dove fu bugiardo
Ciascun Pugliese."—*Inferno*, xxviii. 16.

[2] iii. 127. See the whole passage.

alive and at liberty. Clement bade ring all the bells of Perugia, when the news of the victory reached him there; yet a generation later one of his successors was a prisoner in that same Provence, whence he had summoned Charles to fight his battles in Southern Italy.

The first result of the victory was the resignation of the senatorial office by Charles at the request of the Pope, who feared that a king and a conqueror might prove a dangerous and ambitious Senator. But the head of the Church did not find that he thereby recovered authority over the Romans. In fact, at this period they had almost ceased to consider their city as in any way subordinate to the Papacy, and Perugia saw far more of the Pope than did the Lateran. A noble adventurer, one of the most curious figures that have played a part in the story of mediæval Rome, Don Enrique, son of the King of Castile, was chosen Senator by the dominant democracy, in spite of papal and aristocratic opposition. The new Senator had had a strange career. He had volunteered for the intended English expedition against Sicily some years before, had entered the Tunisian service and fought against the Moors, and had stood as a candidate for the throne of Sardinia. A man with these experiences was not likely to be devoid of energy, and he soon showed that he meant to be master in his adopted city. Nor was the effect of the victory of Benevento much more satisfactory to the Pope in Sicily than in Rome. The Sicilians found Charles a much more grievous taskmaster than Manfred had been; and, as the

modern Sicilians at times lament the Bourbons, so their ancestors lamented the Hohenstaufen. Messengers were despatched to urge Conradin, then a lad of fourteen, to come and claim the heritage of his house, and, despite the entreaties of his friends and relatives, he hastened to the land, where, like so many of his race, he was to find his doom. At first the Pope refused to believe the news, but before long he had undeniable evidence of its truth. The larger part of Sicily rose and proclaimed Conradin as king, and in Rome itself Don Enrique declared for the boy. The Pope tried in vain to create a diversion there, but the Senator was too strong for him. Conradin's emissaries were received with public honours on the Capitol, and—to the indignation of the Pope—provided with rooms in the Lateran; most of the chiefs of the opposite party then in Rome were arrested, and the Vatican garrisoned with German troops. A solemn alliance between the city and Conradin was proclaimed, and the Castilian senator, as handy with his pen as with his sword, indited a poem to the grandson of Frederick II., inviting him to "take the fair garden of Sicily and demand the Imperial Crown." Pisa and Siena entered into the league, of which Don Enrique was appointed generalissimo. No one heeded the papal thunders, and Clement had the mortification of seeing Conradin's troops march past his own refuge at Viterbo on their way to Rome.

The Romans received the last of the Hohenstaufen with enthusiasm, and flowers and olive-branches strewed his path as he crossed the Tiber. The whole

city had been transformed into a theatre for the occasion; the houses were hung with coloured cloth, and women danced before him in the streets. On the Capitol, on that July day of 1268, they hailed him as a future Emperor, and when he set out to meet his foe the people accompanied him far out into the Campagna. *Sed qualis rediit!* Ten days later he fled back to the city defeated and dismayed. One defeat, and that at first a victory, on the fatal field of Tagliacozzo, some sixty miles to the east of Rome,[1] had sufficed to overthrow him, and his gloomy rival could write in biblical language to the Pope, praying him to "eat of thy son's venison." The poor boy experienced in those ten days how little popularity means, and learned that the vanquished have few friends. The Capitol closed its doors on the fugitive; swarms of returning exiles, belonging to the opposite party, incensed the people against him. Conradin, who had entered Rome as a future Emperor, left it like an outlaw. Without an adviser, without a refuge, the lad reached the sea at Astura, near Nettuno, the same spot whither Cicero, centuries before, had in vain fled from his foes, and put out in a boat, in the hope of reaching distant Pisa, which had always been a warm adherent of his cause. But one of the Frangipani, who was lord of the castle of Astura, hearing that he and his little party were fugitives, had them arrested and brought before him. The Angevin admiral, who happened to be near the harbour, no

[1] "Là da Tagliacozzo,
Ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo."
Inferno, xxviii. 17

sooner learnt who these fugitives were, than he demanded their surrender in the name of his master; a neighbouring Cardinal made the same demand in that of the Pope. Frangipani, whom no entreaties on the part of Conradin could move, gave up his prisoners to the admiral. They were taken to Palestrina, as was also Don Enrique, and there lodged in the castle of San Pietro, while Charles of Anjou, now elected Senator for life in Don Enrique's room, took possession of Rome. When he had arranged affairs in the city and rewarded his partisans, he devoted his attention to the punishment of the prisoners. Don Enrique was saved by his near relationship—he was Charles's cousin—and his Castilian blood from a violent end; he was sent to languish in prison for over twenty years, though kings begged for his release, and then at last, on the request of Edward I. of England, was allowed to return and die in his native land. Conradin would have still been a pretender, even in prison, and for him there was nothing but death in store. On October 29, 1268, this boy of sixteen was beheaded on the Piazza del Mercato at Naples, and a porphyry column, now preserved in the adjoining church of Santa Croce, once marked the precise spot of this hideous crime. Conradin's death has been laid at the door of Clement IV., who might have prevented it, for the lad had been arrested by his vassals on his territory. It is said that when, a month later, the Pope lay on his death-bed, the vision of the last of the Hohenstaufen on the scaffold haunted his dreams and darkened his end. He, and with him the Papacy,

had prevailed over that once mighty race. But, though no avenger arose at once from Conradin's ashes, the work of the Hohenstaufen found others to carry it on in the ages to come, and if the German monarchs had no longer authority in Italy, the Popes could not claim that country as all their own.

IV

THE HERMIT-POPE AND THE FIRST JUBILEE

CHARLES of Anjou was now able to govern Rome as its Senator without interruption for the next ten years by means of deputies, whom he sent to represent him on the Capitol. His hand was heavy on the turbulent spirits of the city, as that of Brancaleone had been, the laws were once more respected, and in a single year no less than two hundred robbers were sent to the gallows. A column, which may still be seen in the entrance-hall of the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol, bore his crowned figure, seated on a throne adorned with lions' heads and clad in Roman garb, and coins with his name and titles of Senator and King circulated freely. He was now the most prominent personage in the whole of Italy. When he visited the city for the first time after his victory, he brought the French monarch, Philippe III., with him. When, after three years' vacancy, the papal see was at last filled by the election of an obscure ecclesiastic, then a pilgrim in the Holy Land, under the style of Gregory X., he escorted the new Pope to Rome. The latter event constituted a departure from the practice of the last two Popes,

neither of whom had ever set foot in the city during their tenure of office, while Gregory X. was, in addition, an Italian. Happier than his immediate predecessors, the new Pope had an open field before him, and no barbarous policy of extermination to continue, for the hereditary enemies of the Papacy had been destroyed root and branch. The States of the Church had been restored; Sicily was once more a papal fief under the Angevin dynasty; and there was no German sovereign during the long interregnum in that country to dispute the authority of the Holy See. Even when the interregnum ended with the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg to the German throne, the changed relations between Empire and Papacy were clearly indicated in the humble tone of the letter in which the new sovereign begged the Pope to grant him of his grace the Imperial diadem. He formally renounced the old Imperial claims to the Patrimony of St. Peter, acknowledged the existing state of things in Sicily, and was ready to make any concessions that the Holy Father might require. Gregory remarked in reply that it was "the duty of Emperors and kings to protect the liberties and rights of the Church, and the duty of the Church to maintain kings in the full integrity of their power." At Lausanne a friendly meeting between Rudolph and the Pope took place, and nothing but death prevented the latter from crowning the former as Emperor in Rome. But before he died, this admirable and able Pontiff had regulated for the first time, at a Council at Lyons, the full formalities of a papal election. It was there decreed, that, after the death

of a Pope, the Cardinals should wait only ten days before proceeding to choose his successor. Each was then to appear with a single servant in the dead man's palace, where they were all to occupy the same apartment, the windows and doors of which were to be walled up, with the exception of one aperture for the passage of food. Should the new Pope not be chosen within three days, the Cardinals' diet was to be limited during the following five to two dishes each a day, and after that period to wine, bread and water alone. All intercourse with the outer world was strictly prohibited, under pain of excommunication, and the civil authorities were entrusted with the guardianship of the closed room in which the Cardinals sat. This memorable decree, the result of the long vacancy which had preceded Gregory's election, seemed so intolerable to the Cardinals, that it was soon suspended, but none the less speedily renewed. The general principle, which underlies it, still remains, and the object, that of obtaining an unbiassed election, is a good one. But there has been little of the Holy Spirit and much of party intrigue in most conclaves, and the inmates of the walled-up chamber have not been found inaccessible to those arguments which diplomacy knows how to use in the worldly interests of sovereigns. Gregory's decree was soon put to the test, for three Popes followed one another in the year of his death, one of whom was remarkable as the only Portuguese who has held that office, and on all three occasions Charles of Anjou endeavoured to influence the conclave in favour of his own candidate.

The short pontificate of Nicholas III., a member of the proud house of Orsini, "son of the She-bear," as Dante has called him,[1] followed those three fleeting figures, and was more important in the history of Rome. It marked the cession of the Romagna by Rudolph of Hapsburg to the Church, and henceforth the stubborn folk of that region, always the most turbulent of Italy, were constantly rising against the papal rule, until at last in the nineteenth century they finally cast it off. It marked too a change in the senatorial constitution of Rome to the advantage of the nobles. On the expiration of Charles of Anjou's term as Senator, the Pope declined to aid him in obtaining its renewal, and, as a native of Rome, who dearly loved his birthplace, resolved to prevent the office falling again into the hands of a foreign prince. In 1278 he issued a new charter, in which he derived the authority of the Popes in Rome from the donation of Constantine, and pointed out the evils due to the election of a stranger as Senator. Accordingly, he ordained that henceforth no Emperor, king, prince, margrave, duke or baron, or any powerful noble related to any of those dignitaries, should be Senator, Captain of the people, *Patricius*, or rector, or official of the city, nor that any one should be appointed to any such office for more than a year without the Pope's consent, on pain of excommunication alike for the electors and the elected. An exception was made in favour of the citizens, who were eligible for the senatorial office for a year or less, even if they were relatives of the excluded persons above named. The

[1] *Inferno*, xix. 72.

result was that the noblest Roman families, such as the Orsini, the Colonna, the Anibaldi, and the Savelli, endeavoured to gain the position from which foreigners were debarred, and the greatest security against a despotic government was their mutual jealousy. The Pope at once set an example of what was to follow by naming his own brother as Senator for a year, and thus not only prevented the re-election of Charles of Anjou, but regained for the Papacy the power which it had lost over the city. And it is to his credit that he accomplished all his aims by peaceful means. Yet the charge of nepotism, which history cannot fail to bring against many of his successors, has been fully proved against him, and Dante placed him as an example of simony in his *Inferno*.[1] He rebuilt the Lateran and Vatican with the money of the Church, and his selfishness contrasted greatly with the disinterestedness of his successor, who mounted the papal throne under the name of Martin IV.

Martin, a Frenchman, and a creature of Charles of Anjou, endeavoured to undo the work of his predecessor by placing the office of Senator at his patron's disposal. But in order to avoid the re-appointment of Charles, the Romans sent two of their number to offer the post to Martin himself, not as Pope but for the term of his natural life, with the permission to name a deputy or deputies in his place. The Pope accepted the offer with apparent indifference, and then transferred his new powers as Senator to Charles, who appointed deputies of his own from

[1] In the passage above quoted.

among his fellow-countrymen. The Angevin prince's influence in the States of the Church became predominant; he protected the Pope with French troops; and, under his auspices, Frenchmen held the principal

SAN GIOVANNI DEGLI EREMITI, PALERMO,
THE BELLS OF WHICH GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE SICILIAN VESPERS.
(*From a photo. by Mrs. Miller.*)

offices there as well as in his own kingdom of Sicily. But one of the most tragic events in Italian history shattered his career in a moment. The Sicilian Vespers were the vengeance for the execution of

Conradin, and the complete annihilation of the French power in Sicily at a signal from Palermo placed the island in the hands of Peter of Aragon. The revolution found its echo on the mainland; for it is a curious fact that then, as in the struggle of 1848, Sicily led the way; at Perugia the mob burnt the French Pope in effigy, at Rome the Capitol was stormed and the French garrison cut to pieces, the senatorial authority of Charles was declared at an end, and a Captain of the people appointed. The constitution drawn up by the late Pope was restored, and in 1285 the two allies, Martin IV. and Charles of Anjou passed away.

The Roman Church was now once more free from French influence, and Rome and Sicily were delivered from the power of the man who had been such a sinister figure in their history. The new Pope, Honorius IV., a Roman by birth, received the post of Senator for life; and, following the example so lately set, appointed his brother as his deputy. Both were gouty and unable to walk; the Pope required a mechanical contrivance to enable him to raise the host when celebrating mass; the Senator had to be carried about the Capitol in a chair. But Rome was rarely so quiet as under their rule, and the robbers learnt to fear, and the citizens to respect, them. Even the rebellious Romagna was for once obedient, and Honorius left a peaceful heritage to his successor, Nicholas IV., the first Franciscan who ever attained to the papal throne. But the powerful family of the Colonna soon overshadowed this pious monk, and a caricature of the period depicted him built up in a

column—the emblem of the Colonna family—with only his head and mitre projecting, while two other pillars of the Church rose on either side of him. On his demise the rivalry between the Colonna and the Orsini split the conclave into two factions, and rendered the choice of a Pope almost impossible. Confusion reigned once more in the city; the Lateran had no Pope, and the Capitol no Senator. At last, an extraordinary selection was made. One of the Cardinals proposed as candidate a hermit, who had gained a reputation as a dreamer of dreams and had about as much fitness for the position as a professor for that of Prime Minister.

This weird figure, who is known as Celestine V., recalls the early days of the Papacy, when anchorites and recluses were suddenly called to the direction of the Church. The new Pope was a peasant's son from the Abruzzi, who had taken up his abode on a mountain above Solmona, known to classical scholars as the birthplace of Ovid. There, on a spot, still shown to the tourist, he founded a monastery and an order of monks, which later on took his name. His fame spread throughout Italy, and he is said on one occasion to have hung up his cowl on a sunbeam! When the emissaries of the conclave arrived to announce to him his election, they found him in his solitary hut, meditating, no doubt, on anything rather than the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. At the news of his sudden promotion, he tried to escape and seek some securer solitude, where no one could compel him to be a Pope. But prayers and entreaties prevailed upon him to accept the honours

and responsibilities of an office of which he can have had little conception. The whole country-side turned out to acclaim him, and the mountain, usually so gloomy, became alive with people. Riding on an ass, the hermit-Pope entered Aquila, while two kings held his bridle, and nobles and clergy escorted the quaint procession. At Aquila, where a series of monastic paintings still commemorates his career, he received the astounded Cardinals, who now realised what manner of man they had chosen. To those ambitious men of the world this shy, retiring hermit, without manners and without oratory, must have seemed more like a saint than a statesman, and the Papacy in the Middle Ages had as little need of saints as France during the Revolution had of chemists. But the lots had been cast, and so in a neighbouring church the hermit was consecrated. His complete ignorance of the world was at once manifest. He knew hardly anything of Latin, and—much worse—he knew nothing of men. The crafty Charles II. of Naples, son of Charles of Anjou, got him to his capital, used him as a tool, and made him sign whatever he wanted. Any courtier could impose upon him, and he felt miserable amid the pomp which he was now compelled to keep up. There is something pathetic about his prayer for a cell in the Royal castle at Naples which should remind him of his beloved hut at Solmona. In less than four months he was weary of his artificial life, and announced his intention to abdicate a position which most of his fellow-ecclesiastics would have given anything to obtain. We need not assume that the trick of the

ambitious Cardinal, his ultimate successor, who addressed him during the night-watches in supernatural tones, bidding him resign, was needed to induce his resignation. Though the monks of his own order, who had hoped much from his influence, protested against such an act of abnegation, they could not prevail over his fixed resolution to retire. Then arose the legal question whether a Pope could abdicate or no; for there were no precedents for such a course, and Celestine has found no imitators. A Pope, it was argued, was infallible, yet here was a Pontiff who expressly desired to lay down his office on the ground of his utter fallibility. But the incapacity of the hermit-Pope for all business and the ambition of his would-be successors made it possible to dispense with strict formalities. The joyful anchorite once more assumed the hair-shirt and fled to his mountain, careless of the verdict of his contemporaries or of history. His conduct has been very differently estimated. Dante stigmatised his abdication as *il gran rifiuto*;[1] Petrarch praised him for his humility in having rejected the highest of all dignities. But the ex-Pope had not completed his bitter experience of the world. His successor, Boniface VIII., the very opposite of him in every respect, seated at his splendid coronation banquet at Rome, trembled at the spectre of the hermit of the Abruzzi, whom a popular movement might at any moment turn into a competitor. Probably Boniface could not understand a character so different from

[1] *Inferno*, iii. 60.

his own; at any rate, he resolved that the possible danger should be removed. Messengers were sent to arrest the hermit in his retreat; but he managed to evade them and gained the shore of the Adriatic, whence he hoped to escape to Dalmatia. But the stormy sea drove his little barque back on the beach at the foot of Monte Gargano. Here he quietly surrendered to the chief magistrate of the place, and was by him delivered up to Boniface. Under the guise of friendly treatment, he was put under lock and key in a gloomy castle on the way from Rome to Naples, near Alatri, where he soon died. His followers accused Boniface of his murder, and exhibited a nail, which had been driven into his head by the command of the Pope. Some years later he was canonised, and certainly there are few more saintly figures in the annals of the mediæval Papacy. But his brief career showed that, at that period at least, a very good man might make a very bad Pope.

No one could accuse Boniface VIII. of the former defect. A diplomatist and a man of the world, he demonstrated by the splendour of his entry into Rome, that he did not believe in humbling himself. No sooner had he rid himself of his dreaded rival, than he set about the recovery of Sicily for the Holy See. He did not hesitate to invoke a fratricidal war for the achievement of this object, but the independent Sicilians laughed at his thunders, and he had to give way. In Rome itself he contrived, by meddling in the private disputes of the Colonna family, to make enemies of two of the Cardinals of that name.

The two Cardinals insinuated that he was not the legitimate Pope, and he retorted by taking the unheard-of step of deposing them from their offices and then excommunicating them. In order to appease the remaining members of the College, who resented this attack upon the privileges of their order, he permitted all Cardinals henceforth to wear purple, just as Innocent IV. had granted them the red hat. An army of "Crusaders" besieged the castles of the Colonna at the bidding of the Pope, who had the satisfaction of seeing his two great enemies with halters round their necks confessing on their knees that he was the true Vicar of Christ. In his anger, he ordered their stronghold of Palestrina to be levelled with the ground, just as Sulla had levelled it centuries before, while the terrified Colonna fled abroad, lest a worse fate might befall them.

The most remarkable event in the pontificate of Boniface VIII. was the celebration, in 1300, of the first Jubilee, or *anno santo*, that was ever held in Rome. The idea was partly of Hebrew, and partly of classical, origin. We find in the Book of Leviticus the command to hold a Jubilee every forty-nine years. The Roman Emperors adopted, or revived, a similar practice, by celebrating at the conclusion of every century those "secular games" upon which Horace wrote his beautiful *Carmen Sæculare*. The papal Jubilees were modelled on these two precedents, and plenary indulgences were granted to all those who spent the Jubilee at Rome. The traveller may still see in the basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano the remains of a fresco, depicting Boniface, between two

SAN GIOVANNI IN LATERANO.

Cardinals, proclaiming this first "Holy Year." A ready response was made to his invitation. "From the remote kingdom of Britain," writes Gibbon, "the highways were thronged with a swarm of pilgrims who sought to expiate their sins in a journey." A contemporary writer stated that no fewer than two million visited Rome in that year, and the city never had less than two hundred thousand strangers in it while the Jubilee lasted. Among them was Dante, then one of the Florentine envoys to the Pope, who alludes to this Jubilee in the *Inferno*,[1] and mentions the crowds which traversed the bridge of Sant' Angelo in both directions. "Two priests stood night and day with rakes in their hands to collect the heaps of gold and silver that were poured on the altar of St. Paul;" and Boniface, "dressed in imperial habits," had "two swords borne before him, emblems of his temporal as well as spiritual dominion over the earth." So great were the crowds in the streets that many were trampled to death, while the charges at the inns were too high for all but the rich. Even princes came in obedience to Boniface's Bull, and visited the two specified shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul fifteen times on fifteen different days, as the Pope had commanded foreigners to do. As for the Romans, they were expected to perform a double penance, as they had no long journey to make. Boniface had announced that the "Holy Year" would be held only once a century, but the Romans found the festival so popular and so profitable that later Popes reduced the

[1] xviii. 28–33.

intervals between the celebrations. We shall have occasion to mention several more of these Jubilees in due place. Altogether, down to the present time, there have been no less than twenty-one of them, the last having been held by Leo XIII. in 1899–1900, after an interval of seventy-five years.

The *anno santo* marked the zenith of Boniface's career. The Jubilee had been a triumph for him, but his fortunes turned with the century, and from that moment steadily declined. He seems to have completely lost his head, and in his overweening pride, imagined that he could coerce great sovereigns as easily as he had suppressed poor Celestine and vanquished the Colonna. When the German envoys came to ask him to confirm the title of Albert of Austria, he received them seated on a throne, with a crown on his head and a sword in his hand, and cried to them with anger, "It is I, I who am the Emperor!" But in Philippe IV. of France, the real founder of the French monarchy, he met one, who was more than his match. Hitherto France had been the chief friend of the Papacy; it was with French aid that Boniface's predecessors had uprooted the power of the Hohenstaufen in Italy, and that Pope had himself lately summoned the French king's brother to his assistance against Sicily, and raised his grandfather Louis IX. to the dignity of a saint. The famous Bull *Clericis Laicos* was the cause of this dispute, which affected the history of England as well as that of France. By this memorable instrument the Pope forbade the clergy to pay taxes to the secular power without his consent, and thus struck a blow at the

monarchy where it would feel it most deeply. Most great political movements have arisen from questions of taxation, and it was so here. In England Edward I. at once outlawed the clergy, who refused him supplies; in France Philippe IV. retaliated by forbidding the export of money out of the country, and so deprived Rome of one of its chief sources of revenue. Boniface retorted that the Pope was above all kings and kingdoms, and invited the French clergy to a Council in Rome, there to pronounce judgment on the French monarch. This message was received with indignation in France, where it was said that Boniface arrogated to himself the suzerainty over the country. The papal Bull was publicly burned in Notre-Dame, and the flames lighted a conflagration which threatened the independence of the Papacy itself. Even the French clergy took the side of their king, and the whole nation was ready to support him. Boniface, in a new Bull, laid down the amazing thesis, that "by reason of the necessity of salvation, every human creature is in subjection to the Pope," to which the first complete Parliament of Catholic France replied by appealing from the Pope to a General Council. But the French King put not his faith in legal measures alone; he conceived the bold idea of kidnapping Boniface in his country residence at his native town of Anagni and dragging him before a council by force. The plot was carefully arranged; emissaries, well provided with money, were sent to Italy, and the barons of the country round Rome, infuriated at the grants of the Pope to members of his own family,

readily listened to the scheme. On a September morning in 1303, the noise of weapons aroused the unsuspecting Pope in his palace, which was guarded by his nephews. While they kept the enemy at bay, he had time to rise and tried to parley with the assailants. But they soon forced the defenders to yield, and penetrated into the burning palace, whence all but the Pope and two Cardinals had fled. Boniface awaited their arrival and his death seated on his throne and bent over a golden crucifix—a great Pope to the last. "If I am betrayed like Christ," he said, "I am ready to die like Christ." For a moment they were struck dumb at his courage; then they gave way to violence and abuse. One of them seized him by the arm, dragged him from his throne, and was only prevented by a companion from stabbing him to the heart in revenge for a private wrong. Boniface's coolness at length triumphed over the rage of his foes; he was imprisoned in his palace, and at last, after three days' confinement, rescued by the townsfolk.[1] Rome sent an escort to bring him safely to the Vatican, where he shut himself up like a prisoner, a prey to fury, mistrust, and disgust, without a friend, without a hope. The prophecy of the poor hermit whom he had incarcerated in that solitary tower now came true. "Boniface," he had said, "shall come in like a fox, reign like a lion, and die like a dog." He refused all nourishment, dashed his head against the walls in accesses of passion, and, a month after his release from Anagni, was one

[1] To this Dante alludes in *Purgatorio*, xx. 85–90.

morning found dead in his bed. His enemies, and they were many, saw in his end a judgment of Heaven. One of his contemporaries has branded him as "a magnanimous sinner," and even Dante, his bitter enemy, who had stood before him as a Florentine envoy in the days of his might, has called him "the great priest." He was great in his pretensions, great too in his avarice; but in all the virtues that should adorn the head of a Church, he was deficient, and even in his diplomacy he overreached himself and injured the temporal interests of that body. In the crypt of the Vatican there still lies his kingly figure on a monument, which has been called "the memorial of the mediæval Papacy," so soon to enter upon the humiliating episode of the captivity at Avignon.

The short reign of his successor, Benedict XI., was a period of transition. The new Pope had been one of the two Cardinals, who had stood by Boniface at Anagni, and he summoned all who had taken part in that outrage to appear and answer for their conduct before his tribunal. But he had no power to enforce his summons. The King of France, who was the author of the attack, was too powerful to care what he said, and the German Empire too weak to furnish aid against so great a monarch. So Benedict made the best of a bad position, and formally withdrew the Bulls which his predecessor had issued against France. Then, in fear and trembling, he withdrew to Perugia, and died, poisoned, it is said, in a basket of figs. For nearly a year, the Cardinals could not agree in the choice of a successor, and the French

and Italian factions in the Conclave struggled for the mastery, while Rome and the Campagna were distracted by the rival families of Colonna, Orsini, and Gaetani. Supported and prompted by the King of France, who was most anxious to have a fellow-countryman and a docile puppet as Pope, the French party won the day, and raised a Frenchman to the Holy See. The result of this fatal election was at once evident. Instead of coming to Rome, the new Pope, who styled himself Clement V., bade his electors meet him in France, where he was crowned at Lyons in the presence of his patron the king. An untoward incident at the coronation was cited by the superstitious as an omen of what was to come. A wall fell down as the papal procession was passing, the Pope was thrown from his horse and his crown from his head, and in the fall the richest jewel which adorned it was lost. The Papacy had indeed lost its independence, for with Clement V. began the seventy years' sojourn of the Popes at Avignon, the "Babylonish Captivity" of the Church.

Before entering on that gloomy period in the history of the deserted city, we may cast a glance over the state of Roman culture during the century which had just closed. The thirteenth century was memorable in the annals of poetry, philosophy, and jurisprudence, but Rome cannot claim the greatest names among the poets, philosophers, and jurists of that age. Most of the Popes whose reigns fell within the limits of that century were learned, for a knowledge of law was in those days almost essential in one who had to conduct delicate diplomatic questions

and base his claims to authority on ancient documents. Men like Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Boniface VIII., to take a few examples, were able lawyers, and the first of the trio, as we have seen, demonstrated the difference, which usually exists between precept and practice, by writing a treatise "On the Contempt of the World" as an introduction to his very mundane career. But these eminent men did not derive their learning from any studies at Rome, which was behind many other towns in that respect. The young Romans of the period who desired to attend lectures on law, usually went to Bologna, that famous University, which has in our own time celebrated the eight hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Padua, Naples, and Paris were also favourite seats of learning, but the Popes were for a long time afraid to encourage the creation of a Roman University, for a large concourse of students was then, as now, a source of alarm and annoyance to Italian rulers. At last, however, Innocent IV. started the first law school at Rome in 1243, in order to spare the citizens the expense of sending their sons abroad. It was Charles of Anjou, who, in gratitude for his election as Senator in 1265, ordered the foundation of a Roman University, but its real founder was Boniface VIII. Meanwhile, Urban IV., the first Pope who took any interest in Greek philosophy, had summoned Thomas Aquinas from Paris to Rome, where the "angelic doctor" taught intermittently at the papal court, until Charles of Anjou called him to Naples. But philosophy flourished in Rome as little as history. The best authorities for the annals of

the city during that period were not Romans but Englishmen, like Matthew Paris, who were in constant communication with the capital of Christendom. The archives of the Capitol are dumb about the doings of the Senators in the thirteenth century, and the papal chroniclers naturally regarded with disfavour the proceedings of those officials. Nor was poetry a plant congenial to the soil of mediæval Rome; just as in "the golden age" of classical antiquity, all the best poets came from the provinces, and in "the silver age" many authors were Spaniards, so the age of Dante produced few Roman bards. Indeed, it was said that the Romans spoke a rough dialect as compared with the language of other Italians; for in Rome a debased Latin remained the ordinary vehicle of intercourse, and those who used it regarded the Italian speech which had come into use elsewhere as a vulgar idiom, unworthy of the city which had listened to Cicero and read Cæsar.

The century was more productive in the domain of art. Innocent III. was a liberal benefactor of the Roman Churches; he restored the outer court of St. Peter's, which had been destroyed by Barbarossa, and enlarged and fortified the Vatican, where the Popes had begun to reside whenever disturbances made the Lateran, the official residence down to the "captivity" at Avignon, uninhabitable. Innocent IV. continued the work of his namesake at the Vatican, and Nicholas III., with the aid of two famous Florentine architects, cleared the approaches to it, and laid out the gardens, which he surrounded with walls and towers; he may be regarded, in fact, as the founder

of the Vatican in its present form. The same Pope restored the Lateran palace, and rebuilt the *Sancta Sanctorum* chapel, the only part of the old building which survived the fire of 1308 and exists to-day, but which was at that time the private chapel of the Pontiffs. It was this chapel which contained the image of the Saviour "not made with hands" and the famous heads of the Apostles. But the successors of St. Peter were no longer content with the Lateran and the Vatican alone; Honorius IV. built himself a new abode on the Aventine; Nicholas IV. constructed another residence near Sta. Maria Maggiore; while outside, at Montefiascone, Terni, and Viterbo, the Popes erected country-houses, the forerunners of the now disused papal villa of Castel Gandolfo. But their zeal for building was not wholly selfish. It was at that period that the Hospital of the Holy Ghost was founded on the site of the ancient Anglo-Saxon settlement in the Borgo, as well as other and smaller houses for the sick. To the same century belongs the oldest Gothic church in Rome, that of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, begun at the command of Nicholas III. A new industry arose, too, and became a speciality of Rome—that of the workers in marble, chiefly belonging to the family of Cosmas, whose trade ceased with the removal of the Papacy to Avignon, after attaining its zenith under Boniface VIII. Painting made progress in Rome under papal auspices, and Giotto was at work there in the last years of the thirteenth century. A specimen of his art, a fresco representing Boniface VIII. proclaiming the Jubilee of 1300, may still be seen in the

Lateran. Towards the close of the century, also, a school of workers in mosaic flourished under the guidance of two Minorite monks, examples of whose work may still be seen in the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and the famous mosaic, *La Navicella*, now in the portico of St. Peter's, dates from 1298. But, in spite of these artistic improvements, the external appearance of the city at the dawn of the fourteenth century was a gloomy spectacle. The streets were so filthy that the papal processions sometimes could not make their way through them, and the pavement was like that of modern Constantinople. It was regarded as quite an event when a Pope ordered the drains to be flushed. A forest of towers, in spite of the drastic measures taken against them, still flourished amid the ruins of ancient monuments, and served as strongholds for robber nobles. The castles of the Orsini clan dominated the district of the Vatican, and the Colonna held the site of the present Italian Chamber of Deputies at Monte Citorio. The Frangipani were encamped on the Palatine and the Cælian; and the Colosseum, which had suffered from the two earthquakes of 1231 and 1255, was the seat of their power. The ruined palaces of the Palatine were in the hands of their retainers or given over to monks, while the Aventine was the home of the Savelli, and nothing but the lack of water prevented it from becoming a flourishing colony under the auspices of that powerful Sabine family. The Quirinal was a favourite scene of faction fights at that epoch; for several rival clans had settled on its slopes. A memorial of their sway still exists in the

Torre delle Milizie, the possession of which was accounted of the utmost importance and gave a title to its owners. That tower and the remains of the *Torre dei Conti*, which Petrarch said had no fellow in the world, are the best specimens of the baronial style of thirteenth-century Rome, and commanded the whole city at that period. They dominated even the proud Capitol itself, the seat of the Senators, whose residence was rebuilt in honour of the Jubilee of 1300, and where a living lion, just as to-day a wolf, was preserved in a cage as an emblem of the Republic.[1]

Such was the appearance presented by the Eternal City in the era which had just closed. The modern visitor would have had difficulty in recognising its features, even with the aid of the plan, the first which we possess of mediæval Rome, drawn up in the thirteenth century. A foot-note to that document, evidently written by a contemporary, tells us that Rome "lamented the daily destruction of its ruins. Like an exhausted old man, it can scarcely hold itself upright on a foreign staff. Its age is honourable for nothing else but the heaps of ancient stones and the ruinous traces of the past. St. Benedict said, when Rome was destroyed by Totila: 'Rome will not be uprooted by the nations, but will crumble and moulder away under the influence of weather, lightning, hurricanes, and earthquakes.'"[2] Yet the

[1] We may compare the maintenance of the bears in the *Bärengraben* at Bern as an emblem of that city.

[2] The saint was unfair to the Goth, who, as Gibbon and Mr. Hodgkin show, "destroyed" only one-third of the walls.

thirteenth century has left its mark upon the city, and we owe to it some of the characteristic monuments of Rome. For if they stood behind some of their Italian neighbours in culture, the Romans of the period still possessed the great traditions of their ancient splendour, and had not yet lost the presence of the Papacy in their midst.

V

ROME DURING THE "BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY"

THE history of Rome in the fourteenth century cannot fail to arouse the pity of those who remember her former greatness. While the Popes were absent at Avignon, the capital of Christendom lay deserted and forlorn. Florence became the most prominent city in Italy, just as Milan had been two centuries earlier, and Rome was little more than a name. Yet the absence of the Popes was not without its advantages. Removed from their influence, the citizens were able to develop their municipal institutions freely, to emancipate themselves from the authority of the nobles, and to establish the predominance of the municipal guilds. But the destruction of the Roman nobility had the inevitable result of giving power to demagogues and tribunes of the people whose magnificent declamations were not accompanied by any practical knowledge of affairs. So Rome once more fell into the power of the returning Popes, after a brief interlude of municipal freedom which has gained immense notoriety, but was scarcely more lasting than the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849.

The anarchy which reigned in Rome and the Campagna in the early years of the century led the citizens in self-defence to set up a Government of thirteen men with a "Captain of the People" and a Senator. But Clement V. soon managed to obtain the senatorial power for life, with the privilege of appointing a deputy to represent him on the Capitol. No one at the time imagined that he would never return, and great was the surprise of the Romans when, in 1308, he formally announced the transference of the Curia to Avignon. That town, now a quiet provincial place, chiefly remarkable for the strength of its wind, its broken bridge, and its papal palace now converted into barracks, was at that time the property of the King of Naples in his capacity of Count of Provence. The Pope was thus sheltered by a monarch, who was a vassal of the Church, while he possessed in the neighbourhood the County of Venaissin, which had been ceded to the Holy See in the previous century by the King of France. Avignon was then a luxurious place of residence, where all the comforts of the age could be obtained. The proximity of Marseilles, from which there was a fairly easy communication with Italy, was a further recommendation. Moreover, while the Pope was thus settling in his new abode on the Rhone, the papal basilica of the Lateran was almost entirely destroyed by fire, and thus there was the less inducement to return to Rome. We have already alluded to this unfortunate conflagration, which annihilated one of the most historic monuments in Rome. The citizens were deeply moved by what seemed to be

a judgment of Heaven; processions traversed the afflicted city, private enmities were forgotten, and money collected for the restoration of the church. But this Utopian state of things soon came to an end. The Colonna and Orsini resumed their depredations; and Rome, in the absence of princes and Cardinals, was given over to the lawless rule of the native aristocracy, which the bishop who represented the absent Pope at the Vatican was powerless to suppress. In his despair at the condition of the city, Clement gave his support to the Thirteen against the nobles, and thus recognised the Roman democracy, which he allowed to choose its representatives. As most of the Cardinals were now Frenchmen, like the Avignon Popes, they lost sympathy with the Roman nobles, and the latter lost influence in the College.

An imperial coronation such as had not been seen for sixty years, relieved somewhat unpleasantly the monotony of Roman life at this period. Henry VII. had just ascended the German throne, and announced his journey to Rome to receive the imperial crown, which no monarch had worn since the days of Frederick II. But first he placed upon his head the iron crown of Monza, which adorned the brow of Napoleon and was so lately laid on the bier of Umberto of Italy. This delay gave an opportunity to the factions in Rome to assert themselves, one taking the part of Henry, the other calling in the aid of Robert, King of Naples, to prevent the coronation in the city. In May, 1312, Henry entered Rome in full battle array, bringing a lion for the Capitol with him, and took up his residence in the palace of the

Lateran, while the Neapolitan forces held the Vatican. Once more the old feud between Guelphs and Ghibellines had broken out, and Henry found himself compelled to fight for the imperial diadem, which he had been warmly invited to take by the very same Romans who were now opposing him. He captured the Capitol by assault, but failed in the attempt to cut his way through to St. Peter's, and the churches of Aracœli and Sta. Sabina are still full of the monuments erected to those of his retainers who fell in the fray. Barricades rose everywhere, and Henry had reluctantly to abandon the idea of being crowned in St. Peter's. The Cardinals who had been deputed by the Pope to perform the ceremony, objected to any other building than that named in their instructions; the German monarch appealed to the people, and the people decided in favour of a coronation in the Lateran. At last, under threat of death, the Cardinals yielded, and, like Lothaire nearly two centuries earlier, Henry was crowned there, amid the ruins which the recent conflagration had caused. For the first time the Pope was absent from a coronation ceremony, which thus lost half its significance in the eyes of contemporaries. Nor were the troubles in Rome at an end, though Henry could now style himself Emperor. It was found necessary to storm the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which had been turned into a fortress by his opponents. Even then, the Neapolitan troops remained in possession of their positions; and Henry, too weak to turn them out, quitted the ungrateful city, which had first invited and then ill-treated him. The

dream of Dante, that Rome should once more become the capital of the Empire and the seat of the Emperor, vanished into air at his departure. A sudden revolution in Rome, which placed the democracy in power and gave it a masterful leader in a certain Arlotti, seemed, indeed, at first to be to the advantage of the Kaiser, and a decree of this popular government urged him to return, on condition that he recognised that his sovereignty arose from the people alone. But Henry had no intention of making so turbulent a city his residence, and Arlotti and his friends were soon deposed by an aristocratic *coup d'état*, not, however, before they had destroyed a number of ancient monuments in their zeal against their adversaries. Henry VII.'s end was also at hand. He had not forgiven the King of Naples for the part which he had played in the recent troubles, and resolved to punish him. But he was destined never to reach his enemy's kingdom; for near Siena he died, the latest offering of the German monarchy to the imperial idea. His sarcophagus may still be seen in the Campo Santo at Pisa, but the verses in which Dante has commemorated him are his best epitaph.[1] He was but a fleeting shadow on the stage of Roman history; but his brief sojourn in the city proved once more the hopelessness of trying to revive in tangible form the old connection between Germany and Rome.

No sooner was he dead than Clement V. laid claim to the imperial power, and named the King of Naples not only Senator of Rome, but imperial

[1] *Paradiso*, xvii. 80; xxx. 135.

Vicar of Italy during the interregnum. But the Pope soon followed the late Emperor to the grave, and the Conclave which met to elect his successor was divided between the French and the Italian party, the former favouring the retention of the papal see at Avignon, the latter desiring its removal to Rome. Wild scenes disgraced an election which was supposed to be guided by the Holy Spirit alone. The relatives of the late Pope assailed the pious assembly with a band of Gascons, and set fire to the palace at Carpentras, where the Cardinals were quarrelling; the Italians only escaped death by flight, and the Conclave was broken up. After two years' delay a new Conclave was summoned, and a Gascon elected under the style of John XXII. The prospects of a return to Rome were seen to be remote, and that city fell more and more into decay. Armed bands prowled about the desolate streets, robber nobles occupied the deserted houses of the Cardinals, and the younger clergy were as bad as the nobles. Poverty was universal, and Rome shrank to a shadow of her former greatness, while the absent Pope, in his ambition to claim universal dominion for himself, refused to recognise Louis the Bavarian in Germany, and so brought fresh miseries on Italy. Even in the bosom of the Church bold heretics rose up and preached that not they but the worldly Popes were the real offenders against the pure doctrines of Christianity, and metaphysicians split hairs in discussions over the poverty of Our Lord and His disciples. The Papacy was, in fact, declining like the city with which it had been so

long connected and the seeds of the Reformation had been already sown.

In spite of papal opposition, Louis the Bavarian entered Rome in 1328, as his predecessor had done, to take the imperial crown. More fortunate than Henry VII., he was able to reside in the Vatican, and celebrated his entry by a *Te Deum* in St. Peter's. John XXII. in vain placed the city under an interdict, for Louis had brought priests with him to perform the ordinary exercises of devotion. When the Pope refused to crown him he summoned an assembly on the Capitol and there accepted the imperial diadem from the hands of the people. His coronation, in spite of its democratic origin, was a magnificent spectacle. The crown was placed on his head by one of those same nobles who had burst into the palace at Anagni to slay Boniface VIII., and two schismatic bishops anointed him with the holy oil in St. Peter's. The triumph of the Roman democracy was as complete as that of the Emperor. Never before, wrote a contemporary historian, had a Kaiser been crowned by any one save the Pope or a papal legate. John XXII. thundered his curses at the head of Louis from his safe retreat at Avignon and bade his faithful Romans drive the usurper out of the holy city. The Minorites, on the side of the Emperor, retorted that the Pope was a heretic who had committed simony to gain the tiara, and that he had no right to reside under the protection of the King of France. But the Emperor's party was not content with remonstrances alone. An assembly met on the great square in front of St. Peter's;

with much pomp and circumstance the Kaiser presided, and, when silence had been obtained, a Franciscan monk ascended the tribune and cried aloud, "Is there any man here who will defend the priest Jacob of Cahors, who calls himself Pope John XXII.?" As no one replied to the challenge, a German abbot read aloud an imperial decree which proclaimed the deposition of the Pope. The people dragged a figure, stuffed with straw and supposed to represent the deposed Pontiff, through the streets, and finally burnt it, like a heretic, at the stake. But one protest was forthcoming. Four days later, a canon of the Lateran, one of the proud family of Colonna, appeared in public in the company of four masked men, read aloud the papal sentence of excommunication and then fastened it as a challenge on the door of one of the churches. Next day came the Kaiser's reply. He held a council in the Vatican, which adopted the resolution that henceforth every Pope must reside in Rome, except for three months in the summer, and even then leave of absence was to be granted to him only with the consent of the citizens and on condition that his summer residence was not more than two days' journey distant. This resolution was followed by another which sentenced John XXII. to death as a heretic and a traitor. His deposition naturally necessitated the appointment of a successor, and the choice of the assembly of priests and laymen which took the place of a Conclave fell upon a Minorite monk of Aracœli, who had once been married, and whose wife, who had deserted him in his obscurity, hastened to claim her husband as

soon as that husband was a Pope. The citizens, in a mass meeting held in front of St. Peter's, confirmed the selection of the new Pontiff, and the Emperor proclaimed him as Nicholas V. The Romans might well be astounded at the two great events which had followed upon one another in such rapid succession—the coronation of an Emperor by the favour of the people, and the election of a Pope by the grace of the Emperor and themselves. The triumph of the anti-Pope and his supporters was, however, short-lived. The King of Naples sent his troops into the Campagna and his galleys into the Tiber; there was, as usual, no money to be had, and the lack of it increased the discontent which the successes of the Neapolitan forces had caused. The Romans began to abandon the Emperor, and the latter was forced to flee with the anti-Pope from the ungrateful city. No sooner had he fled than the whole structure which he had reared so rapidly fell as quickly as it had arisen. The Avignon Pope's authority was at once restored by a new assembly which annulled all Louis' acts and had them burned by the common hangman. The populace tore up the bodies of dead German warriors and hurled them into the river, and the entry of the Neapolitan troops completed the victory of the reaction. Louis retired to Germany; the anti-Pope sought pardon of the legitimate Pontiff and threw himself at the feet of John at Avignon. The Pope pardoned him and assigned him a pension, though he kept him as a prisoner near his person, and thus ended the strange episode in which Nicholas V. had played so contemptible a part.

Rome had humbly acknowledged the authority of the absent Pope, but nevertheless he was unable to check the feuds between the Colonna and Orsini which continued to devastate the city. The turbulent Romagna rebelled against the papal yoke and the "Flagellants" once more appeared on the scene and went on pilgrimage to the graves of the Apostles. These "doves," as they were now called from the white dove and the olive-branch which they bore as a badge, preached the gospel of peace, but found little support at Rome and soon abandoned their mission. The one point on which they and the Romans were agreed—the return of the Pope to the "widowed" city—was almost as distasteful to the Pontiff as to the French king, whose prisoner he really was. For Rome could not be described as a pleasant residence in the fourteenth century, while at Avignon the Pope was able to live in the midst of luxury and heap up riches by the most scandalous abuses. John, whom the judicious Hallam has described as "the most insatiate of Pontiffs," assumed the rights of every bishopric in Christendom. He imposed the tax called annates, which consisted of the amount of one year's revenue from every benefice. By such means as these he amassed vast sums, and died, it is said, many times a millionaire. Benedict XII., who succeeded John XXII., was at least an upright man, but he was not strong enough to escape from the bonds of France; and, if he had been, he would probably have fallen into the hands of the brigands who infested the country for miles round Rome. Some idea of the appalling condition of

Rome and the Campagna at that period may be formed from the account which we have of Petrarch's visit in 1337. The poet found it necessary to have an escort of a hundred horsemen to conduct him through the hostile bands of the Orsini, and one of his friends strongly urged him not to go to see a city which could not fail to disappoint his ardent expectations in its forlorn condition. But Petrarch was undaunted by the dangers of the journey and the gloomy picture which his friend had drawn of Rome. He blushed, indeed, to find that the Romans, like the Londoners of to-day, knew far less about their own city than the foreign visitors, and he seems to have anticipated the fine saying of Burke that those who do not look back to their ancestors will not look forward to their descendants. In the company of such inadequate *ciceroni* as these the enthusiastic poet explored all the monuments and pronounced the ruins to be even finer than he had expected. By a curious coincidence, at the very moment when Petrarch was visiting the memorials of Rome's ancient greatness, a young man, then unknown, but destined soon to be the hero of the city and the subject of the poet's panegyrics, was groping among the broken pillars and deciphering the crabbed inscriptions of the classical period. Cola di Rienzo and Petrarch, the future tribune and the eminent author, were in Rome together. Such was the effect which the past splendours of the city made upon the latter that he wrote to Benedict XII. and implored him to restore the Holy See to the one spot which was worthy of it and of which it was worthy,

even in its desolation. With the same object the people appointed the Pope as their Senator for life, but neither poet nor people could prevail on him to come. The Popes in our own day have been pleased to pose as "prisoners of the Vatican"; Benedict was far more truly "the prisoner of Avignon."

Petrarch was so enchanted with what he had seen and imagined in Rome that he could not rest till he had assumed the laurel crown of an inspired bard on the heights of the Capitol. The ancient Romans had begun the practice of awarding such offerings in the reign of Domitian, and the old custom had been revived in several Italian cities. It would have been difficult to find worse judges of literary merit than the Roman authorities of that day; but a Poet Laureate is not necessarily a poet, and his appointment need not be decided by literary tests. Petrarch was, however, resolved that there should not be the slightest doubt about his own eminent qualifications, and shrewdly thought that there is no such sure road to literary success as royal patronage. Not content with the invitation of the University of Paris and the Senate of Rome, he submitted his poetic talents to the criticism of the King of Naples, who, on the strength of some tedious essays, had obtained the reputation of a great writer. Even at the present day, when examinations are inevitable for every appointment, the idea of a poet passing one of these ordeals at the court of a monarch cannot but seem absurd. But the whole learned world looked on with admiration or envy at this pedantic trial, the result of which was, of course, a foregone conclusion.

The happy poet received a royal diploma ; and, had he been living to-day, would certainly have gained additional circulation for his poetry from the fact that he was allowed to recite it in a robe which had actually been worn by the king. On Easter Sunday, 1341, the ceremony of the coronation took place on the Capitol. Twelve pages, clad in scarlet, declaimed the poet's verses for the benefit of the Roman people ; six citizens, dressed in green, followed with garlands of various colours, and the Senator brought up the rear with a laurel wreath on his head. As soon as he was seated a herald bade the poet approach ; and the latter, taking a well-worn Virgilian tag as his text, demonstrated in Latin for which a modern schoolboy would be flogged the difficulty of poetic, and incidentally that of Latin, composition. He told his hearers that he was not ambitious of the laurel for himself, and they were, of course, aware that he only took it in order to encourage others. He emphasised the honour which he was conferring upon Rome by taking the crown of poetry within her walls instead of at Paris or on Virgil's grave at Naples, and then bent down to receive the emblem of merit from the hands of the Senator. In order to show his gratitude, he concluded with a sonnet in honour of the Romans, who acclaimed him with enthusiasm. The poet then went in the midst of a procession to St. Peter's and hung his laurel wreath on the altar. A splendid banquet was given in his honour, and the imaginative guest amply repaid the city for its hospitality. From that moment he never ceased to think of its fortunes, and even the stern

reality of his capture by robbers on his journey home did not diminish his love for the ideal Rome which he hoped to create. His Latin verses seem poor enough to those who have read the classical authors whom he slavishly copied, but the incident of his coronation was not without its effect upon the future of Rome. If it had done nothing else than arouse to a yet higher pitch the patriotic enthusiasm of Cola di Rienzo, it would not have been in vain.

Benedict XII. was not, however, influenced by poetic ideas, and his erection of the vast papal palace at Avignon was interpreted as a token of the permanent transference of the Papacy from the Tiber to the Rhone. His successor, Clement VI., was equally obdurate, but in one respect was willing to grant the wishes of the Roman deputation which waited upon him. As we have seen, the Jubilee of 1300 had proved to be an immense source of profit to the city, and the Romans were anxious that so great an attraction should be renewed as soon as possible. They, therefore, begged Clement that, if he could not come to Rome himself, he would at least abridge the interval between the last and the next *anno santo*, and proclaim 1350 as a Year of Jubilee. The Pope willingly consented, glad to be rid of the deputation on such easy terms. But another and more interesting figure now appeared to plead the cause of Rome at the papal Court. We have already mentioned Nicholas, or Cola, di Rienzo, who under the name of Rienzi has, thanks to the romance of the late Lord Lytton and the verses of Byron, gained a world-wide celebrity.

The son of a publican, a certain Laurentius or Rienzo, the future tribune was born in or about the year 1314 on the banks of the Tiber.[1] His mother died when he was young, and after her death he grew up in the cottage of a relative at Anagni, "a peasant among peasants," as he himself lamented. When he was in his twentieth year he came back to Rome, and there devoted himself to study with the utmost eagerness. He was his own best master, and his favourite books were the monuments of his native city. From them and the writings of Livy, Cicero, and other rhetorical authors he learnt the past greatness of the Roman people, and could not help comparing it with the misery which surrounded him in his daily life. "Where are those good, old Romans?" he was wont to say, and he longed to have been born a contemporary of those ancient heroes. The common people doubtless regarded him as a madman for bothering himself about such unimportant matters as mouldering monuments and almost illegible inscriptions. But the young dreamer was well satisfied to imagine himself one of those imposing Consuls, whose names and high-sounding titles he read on the marble fragments that strewed the ground, unheeded save by himself. He fancied that he, too, might harangue Roman assemblies and lead Roman armies; and, in his belief that he was born for a high destiny, he posed as the bastard son of the Emperor Henry VII. The prosaic necessities of existence compelled him to adopt the profession of a notary public, and it was in

[1] But not in the so-called "House of Rienzi," which was built by another Nicholas, son of Crescentius, much earlier.

this capacity that he proceeded to Avignon in 1343, armed with instructions from the Council of Thirteen, who had recently come into power as the result of a revolution. Cola acquitted himself of this first political mission with much credit. Clement VI., who was himself an eloquent speaker, was delighted with the oratory of the Roman envoy, whose professional zeal for liberty was augmented by the recent death of a brother at the hands of the aristocratic party. The Pope again promised that the Jubilee should be held in 1350, and Cola extolled him above Scipio, Cæsar, and Metellus; called him the liberator of the city, and urged the Romans in a letter which was sure to be read at Avignon to erect a statue to their benefactor. Nor did he forget to extol his own merits, calling himself "Roman Consul," and appealing in the true spirit of a demagogue to the passions of the mob by posing as "sole ambassador of the orphans, widows, and paupers to the papal throne." Clement found such pleasure in his conversation, that he detained him some time at Avignon, until his attacks on the Roman nobles gave offence to one of the Colonna family, who had the ear of the Pope. Even then the young orator did not forfeit the favour of Clement, who appointed him to another notarial post with a small salary and a long eulogy of his learning and merits. Having thus attained all the objects of his journey, Cola returned to Rome in 1344, and at once threw himself into the congenial task of preparing a thorough revolution which would sweep the nobles away, and herald in a democratic era of all the Republican virtues.

The notary's legal arguments before the courts seem to have had less effect than the figures of rhetoric, in which he indulged when haranguing the people. But he soon adopted an even more cogent method of convincing his poorer fellow citizens that the Roman aristocracy must be uprooted. With all the genius of a modern electioneering agent, he placarded the walls of the palace where the Senate met with a picture of a sinking ship, surrounded by the wrecks of four other vessels, labelled Babylon, Carthage, Troy, and Jerusalem. A weeping widow was depicted in the act of prayer, while on two slands an allegorical figure of Italy and four other women, representing the cardinal virtues, were seen mourning in appropriate language the end of Rome. On yet a third island in the raging sea a white-clad woman, Faith, was represented raising her hands to Heaven, and asking what was to become of her if Rome perished. Winged beasts and the avenging figures of St. Peter and St. Paul completed the picture, which amazed the loafers who congregated to gaze at it. But Cola was not content with cartoons alone. He had discovered on one of his antiquarian expeditions an ancient bronze tablet, containing the *Lex Regia*, or decree of the Senate, which had conferred imperial power on Vespasian. He had this tablet fastened in the wall of the Lateran and a pictorial representation of the scene to which the inscription referred placed around it. He then invited nobles and people to a public lecture in the basilica. Clad in theatrical costume, with a white toga hanging from his shoulders and a white

hat covered with crowns and swords on his head, the orator bade his audience contrast the piteous condition of their city with what it had been in the days of Vespasian. He spoke of the past majesty of the Roman people and its present misery, and did not forget a telling topical allusion to the approaching Jubilee when all men should be at peace. Cola was the talk of the town, and even the barons whom he had attacked so bitterly found it amusing to listen to his harangues. The nobles did not take him seriously, and it became the fashion in good society to ask him to dinner and laugh at his threats of what he would do with the aristocrats if he were Emperor. Fresh allegorical pictures appeared on the walls; plebeians, kings, and a woman burning in a fire; an angel, emerging from a church with a drawn sword in his hand to set the woman free; the inevitable figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, a dove with a crown of myrtle in its beak—such were the symbols, which seemed unimportant at the time, but were afterwards remembered as forerunners of the revolution. More ominous still was the legend found fastened one morning on the door of San Giorgio in Velabro: "Yet a little time, and the Romans shall return to their good, old constitution." Still the nobles, like the French aristocracy on the verge of 1789, suspected no evil, and regarded Cola as a madman and a visionary, who, as Cicero once said of Cato, imagined that he was a citizen of an ideal Republic, instead of a compatriot of the Roman shoemakers and tinkers.

But while the barons lulled themselves into a sense of false security, their enemy acted. On the desolate

Aventine, where once his great prototype, Caius Gracchus had fled and died, Cola held secret meetings of citizens at which the overthrow of the aristocracy was planned. The ingenious demagogue skilfully quoted the Pope's confirmation of the previous revolution as a proof of papal sympathy, and thus enlisted the authority of religion and the prestige of the Papacy on his side. The times were favourable to the growth of the revolutionary spirit. The guilds had gained additional powers in various Italian cities, and Florence had recently set the example of a democratic movement by which the nobles were driven out of office. Above all, discontent, the result of bad government, was rampant in Rome. Workmen were robbed on the way to their work; pilgrims were plundered on the way to their devotions; no man's life or property was safe either by day or night. Under such circumstances, it did not need much to provoke a rising. Cola accordingly resolved to wait no longer, and, having secured the acquiescence of the papal vicar, he gave the order for the revolution during the temporary absence of the most powerful barons and the Roman militia. On May 19, 1347, heralds paraded the streets, summoning the people to a Parliament on the Capitol as soon as the bell should sound. At midnight Cola attended mass at the Church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria with the rest of the conspirators, and placed his work under the protection of the Holy Ghost. Next day he issued from the church in complete armour, his head alone bare, with three great banners before him, that of freedom, that of justice, and that of peace; a fourth,

that of St. George, was borne in a box on the point of a lance. Accompanied by the papal vicar, Cola headed the procession to the Capitol, and there delivered an oration in which he declared himself willing to offer up his life for the sacred cause of liberty. One of his followers then read aloud a number of decrees which the liberator had seen fit to draw up, and which the assembly of his partisans accepted with enthusiasm. The improvised Parliament conferred upon Cola the powers of a "Reformer and Preserver of the Republic," with the right to make peace or war, impose punishments, issue decrees, and appoint officials. In short, the first act of the Republican leader was to get himself named Dictator, though he had the tact to associate the papal vicar with him in his new dignities. For the moment his triumph was complete; a bloodless revolution had been accomplished, and daily assemblies yet further extended his influence. As a proof of the popular origin of his authority, he assumed the style of Tribune, and the chance appearance of a white dove at the moment of his assumption of that title gave him an excellent opportunity of claiming the Holy Spirit as the source of his inspiration. The publican's son now signed his name in full as "Nicholas, by the authority of Our Most Gracious Lord Jesus Christ, the Dreaded and Gracious, the Tribune of Freedom, Peace and Justice, and Fminent Liberator of the Holy Roman Republic." This pompous signature, written with the silver pen which the Tribune always employed, was well in keeping with his character.

The revolution had taken the nobles by surprise; rough, old Stephen Colonna, the captain of the city militia, threatened, indeed, to throw the Tribune out of the windows of the Capitol; but the alarm bell sounded, the people flew to arms, and Colonna had to flee for his life before the man whom he had derided as an idiot. The next step was the banishment of the aristocrats, the occupation of all the castles and bridges of the city by the Tribune's adherents, and a strict administration of justice. As soon as he felt his power established, Cola summoned the nobles to the Capitol, where they paid homage to the new master of Rome. But he was not a parochial ruler; to him Rome signified much more than the City on the Seven Hills, and he lost no time in despatching his envoys with silver wands in their hands all over Italy and as far as the courts of France and Germany. He summoned representatives of the whole Roman province to discuss the best means of improving the state, and urged the Italian towns to join him in a national movement which should free Italy from all its oppressors, and send their deputies also to Rome. This was the first time that any one had propounded the idea of Rome as the head of an Italian Confederation. But in this the Tribune was before his time, or at least he was not the man to carry the idea into effect. Nor had he grasped the great truth that national unification could not be won by speeches alone. Meanwhile, he installed his new government in the Capitol, confirmed the existing Council of Thirteen, and coined money, of which specimens are still extant. A bodyguard protected the darling of

the people against assassination whenever he rode through the city in his white silk robe. He was no regarder of persons in his administration of justice; he sent a monk to the scaffold, beheaded a baron, and hanged an ex-Senator. Order reigned at last in the streets, and a malefactor was dragged out of one of the palaces where he had taken refuge. The Tribune performed even the unenviable office of a peace-maker with success; and, in the true desire for equality among others, this lover of pompous signatures forbade the use of titles of nobility. Even the coats of arms which the barons had carved on their houses were declared illegal; that was a privilege reserved for the Pope and the popular assembly alone. The finances were put in order; taxes, which weighed heavily on the people, were abolished: and prices were regulated in the interest of the consumers. Daunted by nothing, Cola began the work of cultivating the Campagna, which has not even yet been completed. Utopia seemed to have been for once realised on earth, and the name and fame of the Tribune went abroad unto the ends of Europe. His old patron, the Pope, confirmed him in his office, and deputies from other Italian towns to the proposed National Parliament began to arrive. From every side came recognition of Rome as the centre of Italian life. Another enthusiast of the same kidney as himself, Petrarch, the crowned poet of the Capitol, greeted the Tribune as the saviour of Italy, and the Tribune in reply invited the author to come again to Rome and be his Poet Laureate. Petrarch sent an Ode instead, and Cola thus obtained the fame which

literary men boast that they alone can give to the rulers of States.

Other and more sweeping measures followed the practical reforms which the Tribune had inaugurated. He proclaimed the resumption by the Roman people of all the rights, privileges, and powers, which it had at any time bestowed on others, and thus committed the blunder of leaguing against himself all threatened vested interests—the Church, the aristocracy, and the Emperor. On the 1st of August, the day that the National Parliament was to meet, he assumed with extraordinary pomp the rank of a knight, after having bathed, like the Emperor Constantine, in the ancient bath of the Lateran to free himself from sin.

He then assumed the sword, belt, and golden spurs of his new rank to the accompaniment of sacred music, and added to his already long string of titles those of "the Zealous Partisan of Italy," "the Friend of the Universe," and "the Candidate of the Holy Ghost." A fresh edict, the conception of which was obviously borrowed from the papal benedictions, announced to an astounded world that the City of Rome had once more been made its capital, and that the imperial power belonged to the Roman and Italian people. He therefore invited all elected Emperors, kings, dukes, princes, counts, and other dignitaries, who claimed any voice in the election of the Emperor, to appear before him and the papal plenipotentiary with their credentials, under pain of incurring his sovereign displeasure. It is impossible to conceive anything more ridiculous than this fantastic assumption of authority on the part of

one who had not the smallest means of enforcing it. But, as yet, the people were on his side, and in Rome, at least, he was still applauded. The papal vicar, poor man, was amazed at this strange proceeding; but the feeble protest which he raised was drowned by the sound of the drums which heralded in the new order of things. A great banquet concluded the ceremonial of the day, and wine and water flowed for the use of the people, from the nostrils of the famous bronze horse of Marcus Aurelius. Next day the infatuated Tribune celebrated, about five centuries too soon, the accomplishment of the Unity of Italy and put golden rings on the fingers of the Italian envoys in token of the "marriage" of Rome with their respective cities. Perhaps the culminating stroke of his folly was when he bade our own King Edward III., who had just captured Calais, to make his peace with France, and informed all whom it might concern that he, Cola di Rienzo, had resolved to cause all wars to cease. No mob orator during the most idyllic days of the French Revolution ever talked such nonsense. No German professor in the Frankfort Parliament of 1848 ever showed less appreciation of hard facts than this Roman Tribune. Yet he had not even yet reached the turning-point in his career; even the rival candidates for the Neapolitan throne appealed to his decision, and on August 15th, he, the democratic official, had himself crowned with six crowns, of oak, ivy, myrtle, laurel, olive, and silver, in token of his numerous virtues. In his madness he actually compared himself with Christ, and cited his thirty-three years and his

redemption of Rome in justification of the comparison!

But the farce was soon about to end, and it ended as a tragedy. The Tribune in all his theatrical glory knew full well that the nobles had not forgiven him, and resolved to rid himself of their leaders by a stroke of treachery. He bade the most distinguished of them to a banquet and had them arrested and condemned to death. Then he hesitated, and this hesitation was the beginning of his fall. With theatrical gestures and phrases he announced that he had pardoned his enemies, but forgot that they had not pardoned him. They left his presence vowing vengeance against the low fellow who had thus insulted them, and interpreted what he called magnanimity as weakness. Even the Pope had become alarmed at the reports of his proceedings, and Cola now learnt that vested interests will, in the long run, prove more than a match for enthusiasm. Clement ordered the Tribune's deposition, and threatened to annul the permission to hold the Jubilee, unless the Romans would abandon their idol. The nobles then began active hostilities; and the rhetorical notary who had had no military training was terrified at the first glimpse of a battlefield. But at first fortune favoured his braver supporters, and the barons were driven back by them with great loss from the gates of Rome. But Cola, instead of following up his victory, wasted precious moments in pomp and mummery, composed high-sounding despatches, and brandished his bloodless sword. He was in lack of money to pay his troops, and

raised the salt-tax in order to obtain it—always an unpopular measure in Italy. As difficulties increased, he lost his nerve and his confidence in his star; he began to have forebodings of misfortune; and when a few rebels created a disturbance in the city, his authority collapsed at once. Even his powers of speech failed him, and on December 15, 1347, he laid down the trappings of his office; and, weeping like a child, retired from the Capitol and took refuge in the Castle of Sant' Angelo. The seven months' dream was over, and all the illusions and theories of Cola's brief reign had disappeared at the first touch of reality. The rule of the Pope and the nobles was at once restored; the ex-Tribune fled to Naples, where the King of Hungary had just entered as a victor; but, finding that monarch unwilling to restore him to Rome, he took to the mountains, leaving the late scene of his bombastic proceedings a theatre for all the horrors of faction, which were aggravated by a great earthquake and the Black Death. Even to-day the marble stairs of Aracœli remain as a memorial of that terrible pestilence. No wonder that the superstitious Romans longed for the promised year of Jubilee, which was to purge them from all their sins and rid them of all their sorrows.

The second *anno santo* was almost as successful as the first, in spite of the recent ravages of the Black Death and the war between England and France; 1,200,000 pilgrims visited Rome, and 200,000 were reckoned as the daily population of a city, which the year before had not exceeded 30,000. The Romans reaped large profits from the piety of the pilgrims;

prices rose, and money once more flowed into the depleted coffers of the citizens. But Rome had greatly declined since the previous Jubilee, which a few of the elder visitors could remember. Petrarch who revisited the scene of his triumph in this year lamented the destruction of churches, the ruin of the Lateran, and the crumbling condition of the city walls. The absence of the Pope was not counter-balanced by the presence of a papal vicar, who narrowly escaped assassination as he was going through the streets. As soon as the Jubilee was over, the papal authority ceased altogether, for there was nothing more to be got out of Clement, who had the sense to see that his best policy was to approve whatever the people wanted. But his death in 1352 led to the election of Innocent VI., a man of strong will and moral rectitude, whose first act was to send the famous Spanish Cardinal Albornoz with the most ample powers to act as his vicar in Italy and to restore order in the States of the Church. As for the new Pope himself, he showed no desire to quit Avignon, a place now more than ever dear to the Pontiffs since its purchase by Clement VI. from the Queen of Naples and its consequent independence of direct foreign control.

While these things were happening in Rome and Avignon, Cola di Rienzo had been wandering about the mountains of the Abruzzi, consorting with the hermits who frequented them and eagerly listening to their prophecies of a new era which was soon to open for mankind. The ex-Tribune saw at once that he was to be the appointed Messiah of this new

redemption, and thought that in Charles IV., the new ruler of Germany, he would find support for his schemes. Accordingly, he sought an audience of that sovereign at Prague, and urged him to undertake a journey to Rome like so many of his predecessors. With complete disregard of his former edicts, the demagogue who had once posed as the ardent friend of Italian Unity now declared himself ready to hand over Italy to a foreigner, on condition that he might act as imperial vicar in Rome. Charles replied by ordering the ex-Tribune to be arrested, and remained quite unmoved by Cola's references to their supposed relationship through Henry VII.—an honour which he ironically disclaimed. After a detention in the Castle of Raudnitz, Charles handed him over to the Pope. The efforts of Petrarch, the reaction in Rome which had now begun to set in, the desire of the Curia not to give offence by punishing a popular hero, and the accession of Innocent VI. at this moment, procured his pardon. The new Pope saw in him a valuable ally of Cardinal Albornoz—for Cola was now as ready to support the papal authority as he had been to assist the cause of an Emperor —and sent him with the new envoy to Italy. At Perugia the ex-Tribune raised a band of mercenaries and set out for Rome with the acquiescence of the papal legate, who appointed him Senator. On August 1, 1354, the anniversary of his knighthood, he re-entered the city as the darling of the fickle populace amid shouts of joy and almost universal applause. On the steps of the Capitol the Senator in office handed over to him his official staff, and

Cola, no longer a youthful hero, but a middle-aged and rather heavy personage, delivered an oration in which he compared his lot with that of Nebuchadnezzar, "driven from men" for a season, and then re-established in his kingdom. But his powers of rhetoric were no longer what they had been, while the hatred of his old foes, the nobles, remained undiminished. His treacherous execution of the dreaded robber-captain, Monreale, whose riches he used for the payment of his mercenaries, aroused general indignation; the love of power and the need of money had made him a tyrant. He levied an unpopular tax; he beheaded a popular citizen; he could not endure contradiction, and at times showed symptoms of hysteria. At last the end came. On October 8th a shout of "Death to the traitor who has introduced the taxes!" roused him from his dreams. He sent to Albornoz for aid, but it was too late; he summoned his bodyguard, but they fled. Three persons alone stood by him as he went out on to the balcony to speak to the people. Cries drowned his voice, stones and arrows flew all around him; even the banner of Rome which he held in his hand could not protect him; even one of the faithful three turned traitor. Fire was set to the palace, and the cowardly Tribune, who imitated the language, but could not imitate the courage, of the ancient Romans, tore off his insignia, cut off his beard, blackened his face, and tried to slink away through the crowd in a peasant's disguise. To those who met him he shouted out "Death to the traitor!" with the loudest. He had almost escaped, when his golden ornaments

STATUE OF COLA DI RIENZO

betrayed him. "That is the Tribune!" shouted one of the mob, and in a moment he was a prisoner. His captors dragged him to the spot, where he had caused the robber Monreale to be executed, and a dead silence ensued. It seemed as if no one dared strike the Tribune. Then one stepped forth and plunged a dagger into his breast. The body was mutilated, and hung on a house in the quarter where Cola's hated foes, the Colonna, resided. For two days it swayed to and fro in the wind; then, by the command of the Colonna themselves, all that remained of the once beloved Tribune was burned by Jews on a heap of dry thistles in the Mausoleum of Augustus, and the ashes scattered, like those of his predecessor, Arnold of Brescia. So perished Cola di Rienzo, one of the most poetic and least practical figures in the history of Rome. A dreamer and an enthusiast, he remains, with all his faults, an attractive figure; but he lacked all the qualities of a statesman. His ideas were magnificent, but he had no conception of the way to achieve them, and he completely lacked that simplicity of character which marks all really great men. His statue still stands on the slope of the Capitol, the scene of his brief triumphs and sorry ending, and his memory will not die so long as Rome lives. But he cannot claim a place among the ablest sons of the Eternal City. He was rather one of those wild geniuses who sow the seeds of which other and sterner natures reap the fruits.

VI

THE RETURN OF THE PAPACY

A GENERAL amnesty followed the death of the Tribune, and everything returned to the old state. Charles IV. did, indeed, carry out one of Cola's ideas by coming to Rome to be crowned Emperor; but his unceremonious entry showed how low the imperial dignity had sunk. Charles had promised the Pope that he would only enter the city, which was still supposed to be the capital of the Empire, on the day of his coronation, and he only stayed there long enough to visit the waterfall of Tivoli, to the disgust of Petrarch, who had hoped to find in him the redeemer of Italy, and not a mere tourist. Albornoz had meanwhile done his work well; he had restored the papal authority wherever he went, and had enabled Innocent VI. to rid himself of aristocratic influence in Rome by the return to the former system of appointing one foreign Senator as sole administrator of the city for a short term of office. This democratic reform was completed by the institution of seven popularly elected "Reformers of the Republic," who became the real controllers of the

government. Thus the Pope and the people divided authority between them, while the old nobles disappeared from the annals of the Capitol. Even in the command of the militia they were now superseded; for the citizens founded about that time a company of crossbow-men, under the command of "standard-bearers," or *banderesi*, whose special function it was to protect the "Reformers" against the barons and the marauding bands, at that time the plague of Italy. But the freebooters, though they were kept out of the city, ravaged the Campagna, and the terrible Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood, plundered it in all directions.

This remarkable man, who now appears for a moment in the history of Rome, had begun life as a sailor, but had won his knighthood from Edward III. by his prowess in the war between England and France. When the peace of Bretigny enabled his sovereign to dispense with his services, he entered with zest into the domestic quarrels of the Italian cities, and fought, at the head of the redoubtable "White Company," for the Pisans, for the Pope, and for the Florentines in succession. Hallam has called him "the first distinguished commander who had appeared in Europe since the destruction of the Roman Empire," and "the first real general of modern times." At any rate, his courage and skill were the constant theme of his contemporaries, and this leader of the English "dogs," who had come in their turn to devour the carcase of Italy, was buried, after an almost unbroken career of victories, by his grateful Florentine employers with every mark of honour and

regret, and is still commemorated by an equestrian portrait in their cathedral. But his career, brilliant though it may have been, was a curse to the unhappy country which was the scene of his strategy.

Once more the cries of the distressed Romans went up to the papal throne at Avignon, and this time the new Pope, Urban V., resolved to remove his residence to the banks of the Tiber. The announcement of his decision aroused a storm of protests at Avignon and at the French court. Petrarch performed a patriotic service in urging Urban to pay no heed to these interested arguments, and even his advancing years did not diminish the force of language in which he depicted the corruption of Avignon and the just claims of her greater rival. To the praises of the Italian climate he added the important point, that it was the special duty of the Church's head to be in a more central position than Avignon now that the Turks had entered Europe and were becoming a menace to Christendom. But other reasons weighed with Urban. The long Anglo-French war had made its effects felt even as far south as Avignon; the robber-bands, which prowled about Provence, made the inmates of the palace on the Rhone tremble, and even to a French Pope the overweening influence of the King of France was galling. In 1367 Urban started, and sailed from Marseilles with a splendid escort of ships. His landing at Corneto and his journey thence to Rome were marred by the death of the great Cardinal Albornoz, who had once sent a waggon-load of keys to Avignon as a proof of his prowess in subduing the Italian cities to the Papacy.

In October the Pope entered Rome, threw himself in prayer on the floor of St. Peter's, and took his seat on the throne, where for 63 years no Pope had sat. Petrarch hastened to congratulate him ; and the Romans, in their joy at having the Pontiff once more among them, sacrificed their democratic institutions at his bidding, and received from his hands, in place of the Seven and the *banderesi*, three papal officials, called *Conservatori*.

The presence of the Pope soon attracted distinguished visitors. The Queen of Naples, the King of Cyprus, and even the Emperor Charles IV. arrived. The Greek Emperor, John Palæologus I., came next to implore the papal aid against the Turks, and readily became "converted" to the Catholic faith in the palace of the Holy Ghost. But the visit of these eminent personages could not reconcile Urban to a permanent residence among the Romans. The neglected condition of the Vatican, the impossibility of remaining all the summer in the city, and the fear of a possible outbreak of the people, made him long for the civilised delights of Avignon, and in 1370 he started on his way home, for he and most of his Cardinals had come to regard Rome as an exile and Avignon as their home. Deep was the mortification of the Romans when they learnt the Pope's decision, and the Swedish saint, St. Bridget, who had gone to Rome in obedience to a vision which bade her stay there till she had seen both Pope and Emperor appeared before him and foretold his speedy death, if he returned to Avignon. But Urban turned a deaf ear to her prophecy, and wrote an epistle to his

beloved Romans, in which he testified to their good behaviour and bade them continue in the same course, if they desired the honour of further papal visits. Then he went, and within the year lay dead in his palace at Avignon. The forecast of St. Bridget had come true, just as another of her prophecies, that one day the Pope should own no more than the Leonine City, has in our own generation been accomplished. When she, too, died, another prophetess, St. Catherine of Siena, took up her parable, and warned Urban's successor, Gregory XI., to abandon Avignon.

But another and more potent influence than prophecy was now tending to bring the Papacy back to Italy. The Italians had grown more and more restive at the interference of Frenchmen in their affairs, and the stupid policy of the French Popes at Avignon in sending their fellow-countrymen instead of Italians to represent them in the States of the Church had irritated the natives to rebellion. There was no longer an Albornoz to put down revolt and send the keys of submissive cities to his master. Florence raised the standard of freedom, and invited Rome to aid in driving the foreigner from Italy and in establishing the unity of the Italian name. Once again, as in the days of Cola di Rienzo, the Romans were bribed to abandon the national cause by the promise of the Pope to come back. Gregory XI. saw that the temporal power would be lost, if he did not return ; and, in spite of strenuous efforts to detain him at Avignon, he set out in 1376 for Rome. When the Florentines heard the news, they wrote again to the Romans, warning them against being deceived by

Gregory, as they had been by his predecessor. But the Romans listened not to their warnings, and received the Pope with immense enthusiasm when he sailed up the Tiber. On January 17, 1377, he made his solemn entry; the "captivity" of Avignon was over, and Rome was no longer a "widow." The memory of that day still lives on Gregory's tomb in the Church of Sta. Francesca Romana, the reliefs of which reproduce the scene which greeted him as he arrived at the gate of St. Paul with St. Catherine by his side. But soon the returning Pope found that all was not roses in the city which had thus welcomed him, and regretted that he had come. Perhaps, if he had lived longer, he would have gone back to Avignon, like his predecessor. But he died before he could return, and with his death arose the schism which he had foreseen, the great question, whether an Italian or a foreigner should be head of the Church, and whether the Holy See should be at Rome.

The Conclave of 1378 was held in the Vatican for the first time in the history of the institution and amidst the most stringent precautions. But while the Cardinals went to the hall of election, they could hear the people crying aloud for "a Roman or an Italian" Pope, and their threats even penetrated the hall itself. As the election was proceeding, the impatient mob tried to drive lances through the floor, and prepared to set fire to the building. Suddenly a report was spread that a Roman had been elected, and the people burst open the doors in their joy. The news was false; but the terrified Cardinals allowed the Romans to believe it in order

to save their own lives. While the real Pope crouched in a corner, the false Pope was placed on the throne and could only free himself from that position by declaring that the Archbishop of Bari had been chosen. Furious at the deception practised on them, the people flew to arms and broke up the Conclave. But next day the tumult abated, and the mob consoled itself with the reflection, that at least an Italian had been elected. Yet the nomination of Urban VI. was only the beginning of troubles. Utterly devoid of tact, the new Pope fell to rating the Ultramontane Cardinals with their spiritual shortcomings, alienated his French supporters by his sympathy with England, and announced that henceforth he would appoint Cardinals from all nationalities—an excellent measure, perhaps, but not calculated to increase his popularity. The result of this treatment was soon apparent; the Ultramontane Cardinals, under the excuse of change of air, went off to Anagni, and declared the election of Urban null and void. When the latter offered to submit his claims to a council, they declined to consent, and justified their conduct by saying that they had been compelled by force to elect an Italian. In his place they now set up a Genevan, under the name of Clement VII. Racial feeling was thus imported into the struggle, and it was easy to see on which side French sympathies would be. Urban was now alone except for the presence of the saint of Siena, for even the Italian Cardinals had been alienated by his want of tact. In his darkest hour she stood beside him, and bade him hold out, so that he might reform the

Church and free Jerusalem. Soon the whole world declared itself for one Pope or the other. Scotland and the Spanish kingdoms believed in Clement VII.; England and Germany held by Urban VI. Naturally the next step was civil war between the two rivals. The warlike Bishop of Norwich, Henry de Spenser, headed a force of 60,000 "Crusaders" for the defence of the English candidate. Urban's adherents besieged and captured, but not without great difficulty, the Castle of Sant' Angelo, the one spot in Rome which their opponents held. For the first time cannon thundered from those walls, whence now every day a shot announces the hour of noon. The Romans had no sooner entered the castle, than they set to work to destroy that splendid monument which had hitherto escaped a hundred sieges. Urban was now complete master of Rome, and his rival fled to Avignon, there to continue the fatal schism in the Church. Not the least of its victims was St. Catherine, who died, full of grief at this sorry spectacle, and found a grave in the city of which five centuries later she was proclaimed the protectress.

Once established in Rome, Urban governed with energy. He appointed Senators and other officials, and crowned Charles of Durazzo King of Naples, on his way to conquer that distracted kingdom. But family interests soon led the Pope to leave Rome and take a personal part in the Neapolitan conflict. He enlisted the English *condottiere*, Hawkwood, in his service, and appeared before the world as a leader of mercenaries instead of a High Priest of Christianity.

He fixed his abode at Nocera, surrounded by robbers and pirates, spies and beggars, crafty lawyers and craftier priests—in fact, the scum of Italy and, indeed, of Europe. Plots and counterplots followed one another in rapid succession; Urban quarrelled with his creature, King Charles, and Charles suspected Urban of a design for placing a favourite nephew on the throne. Suddenly the Pope had six Cardinals arrested and put into a cistern, where they suffered from hunger, cold, damp, and vermin, while the inhuman nephew laughed at their groans, and the merciless uncle paced the terrace of the castle, reading aloud prayers out of his breviary with ostentatious piety. Even the savage feelings of that age were shocked at such conduct, and the King of Naples besieged his former patron at Nocera. A reward was offered to any one, who would deliver up the Pope, dead or alive; but the Pope, nothing daunted, appeared again and again at a window of the castle, a torch in one hand and a bell in the other, and cursed the army of the impious king who had thus dared to put a price on the head of the Lord's anointed. The town fell, but the castle held out, until the Pope managed to make his escape under an escort of mercenaries to the Adriatic coast near Trani, where some Genoese galleys took off the papal convoy, not forgetting the imprisoned Cardinals. Arrived in safety at Genoa, Urban had those poor wretches murdered, with the solitary exception of one who happened to be an Englishman, and was spared at the earnest entreaty of his sovereign, Richard II. After this horrible crime, the Pope set out once more

for Naples, where the death of King Charles had revived his ambitious hopes for his own nephew. On the way through Umbria, his mule stumbled and threw him; and as he lay on the ground, a hermit came up and told him that he would return to Rome and die there. The prophecy came true; Urban returned to the Vatican, and with his usual vigour soon showed the rebellious Romans that he was their master—a fact which they had forgotten during his absence. But just as he was preparing to reward them by a premature celebration of the third Jubilee, he died in 1389, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, a rough and inexorable tyrant. Had he been more tactful, perhaps he might have prevented that terrible schism, which had broken out at his election and was destined to distract the Church for so long after his death.

Boniface IX., his successor, proceeded to celebrate the *anno santo* which the late Pope had fixed for 1390. In spite of the abstention of all those powerful nations which supported the cause of the Avignon Papacy, this third Jubilee was most successful. Germans, Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, and Englishmen flocked to Rome to swell the coffers of the Vatican, and papal agents were sent into all lands to sell indulgences at a high price to those who were debarred from coming in person. This and other abuses brought the Church more and more into disrepute. Few Popes were greedier than Boniface IX., and his maxim was to take money for everything, no matter how small the favour and how small the price. He raised funds by shameless simony, leased out the

important towns of the States of the Church to great families, like the Malatesti of Rimini and the Feltreschi of Urbino, and enriched his relatives by tolerating all sorts of abuses. But he succeeded, by the simple device of transferring his residence to Assisi, in obtaining most favourable terms from the Romans for himself and his successors. It was now a vital point for Rome that the Pope should dwell there; and, in consideration of his promise to do so, the citizens allowed him to nominate the Senator, to remain exempt from all taxes and dues, and to appoint one of two officials whose duty it was to look after the provisioning of the city. The death of the Avignon Pope, Clement VII., was another stroke of fortune for him; but, in spite of strenuous efforts by various peacemakers, another schismatical Pope, the Spanish Cardinal, Luna, was appointed under the title of Benedict XIII., and the schism continued to divide Christendom in twain. In Rome, however, Boniface was now absolute master; he made an unsuccessful rising the excuse for suppressing the democratic guilds and abolishing the *banderesi*. He thus completed what Cola di Rienzo had begun; the Tribune had broken the power of the nobles, Boniface in 1398 put down the turbulent democracy. For the first time the city owned the absolute sway of the Pontiff, and a foreign Senator, a Malatesta of Rimini, ruled as the papal nominee on the Capitol. In order to strengthen yet further his position, Boniface ordered the restoration of the Castle of Sant' Angelo, the erection of fortifications at the Vatican, and the conversion of the Senator's palace on the Capitol

into a stronghold. Ostia, too, and the mouth of the Tiber were protected against pirates, and a papal flotilla was created. The Romans looked on and murmured, but they could not prevent the destruction of their Republican freedom. They were, however, to some extent pacified by the proclamation of the fourth Jubilee, which took place only ten years after the third, in 1400. In spite of the recent celebration of an *anno santo*, the roads were once more black with pilgrims, and the "Flagellants" again made their appearance, 30,000 of these fanatics, clad in white, parading the streets of the city and preaching that the end of the world was at hand. As usual, plague accompanied the pilgrims, and at last the Pope had to forbid the "Flagellants" to spread abroad their infectious doctrines and the contagion of the diseases which they often brought with them. Even while the Jubilee was going on the Colonna family made an attempt to kill the Pope, but the failure of the plot only strengthened his hands. "He ruled," in the words of an old chronicler, "like a stern Emperor over the Romans," and died in full possession of the temporal power in 1404.

No sooner was his strong hand withdrawn than the citizens rose in tumult; barricades were erected in the streets; the ancient feud of the Colonna and Orsini was revived; the people refused to pay homage to the new Pope, Innocent VII., unless he would promise to relinquish the temporal power. At this critical moment King Ladislaus of Naples entered Rome, and brought about a compromise, by which the Pope surrendered the autocratic authority,

which his predecessor had established, and restored to the citizens their former liberties. But the people were not for long content. "Have I not given you enough?" said the indignant Pope. "Will you take from me my mantle too?" Civil war broke out, and the murder of the people's representatives by the Pope's nephew increased the fury of the Romans. Innocent, who was himself guiltless of the crime, had to flee for safety to Viterbo, hotly pursued by the populace all the way. Unable to catch the Pope, the mob wreaked its vengeance on the Vatican, and set to work to destroy the papal archives. Then the inevitable reaction set in; the attempt of one faction to hand over Rome to the King of Naples threw the others into the arms of the Pope, and the amazed Pontiff had the satisfaction of seeing his rebellious subjects offer him the keys of the city and implore him to come back. Even his nephew rode by his side, unscathed and unpunished, into the Vatican As for the citizens, their reward was the restoration of the Roman University, which had fallen into decay.

But if the civil war had ceased in Rome, the schism in the Church still continued. The opportunity of healing it on the death of Innocent in 1406 was allowed to slip; but each Cardinal who was present at the Conclave vowed that if elected he would use all his influence to re-unite the Church and even lay down his great office should the interests of re-union demand that sacrifice. Gregory XII., the new Pope, at once declared himself ready to keep his oath, and invited the anti-Pope to imitate his example and resign at the same moment. But it was with the

papal resignations as in our own day with universal disarmament, no one was willing to begin. Meanwhile the world at large grew more and more disgusted with the abuses of the Church, and reformers cried a plague on both Rome and Avignon, demanding a council which should put an end to this divided government with all its evils.

There was, however, one active opponent of re-union, the King of Naples, who had reason to fear that a council might result in the election of a Pope who would be beyond his influence and might even deprive him of his kingdom. Accordingly, as soon as the news of the possible reconciliation reached him, Ladislaus prepared a *coup d'état* at Rome. At his instigation and aided by his troops, the Colonna made an attempt to seize the city, and a little later he appeared in person before its gates. The utmost distress prevailed; the Pope had left, after having pledged his very tiara in order to raise money; the people were starving; the streets lay at the mercy of robbers; even a foreign ruler seemed almost preferable to utter ruin. Ladislaus was invited to enter, and he entered in a robe which bore the significant words: *Aut Cæsar aut nihil.* Rome and Italy seemed to be in his power, and the person who was least annoyed by his success was, curiously enough, the Pope. For Gregory XII. was glad that the arrival of the King of Naples had frustrated a plan of his Avignon rival for the seizure of Rome in his own absence. Moreover, he thus gained a fresh excuse for postponing the meeting of a council which would probably demand his own

instant resignation. Nothing is less decorous than the way in which each of the two Popes tried to represent himself as eager for a pacification of the Church and his adversary as the sole obstacle to that desired end. They exchanged letters, they both sent out envoys, but neither was in earnest. At last each Pope was deserted by his Cardinals, and while Benedict withdrew to Perpignan, Gregory ceded Rome and the whole territory of the Church to the King of Naples, and sought refuge in the Republic of San Marino. The cautious Republicans, afraid to draw down upon themselves the wrath of his adversaries, declined to receive him, and the Council of Pisa, having pronounced the deposition of both him and his rival, elected a Cretan as sole Pope under the name of Alexander V., the first Greek who had occupied the Holy See for seven centuries. But as both the deposed Popes continued their protests, Christendom now found itself divided into three papal parties instead of two. Alexander, however, was supported by considerable force, and Rome, after a struggle, surrendered to his party. The citizens begged him to come among them, but he died before he could fulfil their wish, poisoned, it was believed, at the instigation of the terrible man who became his successor and has gained awful notoriety for the name of John XXIII.

Those who nowadays gaze on his magnificent tomb in the Battistero at Florence may well wonder what he had done to merit so distinguished a grave. For this new Pope was said to have begun his career as a pirate, and there was nothing in his later life to

render the story improbable. He had abandoned piracy for the more profitable and strictly legal profession of an indulgence-hawker, and his proceedings when legate at Bologna were so disgusting that they cannot be mentioned. But while his character would have qualified him for the gallows rather than for the Vatican, if judged by the standard of modern times, he was a strong man, who shrank from nothing in the pursuit of his ends. His first object was to destroy the Neapolitan king who was sheltering Gregory in his dominions, and he accordingly sent a pretender with his blessing to hew Agag in pieces. Having failed to achieve this aim by force, he induced the King by diplomatic measures to abandon the cause of Gregory, and to recognise himself as Pope. The aged fugitive learnt that he could not put his trust in princes, and after futile wanderings on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, found a refuge in the palace of the Malatesti at Rimini. But his flight from the kingdom of Naples did not bring security to his rival in Rome. John was pressed from all sides to convene a council for the removal of the abuses in the Church, while Ladislaus of Naples announced his intention of occupying Rome if John left it to attend the council. The King of Naples for once kept his word. He marched on Rome, and entered it without a blow. John XXIII., like Gregory XII., was a fugitive and an outlaw, wandering from one hostile city to another, and even imploring the assistance of King Henry V. of England against his enemies. At last he begged the aid of Sigismund of Germany, and the latter

granted his request on one condition—that he should convene the long-discussed council at Constance. John vainly endeavoured to escape from this dilemma, and tried at least to substitute an Italian town as the place of meeting. But Sigismund was obdurate. John had to announce the approaching council according to his instructions, and then Sigismund bade all three Popes to appear before that dread tribunal. Death removed the last obstacle to the assembling of the council; Ladislaus was brought back to Naples to die, and the rule of the Church was restored at Rome. But John XXIII.'s career as Pope was over. In vain he tried to divert the attention of the council from his own misdeeds to the heresies of Wickliffe and Huss; the decision of the meeting was that all three Popes should resign. John promised to abdicate, but fled, disguised as a peasant, and revoked his promise. He was captured and tried, and his trial gave occasion to the tremendous epigram of Gibbon: "The most scandalous charges were suppressed; the vicar of Christ was only accused of piracy, murder, rape, sodomy, and incest." Imprisonment was a punishment far too mild for such crimes; but perhaps it would have been impossible to find a penalty commensurate with what the culprit deserved. Gregory XII. then abdicated, and not long afterwards died; only Benedict XIII. remained unbending. To the last he maintained the show of papal dignity in the sea-beaten castle of Peñiscola, which rises high out of the water off the coast between Valencia and Tarragona—a Spanish St. Michael's Mount, but far

less accessible than its Cornish prototype.[1] There he lived for eight years, setting at naught both the decrees of the council and the familiar prophecy, which had foretold that no Pope should ever "see the years of St. Peter." When he died he was in the thirtieth year of his illegitimate pontificate, a record exceeded by Pius IX. alone. His last injunction to the two Cardinals who were with him was that they should elect his successor. But no one heeded the proceedings of this miniature Conclave on a Spanish peninsula. Having deposed all three Popes, the council elected Martin V. as sole Pontiff, and thus ended the great schism, which for forty years had distracted Christendom.

While the council was thus deciding who was to rule the Church, Rome was given over to discord and confusion. The Neapolitan faction had not yet been driven out by the papal vicar, and a third pretender appeared before the gates in the person of one Fortebraccio, or "Strongarm," a robber-captain of Perugia, who had formerly been in the employ of the pirate-Pope, and who resembled his master in strength of will no less than in strength of wrist. Such was the degradation of public spirit in Rome at that moment, that this freebooter was not only able to make himself master of the city, but was actually welcomed by the citizens. He styled himself their "defender," appointed a Senator, and made himself at home in the Vatican. But Attendolo Sforza, another and a greater *condottiere* than he, arrived on

[1] When the author saw Peñiscola he readily understood how the old Pope could defy capture there.

the scene, and "Strongarm" withdrew without striking a blow. Martin V. had the sense to take the new master of Rome into his service, and also came to terms with "Strongarm." As his deposed rival, John XXIII., was now dead and the two soldiers of fortune were pacified, nothing further prevented his entry into Rome. A Roman himself, and one of the noble family of Colonna, the new Pope, who personified the Union of Christendom and the restoration of authority to Rome as the religious capital of the world, was received with every mark of respect when he entered the city in 1420. But Rome had fallen, indeed, from her ancient greatness. Crumbling houses and filthy streets, through which robbers prowled unpunished—such was the aspect which met the eyes of the Pontiff. Well might a contemporary English chronicler, who was then living there, exclaim, as he heard the wolves fighting with the dogs under the very walls of St. Peter's, "O God, how lamentable is the state of Rome! Once it was filled by great lords and palaces; now it is full of huts, thieves, wolves, and vermin, while the Romans tear themselves in pieces." Such was the insecurity of the city, that one of the first acts of the returning Pope was to engage a captain and seventy men to protect the Vatican—the origin of the Swiss Guard of our own time. As compared with other Italian cities, or even with Avignon, the Rome of the early part of the fifteenth century was, indeed, a heap of ruins.

Yet even the ruins of so much greatness had an influence over the minds of those who saw them,

such as neither Avignon, nor even Florence, then the most cultured town in Italy, could exercise. Dante had said that the stones in the walls of Aurelian and the ground on which Rome stood were worth more than all else in his eyes. A learned Greek called the crumbling monuments of the Eternal City "the noblest spectacle in the world, a compendium of all antiquity." Yet in culture the Romans of the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century were far behind less eminent rivals. Education was neglected, and the University had been allowed to fall into decay, till Innocent VII. restored it in 1406; even then it did not prosper. On the other hand, medicine always flourished, and we hear of distinguished Jewish practitioners who attended on the Popes and received the freedom of the city from the Senate. Literature naturally declined during this barbarous period. A few mediæval annals and diaries, the best of them not the work of Romans, represent the literary output of the time. As for art, the absence of the Popes was quite sufficient to account for its degenerate condition. The one striking architectural achievement of the Avignon era was the steps up to Aracœli, to which allusion has already been made. The absent Popes spent all they had on their palace on the Rhone, and spared as little as possible for absolutely necessary repairs of public buildings on the Tiber. Thus the roof of St. Peter's had to be replaced by one which would keep out the rain, and the basilica of the Lateran was restored. John XXIII. joined the Vatican with the Castle of Sant' Angelo by means of a covered passage, and Boniface IX. converted the

THE COLOSSEUM.

senatorial palace into a fortress—both indications of the object which the Popes had in encouraging architecture in that unsettled age, when civil war was the main occupation of all classes, and no mansion was secure unless it was also a castle.

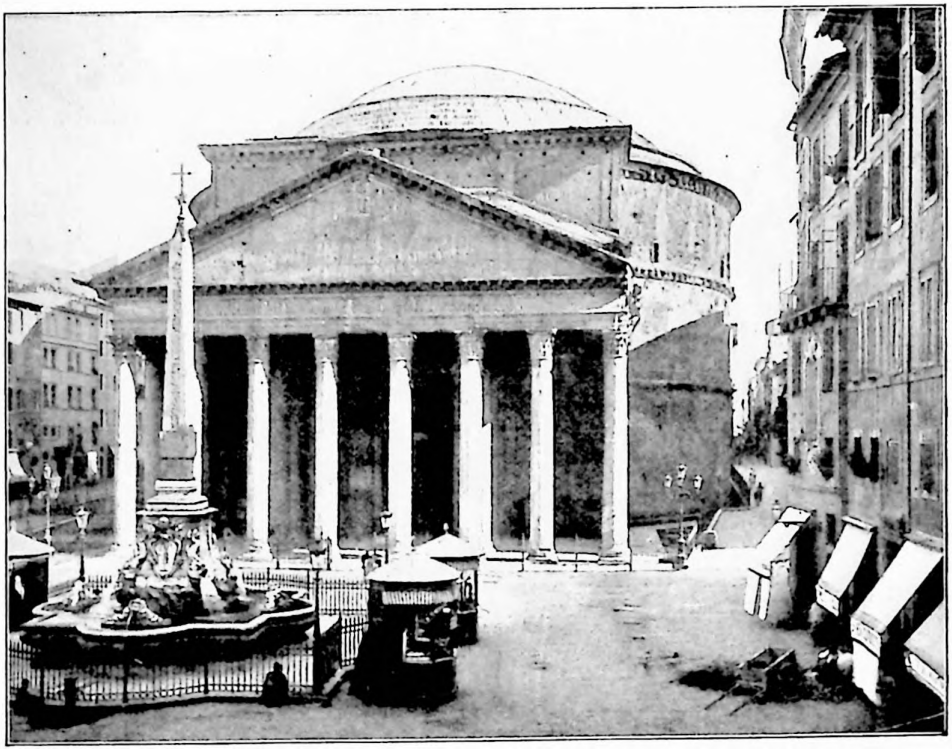
More luxurious modes of living had been introduced by the French, and the style of dress changed. Roman ladies wore dresses which we should now call *librement décolletées*, and their ornaments were most costly. Sumptuary laws were unavailing to check the growing extravagance of the women, though they had less money to spend at Rome than in some other Italian cities. But where the Romans excelled all other people was in the splendour of their public exhibitions. For in the Middle Ages, as in the time of the early Empire, "bread and games" were the two main demands of the Roman populace. Nor had the tastes of the citizens greatly improved since the days of those wild-beast shows which Cicero found so boring and his contemporaries so entertaining. We read of a great bull-fight given in 1332 by the Roman nobles in the Colosseum at which ladies of the best families were present and applauded the knightly toreadors, who bore their dames' devices and colours on their helmets. On this occasion no less than eighteen of the noble bull-fighters were gored to death—a list of casualties about equal to that of nine years' bull-fighting in modern Spain. Every year, at carnival time, Monte Testaccio and the Piazza Navona were the scenes of popular sports, where the mob scrambled for pigs, which the Jews were forced to provide, chased fat oxen, and ran

races. On one occasion the crucifixion of St. Peter and the beheadal of St. Paul were represented on Monte Testaccio at Easter, after the fashion of the still surviving processions in Holy Week at Seville and Murcia, and passion-plays were commonly given in the Colosseum. That famous edifice had greatly suffered from being used as a quarry, and even the Senate gave consent to such acts of vandalism. As for the Forum, which in the last ten years has been so greatly excavated, it lay unrecognisable beneath heaps of rubbish and a rich undergrowth, while a row of houses stretched from the Arch of Titus to the Arch of Severus, and swine devoured refuse on every side of those monuments. The hills were abandoned to fever and desolation, except for an occasional chapel or monastery, and the Campagna was as deserted as it is to-day, save when in winter the herdsmen of the Abruzzi came down there to pasture their flocks of sheep. Poggio Bracciolini, the eminent man of letters, who has left us a description of Rome as she was in the first third of the fifteenth century, might well mourn the external appearance of the city as he knew her, and which differed from *la terza Roma* of our own time almost as much as from the Imperial Rome of the first century after Christ.

VII

THE AGE OF ÆNEAS SYLVIUS

WHEN, in 1420, Martin V. entered Rome, his first care was to endeavour to raise the city from the condition into which it had fallen. The people welcomed the efforts of one who had the great qualification of being himself a Roman, and Martin, in return for their support, allowed the municipal constitution to subsist in its traditional form, and had the privileges of the city collected and published. Remembering that thirty-three years were the life of Our Lord, he proclaimed the fifth "Holy Year" in 1423, reckoning from the *anno santo* of 1390, and ignoring in his turn that of ten years later. At the same time he resumed the old papal prerogative of coining money, which had been so long exercised by the Senate. He set himself to work to repair the roads and pave the streets, encouraged his fellow-citizens in their building operations, and urged the Cardinals to restore all the parish churches. He rebuilt the Church of the Holy Apostles, and made out of an adjoining palace a residence for himself; he put a new roof of lead on the Pantheon, executed



THE PANTHEON.

repairs at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and spent much money on the pavement of the Lateran basilica. One or two robbers' nests in the Campagna were destroyed by his commands, and by firmness he managed to keep order in the city. But he marred his pontificate by the besetting sin of the mediæval Papacy. Partly for his own security, partly from a feeling of kinship, he set a bad example of unrestrained nepotism which his successors followed. In order to enrich his own family, he saved all that he could, to the scandal of his contemporaries, and he bestowed the property of the Church on his nephews without consulting the Cardinals. But a century later it was said of him that he had laid the foundations of the greatness of the Papacy and restored a golden age of peace and unity to the Church. He ruled justly, and Rome made material progress under his sway. The city began to be civilised, and faction fights almost entirely ceased. Not without reason did his family inscribe on his bronze tomb in the Lateran: "He was the happiness of his times." The death of the great *condottiere*, "Strongarm," enabled him to restore the authority of the Church throughout the Papal States and his creation of new Cardinals, all men of culture and ability, raised the prestige of the College. His one terror was the assembling of another council of the Church, which he was constantly urged to summon, and which he avoided by a timely death in 1431.

His successor, Eugenius IV., was no sooner on the throne than he reaped the full results of his predecessor's nepotism. The riches accumulated by the

Colonna under Martin's auspices were regarded by their enemies as fair plunder now that Martin was dead. The bad, old days of party faction returned. The Colonna attacked the city, and the papal troops retaliated by breaking into their mansions. A plot was discovered against the Pope's life, and numbers of persons expiated their real or alleged guilt on the scaffold or in prison. When at last this civil war was over, the spectre of reform once more arose to terrify the Pope, and this time it was impossible to put off the dreaded council.

Eugenius, with utter want of tact, set all Europe against him by ordering the assembly to move from Bâle to Bologna. The Council replied by summoning him to make his defence before it. For the moment it seemed as if the Pope would have to submit or lose his throne. But the ambition of Sigismund, the German sovereign, to be crowned as Emperor in Rome by the Pontiff, emboldened the latter to try to make terms more favourable to himself than he could otherwise have obtained. Sigismund promised to use his influence with Europe, so that Eugenius might be recognised as the true head of Christendom. Eugenius, in return, crowned his patron in the Lateran as Emperor. The ceremony was far inferior to what had been seen at former coronations ; only a few hundred men escorted the Emperor, and the procession lacked nearly all the elements of pomp and grandeur. But, at least, there was none of that street-fighting which had disgraced so many imperial visits to Rome, and Sigismund showed a praiseworthy zeal in devoting some time to the sights of the city

in the company of an eminent archæologist. But though Eugenius had thus won the sympathy of the Emperor, there were others who had old scores to pay off, and who began to attack him as soon as Sigismund had left. Rough *condottieri*, styling themselves with humour "the executors of the holy Council," about which they cared nothing, seized the opportunity of surrounding Rome and ravaging the papal territory. After all, the Pope thought it prudent to recognise the supreme authority of the Council, and in order to weaken the united forces of the hostile *condottieri*, committed the fatal mistake, as it ultimately proved, of appointing the most dangerous of them, the redoubtable Francesco Sforza, son of the Sforza mentioned above, his vicar in the Marches and standard-bearer of the Church. This act had indirectly important consequences for the history of Northern Italy. For Francesco Sforza used his position as papal vicar at Ancona as a step towards further aggrandisement, and in 1450 his schemes were crowned with success by his proclamation as Duke of Milan.

The Romans had, however, grown restive under the unsettled state of affairs. A deputation waited on the Pope, and requested him to abandon the temporal power, to surrender the Castle of Sant' Angelo to the people, and to devote himself to religious observances. The popular indignation, deeply stirred by the destruction of the farms in the Campagna by the *condottieri*, was not diminished by the scornful reply of the Pope's haughty Venetian nephew, who treated the deputation as nothing better

than a lot of cow-keepers, and told them that in Venice, where there were no pastures, the inhabitants got on perfectly well. Such was the interest shown by the Papal Court in the agriculture of the country! The deputation withdrew, but only to raise the cry of "People! people! and liberty!" which roused the populace to a revolution. The Republic was proclaimed, and the Pope, convinced by the logic of facts that the temporal power was only a burden, announced, amidst the laughter of his conquerors, that his one desire was to lay it down. With the aid of a friendly pirate he escaped in the garb of a Benedictine monk, but not until he had undergone indignities such as few men in his position have been forced to endure. There is something strangely incongruous in the spectacle of a High Priest of Christendom bestriding the back of a pirate in the Tiber! But the papal adventures did not end there. The people on the bank thought that there was something suspicious about the haste of the monk, whose boatmen were rowing as if their lives depended on their exertions. A hue and cry was raised; another boat was launched in pursuit, while stones and arrows were sent after the retreating skiff, which carried Eugenius and his fortunes. The second boat stuck fast in the gravel, the first could make little headway against the wind, and the Pope lay cowering in the stern under a shield, more like an escaped convict than a Christian potentate. People shouted from the bank, offering bribes to the pirate-crew to stop, but in all probability the Pope offered more. At last the skiff reached the broad part of the river,

when suddenly a fishing-boat shot out from the bank full of armed men. It seemed as if all were lost, and the pirate's professional instincts determined him to ram the enemy's craft or perish in the attempt. Luckily, the fishing-boat's timbers were so rotten that her crew shrank from meeting the shock of the papal stem, and the Pope and his oarsmen glided down stream uninjured, till at last the tower of Ostia came in sight. Then Eugenius boarded the pirate-brig, which lay in wait for him, and in this undignified manner reached Florence in safety, where he took refuge at Sta. Maria Novella. Fortunately for the Papacy, this was the last example of a flight from Rome till, four centuries later, Pius IX. escaped from the Republicans to Gaeta.

Eugenius had not been long gone, when the Romans found their Republican governors worse than the Pope. They begged him to return, but he decided to stay on at Florence and to send instead one of those fighting bishops who were such characteristic figures in the Middle Ages. This papal legate, Vitelleschi by name, was notable even among the members of the Church militant for his harshness and cruelty. But he did his work thoroughly, and made the petty tyrants of the Campagna feel the full weight of his hand. As a reward for these righteous acts he was promoted to be an Archbishop and Patriarch of Alexandria, and then continued his campaign against the Roman nobles in truly patriarchal fashion. One stronghold after another in the Alban mountains fell before him, and was levelled with the dust ; even Palestrina, the

seat of the Colonna, succumbed, and that great family, lately so powerful, was smitten as even Cola di Rienzo had never smitten it. Workmen were summoned from Rome to pull down the houses and walls of Palestrina, and devastation was spread far and wide over Latium. More than thirty towns lay in ruins, and the miserable condition of the Campagna became more wretched still. At Rome itself this new "scourge of God" was received as a hero, and hailed as "the father of the city"; a public monument was decreed to him on the Capitol with the fulsome inscription, "to the third father of the city of Romulus after Romulus"; all the inhabitants of his native town were declared Roman citizens, and a silver goblet was to be offered up to St. Louis on each anniversary of Palestrina's fall. But his ascendency was of short duration. His enemies accused him, probably with reason, of aiming at the supremacy over all the States of the Church, and the Pope believed the accusation. An order was issued for his arrest, and, as he was riding unsuspectingly over the bridge of Sant' Angelo, the portcullis was suddenly let down behind him and he was caught like a mouse in a trap. The Patriarch defended himself till he was overpowered, for he knew that he was too important a man to be set at liberty. His death speedily ensued, from poison, it was said, and his body was exposed to the gaze of the people whose master he had so lately been. His career was used in a contemporary pamphlet as a proof of the cruelty of priestly rule: but it may be said in his excuse, that nothing but vigorous measures could have subdued

the savage tyrants of those times. A practical Roman chronicler naïvely remarked that he might have been a monster, but at any rate "he kept us all in order and in prosperity; as long as he lived corn cost twelve *carlini*; after his death it rose in fifteen days to twenty-two." Even the Pope thought it prudent to treat his death as a regrettable accident in which he had had no personal share.

Meanwhile Eugenius had again shown his distrust of the Council of Bâle, and seized the thorny question of the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches as an excuse for summoning the assembly to meet in a place more convenient to the Byzantine theologians. He selected Ferrara, and there, in the presence of himself and John Palæologus II., the Greek Emperor, the nicest and sharpest quillets of patristic theology were discussed, while the Turks were thundering at the gates of Constantinople. At last the arms of the Ottomans effected what all the learned arguments of theologians had failed to accomplish, and at Florence, whither the Pope had transferred the Council, the Byzantine divines knelt down at his feet, admitted the genuineness of the *filioque* clause, listened to the Latin mass, and kissed the hand of St. Peter's successor. But this union was at once disowned in the Orient; and, instead of having really united the Churches of the East and the West, Eugenius found that he had merely created a new schism in the latter. For the rump-council at Bâle declared him suspended from his functions, and the reforming section among its members elected Amadeo of Savoy as his successor. Even among the many curiosities

of the papal annals, this election, especially if viewed in the light of modern Italian history, is one of the most extraordinary. For Amadeo VIII., first Duke of Savoy, was the founder of the fortunes of that famous dynasty, which, starting from humble beginnings in the Alps, has in our own time unified Italy and destroyed the last shred of the Pope's temporal dominion. It seems almost incredible that an ancestor of Vittorio Emanuele II. should have been a predecessor of Pius IX., but so it was. The reforming Cardinals could not, indeed, have made a better choice, for Amadeo, after a most successful reign over his duchy, had, on the death of his wife, abandoned the cares of government to his sons, and withdrawn from the world to a favourite retreat at Ripaille, on the lake of Geneva. There he had founded the knightly order of St. Maurice, and lived with the six knights of the order in splendid seclusion. The royal hermit, with far more experience of the world than the poor recluse of the Abruzzi who had played such a sorry figure as Celestine V., accepted the offer of the papal throne, and in 1440 announced his accession under the title of Felix V. But the world, which had not forgotten the terrible results of the former schism, shrank from the prospect of another. England would have none of the ducal Pontiff. Germany remained neutral, and only the smaller magnates acknowledged him as the true Pope. He had to content himself with Lausanne instead of the Vatican, for he never had the least chance of conquering Rome.

In that city, since the death of Vitelleschi, there

had been a great decline in prosperity. Order was no longer maintained in the streets, and church-breakers, clerics themselves, stole the jewels out of the coverings which enclosed the heads of the Apostles. The Romans begged Eugenius to return, and at last he did so. But he could not help contrasting the forlorn appearance of his capital with the prosperity of Florence, then the first of all Italian cities. "Rome," wrote his biographer, "had become, by reason of the Pope's absence, like a village of herdsmen ; sheep and cows wander about the city." The wretched condition of the people and the yrannical measures that had been considered necessary o the preservation of peace, were demonstrated by the heads and quartered bodies of criminals, which were left to rot on the gates or in cages, like the bloody trophies on old Temple Bar. No wonder that the Pope felt grieved at the sight of so much misery, and longed to be back again in the polite Florentine society. But he saw the advantage which his residence in Rome would give him in his struggle against the Council of Bâle and the anti-Pope at Lausanne. The defection of Germany from the reform party, in consequence of the vanity and avarice of Frederick III., who desired the empty honour of being crowned Emperor by the Pope and accepted a paltry sum in cash from the papal legate, was a great stroke of fortune for Eugenius, and delayed the Reformation in Germany for three-quarters of a century. The envoys of Frederick, one of them the talented diplomatist, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope himself, arrived in

Rome in 1446 to conclude a formal *concordat* between their master and the Church. Their arrival aroused the greatest interest in the city, for it was felt that the return of the German sovereign to the true fold was no ordinary occurrence. The clergy went out in a body to meet them at the first milestone in the Campagna; the Pope received them with favour; the Cardinals sent all the delicacies of the season to the mansion on the Capitol where they lodged. The negotiations were hastened by the illness of Eugenius, but their validity was somewhat impaired by his statement, that as his judgment had been clouded by the bad state of his health, any concessions made by him in contravention of the doctrines of the Fathers and the rights of the Holy See should be considered as null and void. With this proviso, the documents were signed and sealed, and solemn processions celebrated the event which cast lustre on the perplexed pontificate of Eugenius. But it was his last triumph. He felt his end approaching, and with the regret that he had ever been Pope and the advice to elect a man of moderate abilities by an unanimous vote as his successor, he passed away. His highest praise is that he was free from nepotism, but he was hardly a great man. Others of superior talent worked for him, and he received the credit for what they achieved. His main motive was a desire to increase the power of the Minorites, of whom it was said that they "swarmed like ants around his throne." He never concealed his dislike for Rome, and the Romans found small favour with him.

Eugenius was no sooner dead than a democratic movement broke out, which reminds us of the days of Cola di Rienzo. Its leader was a man of plebeian origin and equestrian rank, who had changed his name of Porcaro for that of Porcius, in order that he might claim descent from the family of that illustrious Roman, M. Porcius Cato. Stefano Porcaro was full of magnificent ideals, but of small practical ability. He had held, under Martin V., a post in Florence, had travelled abroad, and returned to Rome, whence he was sent by Eugenius to administer the office of *podestà* at Bologna. After discharging similar functions in other towns of the Papal States, and gaining the admiration of scholars by his bombastic orations in the worst style of Cicero, he settled down, to await events, in his family abode near San Giovanni della Pigna, which still survives. The death of his patron, Eugenius, seemed to him to be a propitious moment for his plans, and he availed himself of a meeting in the Church of Aracœli to deliver a fiery speech, full of classical allusions, on the degraded condition of the Romans under that priestly tyranny of which he had himself been an agent elsewhere. The meeting broke up in confusion; but fear of the King of Naples, who only wanted an excuse for occupying the city, postponed, but only for the moment, the ambitious designs of the new tribune. The Cardinals met undisturbed, and, following the advice of the late Pope, elected as his successor, under the style of Nicholas V., a man of no conspicuous position, the son of a surgeon and himself a former tutor in the

families of the great. But if Nicholas was not known as a practical man of affairs, he was the most learned scholar of his generation. His memory was so extraordinary that he could carry in his head whole volumes of poetry and philosophy. Æneas Sylvius, no mean judge of such matters, said of him in an epigram which is generally supposed to have been invented at modern Oxford that "what he knew not, was not knowledge." He had collated manuscripts, and arranged libraries, and had lived in Florence, the most learned city of that age. It seemed to scholars that the Utopian era of Plato had at last arrived, when philosophers should be kings, or kings philosophers. But he was no mere feeble bookworm. He had travelled in England, France, and Germany, and had seen something of courts and councils. Undistinguished in appearance he certainly was, but he was affable and simple in his tastes, and his election gave Rome peace, for this unpretending student was the head of no faction. Nor must it be forgotten, that in those days learning was more valued than now and a knowledge of the classics was in tha benighted age considered a better preparation for public life than skill in outdoor sports.

Nicholas reaped the results of his predecessor's last act. The schism came to an end in 1449, with the abdication of Felix V., who was rewarded with the empty title of Cardinal of Sta. Sabina, and died two years later at Geneva after a career absolutely unique in the annals of the Papacy and of the House of Savoy. The Council of Bâle broke up; and while

all danger to the Church ceased in that direction, the new Pope won the favour of the Romans by granting them various privileges, the most practical of which was the exclusive use of the urban tolls for urban purposes. A reform of the whole system of taxation in the Papal States was his next endeavour; he pleased the barons by permitting the restoration of Palestrina; and cut the claws of Porcaro by giving him a post. Exploits such as these, all accomplished by diplomacy and not by force, fully entitled him to celebrate with pride the Jubilee of 1450, which found Italy in profound peace and Rome contented. This sixth *anno santo* was a complete success; such vast crowds of pilgrims flocked to the city that the number of requisite visits to the two Churches had to be diminished. Rome seemed, under the mild sway of such a Pope, to have become once more a seat of all the virtues, and the pilgrims did not come empty-handed. Their offerings filled the treasury; the debts of the Curia, incurred by the wars of the last Pope, were paid off; and Nicholas obtained the means for carrying out his cherished plan of building new edifices worthy of the city's great traditions. His predecessor, in spite of the parlous state of his finances, had done something to improve the external appearance of Rome. He had restored many churches, including St. Peter's; he had made the plans for the erection of the mint, and had effected considerable alterations at the Lateran. He had ordered the booths which then blocked up the approach to the Pantheon to be cleared away, one or two streets to be properly paved, several of the gates in the walls of the city to be repaired, and a fixed

sum to be set aside every year for the restoration of the walls themselves. One of his most prominent Cardinals had laid out the Campo di Fiore, on which cattle then grazed, and the improvements had extended as far as Ostia, where Eugenius had strengthened the castle. But Nicholas V. was, as he has justly been called, "the first great restorer of the city." He cared for nothing but collecting books and building, and his main idea as a builder was to make Rome an enduring monument of the Papacy. He began by repeopling the deserted parts of the city, granting exemption from taxes to those who would settle there. Then he set to work to build, and whole colonies of workmen flocked into the gates at his call. Those who can remember the rage for building which seized the Romans in the early years after 1870 can best form an idea of what went on under this energetic Pope. Rome became one huge stonemason's yard; contractors, just as after 1870, rushed down from the north; speculation was rife, and huge fortunes were made by some, lost by others, and anticipated by all. Skilled artists came from the Lombard towns, and the road from Tivoli was thick with waggons bearing stone to Rome. The Pope, who felt his end not far off, would brook no delay; everything must be begun at once and half a dozen great improvements were carried on at the same time. He continued his predecessor's labours on the city walls, and the Ponte Nomentano still bears the castellated building which he ordered to be placed upon it. The Capitol was fortified anew; and, warned by the memory of those Popes who had been driven from Rome, he resolved to provide

against such a contingency for the future by the erection of strong and ample works of defence. He accordingly removed the booths which then stood on the bridge of Sant' Angelo, built towers on the side walls of the adjoining castle to command it, and

PONTE NOMENTANO.
(*From a photo. by Mrs. Miller.*)

strengthened that great papal fortress. He drew up the most elaborate plans for the improvement of the Borgo, which was to have been converted into an invincible stronghold, and also an abode of luxury.

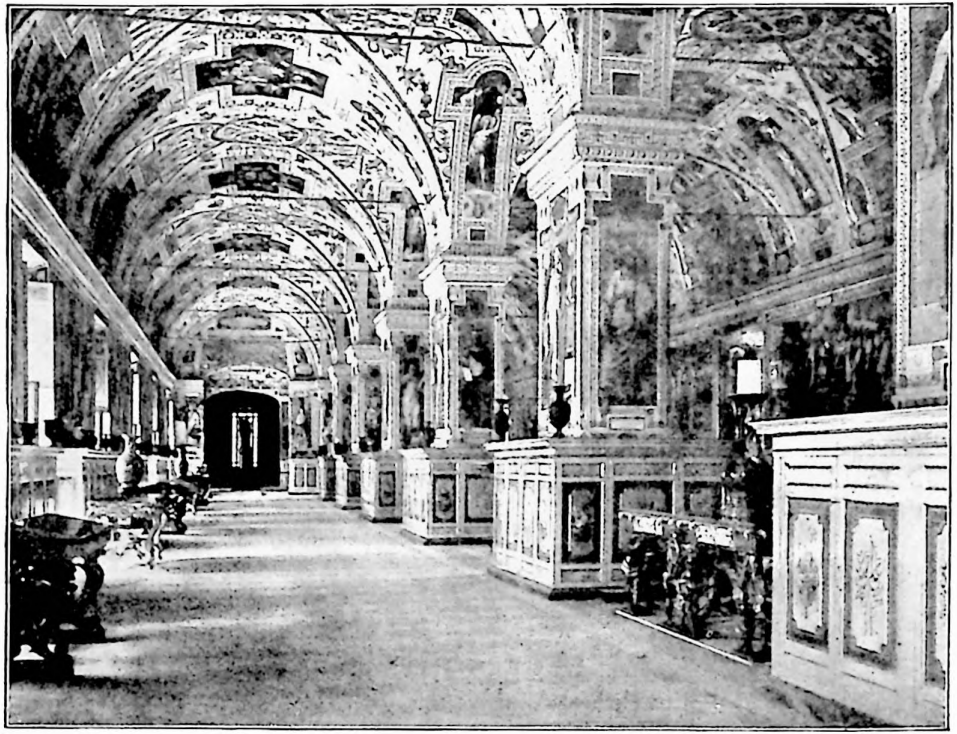
Most important of all from the standpoint of the modern visitor, he planned the erection of a new St. Peter's on the site of the old, a building which was to be in the form of a Latin cross and the excuse for which he found in the shaky condition of part of the existing fabric. But at his death very little of this new building had been finished, and we shall see, later on, how one of his successors took up the idea, and how, after long years of labour, it was at last accomplished. His restoration of other churches was more effectual; Sta. Maria Maggiore, San Lorenzo-fuori-le-mura, and San Paolo, all benefited by his work. He rebuilt the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol, and first adorned the effluent of the Aqua Virgo with the Trevi fountain, so called from the three roads (*tre vie*), which met there. But the fountain, as it now stands, was the creation of a later Pontiff. With pride, he had a medal minted with the inscription *Roma felix*, and Rome was, indeed, "happy" in having one who cared much for the appearance of her great buildings. But there were not wanting critics who thought that the money which he spent on bricks and mortar would have been better employed in defending Constantinople against the Turks. At any rate, it was better spent than in the orgies of the Borgias and the frivolities of the tenth Leo.

The Jubilee passed away, marred only by a panic which occurred, owing to the stampede of a mule, on the bridge of Sant' Angelo and caused the fall of eighty-seven persons into the Tiber, and by the spread of the plague which was greatly favoured

by the dirt and numbers of the pilgrims.[1] As soon as the plague had abated, the diplomatic Piccolomini came to Rome to complete the negotiations for the coronation of Frederick III. as Emperor, an event memorable as the last of that long series of Imperial pilgrimages to Rome. Outside the gates of Siena Frederick met his affianced bride, a Portuguese princess who had come there to be married to him at Naples. Accompanied by Piccolomini, to whom he foretold on the way his future election to the Papacy, he proceeded to Rome, and on March 9, 1452, entered the city with his *fiançée*. The Pope, suspicious of what might happen, had taken the precaution of occupying the streets and squares with troops, and awaited the distinguished pair on the steps of St. Peter's. Ten days later the ceremony was performed in that building, and then the newly-crowned Kaiser made a host of new knights. The ceremonies ended with a great oration of Piccolomini against the Turks, which had no effect whatever in delaying the triumph of that great man, Mohammed II. Fourteen months after a Western Emperor was for the last time crowned in Rome, the last Eastern Emperor succumbed at Constantinople.

Moreover, while Nicholas V. was being urged to preach a new crusade against the Turks, his own career was threatened in his own capital by his own subjects. Porcaro, who had been banished to Bologna, now secretly returned to Rome, and

[1] Similarly after the arrival of the Piedmontese pilgrims in 1900, the cases of influenza, which had hitherto made little havoc in Rome, rose to 60,000 in one week.



THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

appeared in a magnificent costume as the saviour of the citizens from clerical rule. In a series of carefully-prepared *impromptus* he described the well-meaning Pope as a tyrant and himself as a hero of the ancient mould. The plunder of the papal treasury was a more potent argument to his fellow-conspirators than appeals to Republican virtue, and it was not forgotten that, even in the palmiest days of the Republic, patriotic conspiracies had not been unprofitable speculations. There were, indeed, grave abuses in the government of the city, the Cardinals, in particular, being deservedly unpopular; but the motives of the revolutionists were probably mixed. The success of his scheme seemed to Porcaro certain, for the city was in a state of profound peace, and he had a small, but apparently sufficient, body of mercenaries at his command. It was decided to set fire to the stables of the Vatican during the feast of the Epiphany, and, in the confusion which was expected to follow, to seize the Pope and the Cardinals. Nicholas's life, except in case of extremity, was to be spared, but the chief conspirator carried about with him a golden chain, with which to bind the Pope's wrists. At a critical moment, however, the plot was discovered, and the house of Porcaro invested. The new Cola di Rienzo, with a cowardice worthy of his prototype, slipped out of the back door without a single blow, and hid in the abode of one of his sisters. An associate betrayed his hiding-place, where he was found concealed in a box. Without loss of time he was hanged in one of the towers of the Castle of Sant' Angelo, his house was partially

destroyed, and many of his fellow-conspirators shared his fate. The conspiracy of 1453 excited more alarm than was necessary, for Porcaro was not the man to lead a successful revolution. But some regarded him, in spite of his sorry ending, as a martyr, and so recently as 1866 a pamphlet written by him, in which he demanded the secularisation of Rome, the restoration of the Senate, and a *plébiscite* on the question of union with the rest of Italy, was circulated as a party weapon.

The fall of Constantinople, which followed Porcaro's conspiracy at a short interval, was a severe shock to the Pope, whose sole practical effort to prevent it—the despatch of twenty-nine ships—was too late to be of the slightest service. Nicholas had the scanty satisfaction of joining in a national league against the Turks in 1455, and then he died. Around his death-bed stood the Cardinals to hear his last injunctions. He told them that all that he had done, the books that he had bought, the buildings that he had erected, had not been for his own glory but for that of the Church. He had been free from the sins of most of his predecessors, and in the history of learning he has retained an assured reputation as the founder of the Vatican library, in which his own happiest moments were spent. He had in his employ a whole army of copyists, whose business it was to transcribe manuscripts, and one of his first cares, on the fall of Constantinople, was to send agents to Greece for the purchase of valuable documents. To his energy, too, the Italians owed the translation of the chief Greek historians and philosophers, for he paid handsomely

for such work, and the best scholars of the time were glad to undertake it for him. Nor should Scotland forget that it was he who started the University of Glasgow, the 450th anniversary of whose foundation has been celebrated during the present year. Yet, with all his learning and his great position, he regretted that he had been Pope. His remains repose in the crypt of the Vatican, where a stone figure on a plain sarcophagus is a suitable monument of this simple student whom an adverse fate placed on the papal throne.

His successor, who styled himself Calixtus III., belonged to the Spanish family of Borgia, which has won such a terrible name in the history of the latter half of the fifteenth and the early years of the sixteenth century. Yet the first Borgia Pope was not a monster, nor had his ancestors been specially distinguished for their evil qualities. The family derived its name from the little town of Borja, which had been given to the founder of the line by one of the Spanish kings. The Borgia were found in the early part of the fifteenth century at Játiva near Valencia, which latter see they long monopolised. Up to that time their celebrity had been purely local, but the election of their relative to the papal chair at once gave them European renown and caused them to anticipate a great future. The first jurist of his time, Calixtus was racked with gout, and, as he was on the verge of fourscore at the time of his election, he had not the strength to do much during his brief pontificate. Most of his time he spent in bed, but yet he never lost sight of his two main objects—the

advancement of his family and the defeat of the Turks. He blamed his predecessor for having spent money that might have been used in levying troops against the infidel, on books and buildings; he issued fiery appeals to the Christian world to subscribe to the holy war. His emissaries travelled in all directions, not to collect manuscripts, but to collect funds. At his orders, the jewelled bindings of the books in the Vatican library were sold and the proceeds devoted to the war chest. By dint of such sacrifices he managed to fit out a flotilla in the Tiber, which, however, accomplished very little. The Great Powers did not support him; they were jealous of each other as they always have been, and looked on the tithe which he claimed for the expenses of the war as merely another form of papal exaction. Calixtus himself hindered the consolidation of Christendom against the common foe by trying to seat one of his nephews on the throne of Naples when it became vacant. The unbridled nepotism in which he indulged was of the utmost injury to the Church, for he thus provided the members of the Borgia family with positions from which it was afterwards hard to dislodge them, except by violence. These foreigners from Valencia invaded Rome, and brought the Spanish manners, and even the Spanish accent, into fashion. "Valencia," it was said, "has occupied the Vatican hill," and though that city was not in Cataluña, the ominous name of "Catalans"—suggestive of the excesses of the Catalan Grand Company in Greece—was bestowed upon the Borgia clan. During the lifetime of their patron they perverted

justice, and took the law into their own hands; their fortunes seemed assured. Suddenly, however, Calixtus fell ill, and in an instant the old Roman nobles rose against the hated "Catalans." His death, in 1458, was the signal for general rejoicing; the mansions of the Borgia were plundered; Rome, cried the native tyrants, was once more free.

The choice of the Conclave fell upon one of the most talented men of the age whose name shines out even now from among those of most mediæval worthies. Pius II. was already known over all Europe under the name of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. We have, ere this, had occasion to allude to the career of this remarkable diplomatist who now ascended the papal throne. The son of a Sienese noble of poor means, the youthful Æneas had been intended for the study of the law at Siena, but he abandoned it for the more congenial pursuit of poetry. Verses in imitation of Catullus and Petrarch flowed from his pen; and, as in those days a good classical scholar was sure of preferment, Æneas, whose character was not much stronger than that of the Virgilian hero, was appointed private secretary of a Cardinal who chanced to visit Siena. The next twenty years he spent in Germany, where he gained valuable experience in the service of various masters and became a finished man of the world. Few Popes have ever been such travellers; he extended his journeys to England, and it was on an attempt to reach the Orkneys that he contracted the rheumatism which never left him. At the Council of Bâle he was employed as official reporter; then he was

appointed secretary of the anti-Pope, and was crowned as Poet Laureate by Frederick III. of Germany, who took him into his own service. Undisturbed by qualms of conscience, he had no hesitation in changing his opinions whenever his interests demanded it, and the gift of eloquence, which he possessed, enabled him to convince his critics that he had always been in earnest, and that his motives had always been honest. Sent as envoy of Frederick to Eugenius IV., he disarmed the Pope by his honeyed speech, confessed the errors committed at Bâle, and entered the employ of the Holy Father. Under Nicholas V. he became a bishop, under Calixtus a Cardinal, and was writing the history of Bohemia when he was summoned to the Conclave which elected him Pope. The Romans were pleased at his election, and the literary men of the day showed boundless enthusiasm, not unmixed with the hope of future favours, at the honour conferred on one of themselves. Even reformers might expect some improvement under a Pope who had placed on record his opinion that, "without money nothing could be obtained from the Curia," and had sworn at his installation to reform that body after having fought the Turks. But Pius II. disappointed both his literary and his clerical supporters. He formally retracted the ideas, which he had promulgated in his writings; "Forget that I was Æneas," he cried, "and remember that I am Pius." But his piety did not lead him to espouse the career of a serious reformer, and, though his life as Pontiff was blameless, he was not a really great man.

His one ideal was the rescue of Constantinople from the Turks, and in this, at least, he was always consistent. He invited the Powers to send delegates to a Congress at Mantua, where he proclaimed a new crusade against the Paynim, and at the same time forbade any of the faithful to appeal to a council of the Church. Yet, at that moment, the Turkish Court was probably more moral than the papal Curia, and a demand might well have been made for a reforming council, when a high dignitary of the Church, the subsequent Pope Alexander VI., was scandalising Sienese society by his frolics with the married ladies of that city. In Rome itself the Court poet was struck, as Juvenal had been in his day, by the contrast between the statues of the ancients and the licentious creatures who pretended to be their descendants. Republican freedom found there two unworthier representatives than even Porcaro in the persons of two bandits, Tiburtius and Valerianus, who gathered a company of desperadoes around them, and levied blackmail on all who could afford to pay it. Pius wrote indignant letters, but the marauders cared as little as the Turks for the beauties of his Ciceronian prose; they occupied the Pantheon, and acted as masters of the city. Then Pius returned; Tiburtius was arrested and executed, and Rome was quiet. Even the turbulent Campagna was reduced to order, and Pius was able to spend the summer at Tivoli amid those *mobilibus pomaria rivis* which had delighted Horace. Here he was happy, for he could stroll about in the company of scholars among the picturesque towns of the Sabine Mountains, reading

the classics or meditating on that description of Asia which lay on his desk.

But even amid the sylvan delights of Tivoli he did not forget the Crusade against the Turks. Servia and most of Bosnia, the Frank Duchy of Athens, and nearly all the Morea fell into their hands before the end of 1463 ; the Empire of Trebizond had collapsed

MEDAL OF PIUS II.

(*From "Die italienischen Schaumünzen des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts* (1430–1530)." *Von Julius Friedlaender. Berlin*, 1882.)

two years earlier, and the Albanian hero, Skanderbeg, and the still more heroic Montenegrins, seemed alone able to keep back the advance of the enemy.[1] The Pope, fully aware of the approaching danger, conceived the strange idea of converting the Sultan

[1] See my map, No. 82 in Mr. R. L. Poole's "Historical Geography of Europe," showing the advance of the Ottoman power.

to Catholicism—an idea which must have made Mohammed II. smile. Pius pointed out in a lengthy document the advantages, temporal no less than spiritual, which would follow such a conversion. The Sultan would become a legitimate sovereign, and be recognised as such by the Pope. The erudite Pius quoted the examples of many converted heathens of whom the great Turk had probably never heard, but the latter was not influenced by those authorities nor yet by the prospect of receiving from the Pope a sovereign power which he already possessed. Yet Pius might have learned from some of the refugees then in Rome that Mohammed was not a man to be easily cajoled. Among these was the Despot Thomas Palæologus, who, driven from the Morea by the Sultan, had fled to Rome, bringing with him the head of St. Andrew, who was said to have been crucified at Patras. The Despot died in 1465 in the hospital of Santo Spirito, where Pius had assigned him accommodation; the famous skull, which he had bestowed on the Church, was received by the Pope with extraordinary ceremonies on the spot where now stands the figure of the Apostle in the churchyard of Sta. Trinità dei Pellegrini. The eminent Greek scholar, Bessarion, handed the precious relic to Pius with tears in his eyes; the Pope in his turn wept, and, apostrophising the skull, bade it welcome among the Romans, its relatives, "the nephews of St. Peter." Then, holding it aloft, he prayed God to save by its instrumentality suffering Christendom from the Turks, and when this initial ceremonial was over, he accompanied it in solemn procession to the Vatican. All

Rome was in the streets to see the holy head go by; the houses were decked with flowers, and altars were raised in honour of this new addition to the city's curiosities. Some may have even thought the loss of Greece more than counterbalanced by this gain to Rome. At last the head was deposited in the Confessio, where Bessarion besought St. Peter to avenge his brother Andrew's sufferings. It seemed, indeed, as if the presence of the relic at Rome brought luck to the Church. A month after its arrival alum was discovered in enormous quantities among the mountains of La Tolfa near Cività Vecchia. It was decided to devote the amounts realised by the sale of this valuable commodity to the crusade against the Turks, and Pius urged all Christians to buy their alum from him, instead of purchasing it from the infidels. Down to the last century the alum of La Tolfa held its own, and furnished a considerable revenue to the papal treasury.

Having now obtained some of the sinews of war, Pius resolved to head the crusade himself, and in the middle of 1464 he set out for Ancona, where he proposed to embark for the East. As he left the Eternal City, he bade it farewell for ever, for he felt that he would never see it again. His forebodings proved true, for he reached Ancona only to die there. In the palace which adjoins the Cathedral of San Ciriaco he breathed his last, his face turned towards that Orient which he was not destined to conquer. In the whole history of the Papacy no Pope's demise is quite so pathetic as this. Pius had set himself a problem which the four centuries that have passed since then

have failed to solve. In the words of his favourite author, "the time had no need of such aid, of such champions." A feeble Pontiff and a reluctant Christendom were not the means by which the greatest of all questions could be settled. In the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle may be seen the monument of the dead crusader, for it was removed there from the old Church of St. Peter's later on. But those who wish to see memorials of him must go to Siena or Pienza, his native town, which took his name in gratitude for his gifts to it, rather than to Rome. All that he built in St. Peter's has been swept away; but he erected the citadel of Tivoli, and had planned the deepening of the Aniene and the dredging of the harbour of Porto. But the best memorial of Pius II. is his own memoirs, a work which embraces the period 1405–63, and is considered a most valuable contribution to the history of the times. For, unlike the modern nonentities who compose what they call their reminiscences, the papal author had something really worth saying, and said it very pleasantly. He was a many-sided man, a born journalist, like Cicero, who was ready with a mellifluous page at a moment's notice on any subject under the sun. In our own time, with his skill and his title, he would have been the fortune of a monthly review. But no other Pope imitated his example, and wrote his autobiography. In this respect, as in much else, he was a modern man, who seems to be much nearer to us than many of the later Pontiffs. His historical works are of less value, but showed at least a wide range of interests

such as might have been expected from an author who had led such a wandering life. His great literary plan of describing the world as it existed in his days was never completed. At least he was no hermit in a cell, no "prisoner" in a palace and a garden. He knew men and things, for he had seen them with his own eyes, and his figure is unique in the long series of Popes.

VIII

ROME UNDER SIXTUS IV.

THE successor of Pius II. was a Venetian Cardinal whose chief quality was his personal appearance, of which he was so conscious that he desired to call himself as one former Pope had done, "Formosus," or "the beautiful," a name subsequently altered to that of Paul II. He had sworn to carry on the crusade against the Turks, to reform the Curia, to summon a council, to keep the number of Cardinals at twenty-four at the most, and to appoint only one of his nephews and no one under thirty years of age to that dignity. The Cardinals, in their desire to limit the power of the Papacy for their own benefit, had also imposed upon him the necessity of summoning the Holy College to meet twice a year for the purpose of examining how far these provisions had been observed. But the new Pope contrived to substitute an inaccurate copy of this document for the original, and then contemptuously tossed it into a cupboard, and treated it as so much waste-paper. His one mania, when once he had become Pope, was pomp, and his collection of jewels would have done

credit to the wife of a modern South African millionaire. So great was his greed of trinkets that he upset the will of a rich Cardinal, who was known to possess some most valuable stones, and kept the best for himself. Yet he was not guilty of the papal sin of nepotism, and was more wanton than cruel. The populace, true to the classical maxim, he amused and fed, erecting barns and slaughter-houses for their benefit, and reviving the Carnival. That once famous Roman institution, now merely a shadow of its former self, owed its chief glories to this Pope, who used to look on at the horse-races and the contests of Jews and others from his balcony, much in the style of a Roman Emperor. At the close of these competitions he was wont to entertain the people in front of the Palazzo di Venezia which he built and where he usually resided, and would throw coins to them out of the windows.

A more important act was the revision of the Roman Communal statutes, which was completed in 1469, and regulated the civil law, the criminal jurisprudence, and the administration of the city. It is remarkable that this luxurious Pope did all he could in these statutes to prevent extravagance among his subjects. One of the most curious incidents of his pontificate was the prosecution of the Roman Academy, a body of scholars who met to read papers and celebrate the birthday of the city and other historic anniversaries. Its founder was a Calabrian student, Pomponius Lætus, a sort of mediæval Cato, who disbelieved in Christianity, and sought to revive the pagan form of worship, at least in theory.

PALAZZO DI VENEZIA.

Paul detected heresy and revolutionary ideas in these academic exercises, with which his predecessor might have had a sneaking sympathy. Accordingly, he ordered the arrest of a number of academicians during the Carnival. Pomponius was dragged before the Inquisition, but was released, after recanting his errors, and was allowed, under certain restrictions, to resume his lectures. Later on, after the death of Paul, the Academy was restored to its former position. The fears of the Pope had been increased by the news that the Emperor Frederick III. was on his way to Rome, for these imperial visits were always dreaded by the Pontiffs. It was admitted, however, that the Pope was on this occasion the better man of the two. The Kaiser was treated with politeness but as an inferior; the seat provided for him was lower than that of the Pope, and he made no difficulty about holding the papal stirrup. Another visitor, whose house may still be seen near the Quirinale in the alley which bears his name was the Albanian hero, Skanderbeg. He had come to obtain Paul's aid against the Turks, but the Pope did nothing to carry out the bold policy of his predecessor. In 1471 he died suddenly, throttled, it was said, by a spirit whom he had conjured into one of his numerous rings. As his successor was chosen Francesco della Rovere, the son of a poor skipper of Savona, who became known in history as Sixtus IV.

The new Pope at first showed signs of prosecuting the crusade against the Turks, and blessed the flags of the papal galleys in St. Peter's. But the admiral was chosen not for his skill in navigation, but for his

knowledge of theology, and the sole trophies of his expedition were twenty-five Turks who were carried on camels through the streets of Rome. Then Sixtus turned his attention to the more profitable task of providing snug places for the members of his family. He was the arch-nepotist of the Papacy, and sanctioned the system, which became its curse. Most of these so-called nephews were really the illegitimate children of the Pontiffs, and their quarrels threw enormous discredit upon the papal Court. Italy was often convulsed, and the Church degraded, for the sake of some worthless bastard, whose ambition used the influence of the Pontiff as the best means of obtaining temporal power. Under Sixtus Rome became a Ligurian colony, where the good folk of Savona found places and profit. One of the Pope's nephews was converted by a stroke of his uncle's pen from a penniless Franciscan monk into the greatest pluralist of the age, whose excesses were the public scandal of Rome. His reception of the Princess Leonora of Aragon outdid anything of the kind that had ever been seen in the city. The Piazza dei Santi Apostoli was covered with canvas and turned into a theatre for the occasion ; punkahs fanned the guests in the palace of the simple Franciscan ; the finest Flemish carpets, the choicest silver ornaments, adorned the rooms. For the edification of the Princess, her host had the Story of Susanna performed by a company of Florentine actors ; the banquet which he gave in her honour vied with the culinary marvels of the most gluttonous Roman Emperors. One is reminded in reading the *menu*

of the feast of the *parvenu* Trimalchio, in the quaint tale of Petronius. Such extravagance as this was indeed worthier of an Oriental potentate than of a Christian monk, but this beggar on horseback was not content with spending money on food and drink alone. His mansion was full of poets and other parasites, and his stables full of horses. He obtained from his uncle the title of legate for all Italy, and it was hinted that he aspired to the Papacy itself. But death cut short his ambitions, accelerated perhaps by his boundless appetite for every kind of indulgence. The nepotism of Sixtus did not, however, end with the Franciscan's demise. The favourite's place was taken in the papal affections by another nephew, who quitted the toll-bar at Savona to levy blackmail on the unhappy subjects of the Pontiff. Such were the men whom the pilgrims found in office when they visited Rome in 1475 for the seventh *anno santo*, which had now been fixed at an interval of only twenty-five years from the last celebration, of course for the purpose of making money out of the pious visitors. From 1475 down to 1775 this practice of keeping the Jubilee every quarter of a century prevailed. From that year there was a gap till 1825, and the misfortunes of the Church did not permit of holding another till 1900. At the seventh Jubilee few pilgrims appeared, and those few were disappointed. Tournaments and shows were all that Rome had to offer to those who vainly sought there the purity of religion.

The natural result of nepotism was to involve the Popes in the labyrinth of Italian politics. Sixtus is

proved to have been one of the instigators of the disgraceful conspiracy of the Pazzi against the Medici at Florence, which shocked even that callous age, and has been stigmatised by an eminent historian as "an incontrovertible proof of the practical atheism of the times." The Pazzi, a distinguished Florentine family, were bankers at Rome, and came naturally into contact with the Pope's nephew, Girolamo Riario. They seem to have had an ancient grudge against the Medici; while the Pope and his nephew cherished the design of making themselves masters of Florence, and considered the Pazzi as serviceable tools for their purpose. The Archbishop of Pisa was admitted to the councils of the conspirators, and it was arranged that the two Medici, Giuliano and Lorenzo, should be murdered at the latter's country residence at Fiesole. An accident caused the postponement of the attempt, and the crime was actually committed in the cathedral at Florence at the moment when the priest was raising the consecrated wafer. It was only partially successful, for, though Giuliano fell, Lorenzo escaped. The chief blame must rest upon the Pope, though he was not technically guilty of the murder of Giuliano at the altar. He, however, showed his sympathy with the crime, for he excommunicated the Florentines because they had punished the murderer, but his injustice reacted on himself. In the fine castle of the Orsini at Bracciano, now the property of Prince Odescalchi, a league was formed between France, Venice, Milan, and other lesser Powers against the oppressor of Florence, who had postponed the war with the Turks to the gratification of his own spite and the advance-

Reverse.

Obverse.

MEDAL OF SIXTUS IV.

From "Die italienischen Schaumünzen des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts (1430–1530)." *Von Julius Friedlaender. Berlin*, 1882.)

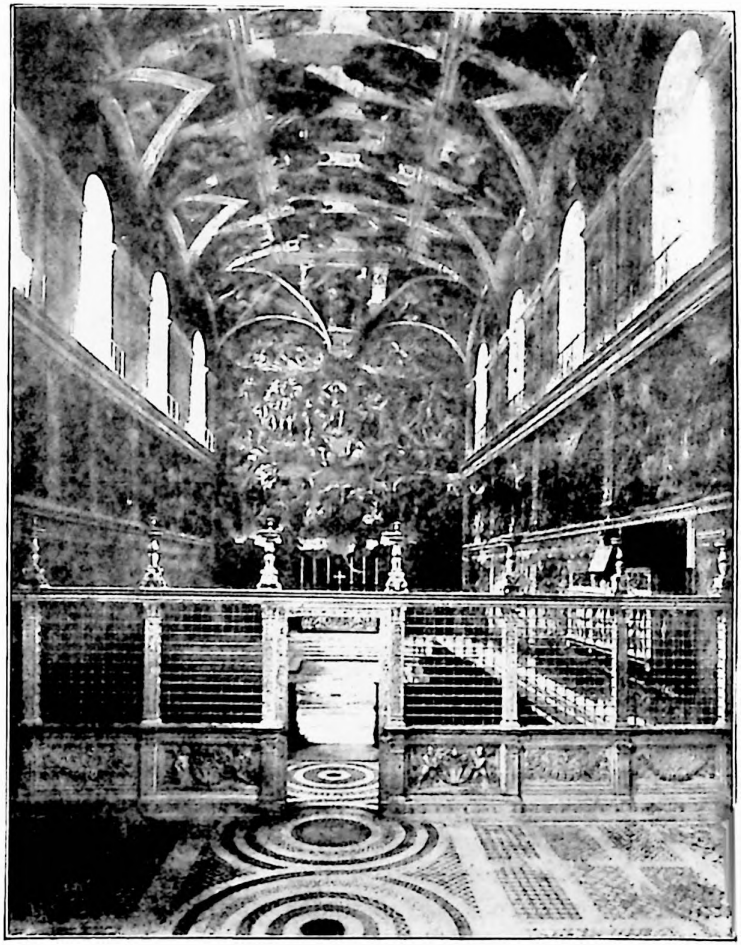
ment of his own relatives. Florence was saved, but in the self-same moment came the news of an event which dumbfounded Europe and forced even selfish Sixtus to make peace with his Italian foes. On August 21, 1480, the Turks captured Otranto, and for the first time set foot on Italian soil. This success had a tremendous effect. The King of Bosnia had said nearly twenty years before that when he had fallen his conquerors would make their way into Italy. But terrible as the advent of the Ottomans had then seemed, it was not so appalling as when they actually stood on Italian soil. Sixtus, panic-stricken at the thought that the Crescent might ere long wave over St. Peter's, meditated flight to France, but the death of Mohammed II. in 1481 saved Rome from the fate of Constantinople. On September 10th of that year the Turks evacuated Otranto, never to return. It is curious to speculate what would have been the future of Europe if the Turkish hosts had really conquered Italy; but that calamity has been spared us, and Otranto remains the most western point in Europe to which the Turk has penetrated. Sixtus, the moment that the danger was removed, reverted to his old ways, and hesitated to follow up the advantage by striking a blow at the retiring enemy. Nor was he tempted to make good the shadowy claims on Bosnia which the last Bosnian queen, Catherine, who had sought refuge in Rome and had died there, a pensioner of the Pope, in 1478, had bequeathed to the Holy See. He was sufficiently generous to give an annuity to Andrew, the elder son of the Despot Thomas Palæologus, who

had found an asylum in Rome after wandering all over Europe, and to provide Queen Carlotta of Cyprus with a dwelling in which she died. Rome had become what London was after successive European revolutions, the home of dispossessed potentates.

Relieved from the dread of a Turkish invasion, Sixtus sought the aggrandisement of another nephew in the Romagna, and so aroused the suspicions of all Italian magnates. In Rome itself the Colonna and the Savelli rose against him, while the Orsini took up arms in his defence against their hereditary foes. Other clans joined in the quarrel, and civil war once more raged in the city. To make matters worse, the papal troops desecrated the churches, not sparing even the Lateran, and converted their quarters into a perfect plague-spot. A Neapolitan army, in the ranks of which fought Mussulmans from Otranto, approached, but was defeated by the Pope's forces under the command of one of the Malatesta family of Rimini, at Campo Morto in the Pontine Marshes. The marsh fever slew the victorious commander, and Sixtus concluded a peace which is still commemorated in the title of Sta. Maria della Pace, where the happy event was celebrated. The delighted Romans wished to escort him with a torchlight procession, and the whole city was the scene of festivities. The Carnival was kept with more than usual splendour, and a hunt was organised on the Capitol. But the faction fights soon began again; the city rang with the cry of "Church and Orso"; the quarter of the Colonna was stormed by the papal party, and their palaces were torn down at the Pope's command. A prosecu-

tion of the vanquished clan followed, and this was made an excuse for levying blackmail and paying off old scores. The Roman commune begged Sixtus to pardon the Colonna; but, influenced by one of his inevitable nephews, he declined, and called down the blessing of the Almighty on the cannon which he despatched against their strongholds in the Campagna. Lorenzo Colonna, the most prominent of the clan, whom Sixtus had promised to spare, was beheaded under the most touching circumstances, and his mother, lifting up his severed head, exclaimed: "This is the head of my son! This is the way in which Papa Sisto keeps his word!" A few weeks later Papa Sisto was dead. A mediæval historian, the Suetonius of the Vatican, has left a terrible indictment of this man. "It was, indeed, a happy day," he wrote, "when God delivered Christendom from such a creature." Such was his love of bloodshed that he once bade two of his bodyguards fight a duel before his eyes; such was his love of money that he left no means untried in order to obtain it. "The Pope," he used to say, "only wants pen and ink to raise any sum he chooses." This first Della Rovere Pontiff, by his nepotism and love of power, led the way for the crimes of the second Borgia, who was so soon to sit in the seat of St. Peter. In the time of Sixtus, wrote a poet, "everything, even God, was for sale," and the bitter epigram was truer than most. Yet even Sixtus IV. was not all bad. He respected learning; he tried to cultivate the Campagna; above all, he beautified the city of Rome.

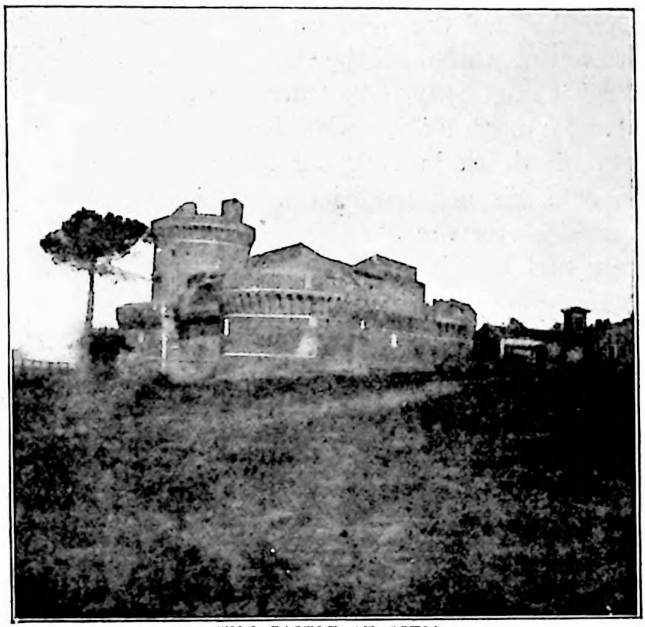
It is in this last respect that he deserves the most



THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

attention. He made Rome a modern city in the sense that he made it habitable. He ordered the chief streets to be tiled, so that it was said of him that he found Rome mud and left it—tiles. He instituted a commission for the widening of the narrow lanes, through which it had been difficult for two horsemen to ride abreast. He swept away the smithies which blocked up the bridge of Sant' Angelo, and when a Roman householder remonstrated at these improvements his answer was to pull the man's house down. Another bridge, the Ponte Sisto, still commemorates his name, though it was widened in 1878. Its foundations were laid by the Pope from a boat, and the work was finished in time for the Jubilee of 1475. In order to encourage building he bestowed special privileges on all who built houses in Rome, while he restored the hospital of the Holy Spirit and re-erected the churches of Sta. Maria del Popolo and San Pietro in Vincoli, besides beginning that of Sta. Maria della Pace. But his best known work was the Sistine Chapel, begun at his command in 1473 by Giovanni de' Dolci, and decorated by the best artists of the period. He also revived the Vatican library, which had been neglected since the death of Nicholas V., set aside money for the purpose, and gave the books a local habitation under the chapel. Nor were his nephews altogether without merit as builders and beautifiers of Rome, and Cardinal Julian della Rovere (afterwards Pope Julius II.) was the creator of the fine castle at Ostia which still remains. Another familiar relic of Sixtus in Rome is the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which now stands in the

Piazza del Campidoglio, and owes its restoration, but not its removal to its present site, to his care. His reign, too, marked a new development of painting. Botticelli, Perugino, and others worked in Rome, and the number and importance of the artists at this



THE CASTLE AT OSTIA.
(*From a photo. by Mrs. Miller.*)

period may be judged from their foundation of a Guild of St. Luke. There is no more favourable summary of this pontificate than the frescoes with which Sixtus adorned the hospital of the Holy Spirit. They show him as the builder of the Ponte Sisto and

of the hospital, the author of Sta. Maria del Popolo and Sta. Maria della Pace; they depict him receiving the kneeling Queens of Bosnia and Cyprus, the exiled Despots of Epirus and the Morea. His tomb may be seen in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in St. Peter's, where a bronze figure of the Pope is surrounded by the sciences which he patronised. Yet even now, after all the changes of four centuries, his spirit might say with truth, "If you wish for my real monument, look around Rome."

On his death in 1484 the people plundered the palace of his nephew Riario, broke open the corn magazines—for the hangers-on of the Della Rovere family had anticipated modern American methods of "cornering" wheat—and besieged the offices of the Ligurian money-changers, who had driven a roaring trade under the auspices of their distinguished fellow-countryman. The relatives of Sixtus saw that the game was up for the moment, while the Colonna, thirsting for vengeance, returned to their possessions. Barricades rose as if by magic, the hostile cries of the Orsini and Colonna factions passed from mouth to mouth. A fresh civil war seemed to be impending. The Cardinals saw that the new Pope must be chosen at once, and their choice, influenced, it was said, by bribes, fell on Cardinal Cibò, a rich Genoese who took the title of Innocent VIII. The new Pope had been, like his father, in the Neapolitan service at the time when Naples belonged to the House of Anjou, and this unfortunate connection led him to embroil himself in a war with the House of Aragon which now ruled there. This conflict still further embittered the

hatreds of the Roman factions, while it increased the universal distress. One of the Cardinals set fire to the palace of the Orsini, and the Pope took into the employ of the Church all the ruffians who had been banished for their crimes. The return of these scoundrels, many of them murderers, produced a perfect pandemonium in the city. Citizens were stabbed in the streets, pilgrims were waylaid, and even the envoys of foreign states were not protected by their sacrosanct dignity. Justice was both weak and venal. "God," said the papal vice-chamberlain, "does not wish the death of a sinner, but rather that he should live and pay." The Pope's son, Franceschetto—for Innocent hardly troubled to disguise his offspring under the usual name of "nephews" and "nieces"—had a special arrangement with the authorities by which he pocketed all fines above a certain figure. Every Cardinal's palace became a little Alsatia, where malefactors were defended by the mercenaries who were a necessary part of the household. At times the Cardinals levied war on each other, and, like the Pope, they too had "nephews" for whom it was necessary to provide as well as their partisans in the mob whom they pacified by splendid shows at the carnival. But these shows were eclipsed by the wedding of the Pope's son with a daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici which took place in the Vatican—a novelty, eminently characteristic of Innocent, who, a little later, celebrated in the same sacred spot the nuptials of a granddaughter, and actually sat down to table with the ladies!

A curious incident of Oriental history illustrates the chronicle of papal degradation at this point. Mohammed II. had left a younger son, Djem, who, after vainly endeavouring to deprive the rightful heir of the throne, had taken refuge with the Knights of Rhodes. The Grand Master basely agreed, on consideration of an annual payment by the Sultan, to keep the young pretender in safe custody. In accordance with this bargain Djem was sent to France, still under the charge of the Knights, until the latter handed him over to the Pope. He arrived in Rome in 1489, and thus the irony of fate led the son of the conqueror of Constantinople as a captive to the court of the Pontiff. Djem might have complained with reason that he was sacrificed "to make a Roman holiday"; vast crowds assembled to gaze on him and his small band of Mohammedan followers; the Pope's son with other persons of distinction met him at the gate; but Djem's face was veiled, and he received with truly Turkish indifference the obeisances of the Egyptian envoy and the salutations of the Roman nobles. He was suitably lodged in the Vatican, and was received by Innocent in full state next day. Even in his exile he refused to bow the knee before the Pope, but would only consent to kiss his shoulder and embrace the Cardinals. For nearly six years he remained a prisoner in the Vatican, amusing himself as best he could with hunting or music, while his gaoler, the Pope, pocketed an annual allowance from the Sultan for his strict supervision. On one occasion the Sultan tried to get rid of him; but Innocent, to whom Djem's death would

have meant the loss of a nice income, had the would-be assassin executed. On another occasion the Turkish envoy, who brought as a present from his master the point of the lance which had wounded Our Lord, and at the same time the money for Djem's maintenance, insisted on seeing the captive, thinking, no doubt, that the guileless Innocent might be receiving payment from the Sultan for keeping a dead pretender in custody. Djem received his brother's emissary and entertained him in the Vatican—a proceeding which scandalised those Romans who still regarded that palace as a holy place. It was, indeed, a curious spectacle to see a Pope taking bribes from a Sultan for acting as a gaoler. But, under Innocent's successor, a yet more disgraceful scene ensued. At first Djem was the friend and companion of the Borgia, one of whom used to wear Turkish clothes as a compliment to him. But when Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy he dreamt of a conquest of the East as well, and intended to get hold of Djem and use him as a tool. Alexander VI., hard pressed, consented to give up his prisoner, whom the Sultan had urged him to murder, promising to pay him a huge sum for the deed. Djem was taken to Naples, but soon after died there early in 1495, it was said, of poison, administered by Alexander's command. Later on, the Turks removed his body to Brûsa, where the present writer saw his grave among the tombs of the Sultans.

The news of the fall of Granada and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain brightened the last months

of Innocent, and provoked general rejoicing in Rome; all the houses were illuminated, processions made their way to the Spanish National Church, San Giacomo degli Spagnuoli; the storming of Granada was represented, and bull-fights were held at the cost of the Spanish envoys on the Piazza Navona. In the same year, 1492, the Pope died, and the most notoriously wicked of all Pontiffs mounted the throne in the person of Rodrigo Borgia, known in the papal annals as Alexander VI. With his election the Papacy reached its lowest depth, and Rome became a byword for all that was base.

Innocent VIII. did not impress his mark, like his predecessor, on the external appearance of the city. But he restored the Church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata; he erected a fountain in the Piazza di San Pietro, but in a different position from that of the two present ones; and, above all, he built the Belvedere in the Vatican. The hunting-box of La Magliana was also his work. His monument in St. Peter's perpetuates the event of his reign, which most impressed the credulous—the reception of the point of the sacred lance.

The Conclave which met after his death was divided between the French and German interests; but the latter prevailed, owing partly to the prestige of Spain at that moment, partly to the gigantic bribery practised by the Spanish candidate, who was said to have sent to another prominent Cardinal four mules laden with gold besides promising him his own palace and all that was in it, in return for his vote and influence. Other members of the Conclave

were promised bishoprics and castles; and one hoary sinner, tottering on the edge of the grave at the age of 95, was not ashamed to take a heavy bribe in cash. Under these circumstances, Borgia was chosen by an unanimous vote; and one of the electors, lifting him up in his arms, placed him on the throne above the high altar of St. Peter's, so that the people might see the creature whom the Cardinals to their eternal infamy had appointed to be the Vicar of Christ upon earth. But the first thought of the populace had been, as usual, to plunder the new Pope's palace, and it is an undoubted fact that his election was popular in Rome.

We have already seen this monster disporting himself with other men's wives in the gardens of Siena; but that was only one of his numerous vices. He had had four children by a mistress, whom he induced three successive husbands to make a moderately honest woman. This *liaison* was of more importance than as a proof of the Pope's degraded character, for among the numerous children who sprang from it were Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia, names of ill omen in the history of their age. To this Pope's affection for Julia Farnese, her brother, afterwards Pope himself, owed his Cardinal's hat. Alexander VI. was, however, known to be a good man of business in the way that business was conducted in those days, though he would hardly have risen so rapidly to be Vice-Chancellor of the Church, the bishop of three dioceses and a Cardinal, if he, by birth the son of a Spanish nobleman of Játiva, near Valencia, had not been the nephew of Calixtus III. He was a man of

moderate culture and immoderate ambition, a cunning diplomatist and a ready speaker, a fine-looking figure, and, so his secretary has stated, "in the opinion of all his colleagues, worthy of the Papacy." A modern historian may qualify this judgment by saying that he was a thoroughly representative man of his age and surroundings. Rome had for some time past been ripe for an Alexander VI., and now she got what she deserved. The people greeted him with a torchlight procession, and his coronation threw all previous papal ceremonies into the shade. An allegorical figure of Rome, represented as a woman with the papal tiara in her hand and the bull, the arms of the Borgia family, by her side, was erected on the route with an appropriate list of the new Pontiff's virtues, among which "Chastity" was the first. A courtly poet in a detestable elegiac couplet which will not even scan announced that, "if Cæsar had made the city great, the sixth Alexander had made her greater, for Cæsar was only a man, his successor a god." Obsequious Cardinals, little suspecting the fate that would soon be theirs, at the hands of their new master, grovelled before him, and the mob, which afterwards scoffed at the virtuous Hadrian VI., greeted the lascivious Borgia with enthusiasm as he was borne along in a golden palanquin to the Lateran. Yet the historian Guicciardini has coupled his election with the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent as the two greatest blows which fell upon Italy in that age. In judging Alexander VI., our opinion of him must differ, according as we consider his conduct by the standard of a Leo XIII., or by that of his own degenerate age

—the age of the poisoned cup and the perjured conscience. But even so it would be well for the credit of human nature, if the eleven years of his pontificate could be blotted out from the story of the Papacy.

IX

THE PAPACY OF ALEXANDER VI.

THE first acts of the new Pope marked him as, at least, a strong ruler. He punished crime among his subjects with rigour, paid his officials punctually, and restored peace and plenty to the city. His own table cost but little, for he was a strict economist in matters of personal expenditure. But from the first moment he displayed the spirit of nepotism, which, in his case, caused such grave evils. For, in the desire to raise his children to posts of eminence, he stuck at nothing. His first care was for Cæsar, who rushed from his studies at Pisa to Rome as soon as he heard the news of his father's election. On the very day of his coronation, Alexander created him Archbishop of Valencia, a post which he had occupied himself, and a little later made him a Cardinal. Similar appointments followed, and soon no less than thirty relatives of the new Pope were holding high offices. The days of Calixtus III. had returned ; the Borgia family had once more invaded Rome. For Lucrezia, by reason of her sex, there was no ecclesiastical preferment, for her age (she was twelve at her father's accession) would have

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been no bar to such a career, seeing that Cæsar had been dedicated to the Church at six. But her father married the young lady, who had already been twice engaged, to the relative of a powerful Cardinal, the same who had received the four mules laden with gold. The wedding was celebrated in the Belvedere of the Vatican according to the precedent of Innocent VIII., in the presence of the happy father, but we must leave the description of the proceedings in "the decent obscurity of a foreign language." As the King of Naples said, the Pope's sole aim was the aggrandisement of his children.

It is pleasant to turn from these petty acts of nepotism to the great deed of world-wide import, which Alexander was called upon to execute. In the same year which witnessed his elevation to the Papacy, Columbus had discovered America, and during his pontificate Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The two great exploring Powers of that age, Spain and Portugal, appealed to his decision for the delimitation of their "spheres of influence" in the New World, just as, in our own day, Leo XIII. has been made arbiter of a territorial dispute between Spain and Germany in the Caroline Islands. Alexander, with the boldness of a foreign office official who has never quitted Downing-street, drew a line on the map of the globe, and assigned all lands discovered, or to be discovered, 100 miles west of Cape Verde and the Azores, to the Spanish monarchy, thus re-asserting the cosmopolitan authority which some of his greatest predecessors had claimed for the Papacy. He practised also a religious

toleration, which incurred him the censure of bigots, by receiving and providing with a camping-ground near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, a party of Saracens and Jews, who had fled from the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition, but whose compatriots found a safer refuge at Salonica, Smyrna, and other Turkish towns.

Italy herself was, however, soon menaced with an invasion, which occupied all the thoughts of the Romans and their ruler. Charles VIII. of France was preparing his memorable expedition to win the throne of Naples, as the heir of the House of Anjou. In 1494 he started, after having in vain urged Alexander to sanction his claim. The latter formed an alliance with the reigning Neapolitan dynasty and did not even shrink from seeking help from the Sultan, to whom he despatched a special envoy with instructions of a highly compromising character. It was, indeed, a touch of irony to find the head of Christendom asking Turkish aid against "the eldest daughter" of the Church! The Turks were, however, far off, and Charles was daily approaching. Ostia was occupied by French troops; the King reached Viterbo, where the Pope's mistress, Julia Farnese, was captured by the invaders, and the Orsini went over to Charles, who made their castle at Bracciano his headquarters. This last blow decided the wavering Alexander, who had meditated defending Rome against the French, and had begged the large German colony there, inn-keepers, shoemakers, bakers, and the like, to take up arms on his behalf. He came to terms with the King, persuaded the Neapolitan troops, which had reached Rome, to withdraw, and on the last day of

1494 Charles VIII. made his triumphant entry through the Porta del Popolo, where his Grand Marshal received the keys of all the gates. In full panoply, with lance in rest, the young monarch rode through what is now the Corso, accompanied by the fine flower of French chivalry. It was a fantastic scene, for it was dark when he arrived, and the armour of the French knights reflected the lights of the torches which illuminated the street. The inhabitants, who had refused to defend the city, had obsequiously fastened the arms of France before their doors and shouted: "*Francia! Francia!*" as Charles dismounted in front of the Palazzo di Venezia, where rooms had been prepared for him. Artillery protected the approaches of the palace, French soldiers encamped in various parts of the city, and the New Year found the Pope trembling at the possible intentions of his unwelcome visitor, while the Romans knew not what would happen next. The enemies of Alexander implored Charles to depose him as having been guilty of simony, to reform the Church, and to put a puppet of his own in Borgia's place. The rough draft of the document deposing the Pope was actually prepared, and Alexander withdrew to the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Charles had a chance such as fell to the lot of another Charles, the famous Emperor, thirty-three years later, but, like his namesake, to the regret of all good men, he neglected it. After visiting the sights of the city, while his soldiers plundered it, the King came to terms with the Pope, and condescended to do him homage "as the Vicar of Christ and the successor of St. Peter." Side by side the crafty Pontiff

and the foolish monarch rode through the streets, but the latter was careful to have all his food tasted and his wine tested at every meal. After a month's stay he left for Naples; and, after a success easily won and as easily lost, he re-entered Rome in June, where he found that Alexander had fled, leaving the English Cardinal, Morton, as his vicar. But this time he did not tarry long; he was soon on the way home from his profitless campaign, and Alexander once more felt safe on his throne. Yet there were persons, who shook their heads over the return of such a monster, and saw in the terrible inundation of the Tiber towards the close of 1495 a sign of God's wrath at the public immorality of the time.

As soon as the fear of France was removed Alexander set about clearing away the obstacles which impeded the advancement of his family. He began with the Orsini, whose possessions had long been a Naboth's vineyard to him; but their stronghold of Bracciano,[1] protected by its lake, repelled the attacks of the papal troops. Foiled in this attempt to provide his eldest living child, Juan, who had been made Duke of Gandia in Spain, with a splendid appanage, he resolved to enrich him at the cost of the Church, and created him Duke of Benevento and Ponte Corvo. But this parental plan, like the other, was frustrated, and by an appalling tragedy. A week after Juan's nomination, he was supping with his brother in a vineyard, and after the meal rode some way with him towards the Vatican. Before they had reached

[1] It is still a model of a mediæval castle, and reminds one of Warwick.

their father's abode, the two brothers parted, Juan alleging that he had to attend to some business. Next morning he did not appear; and, when the evening arrived and his son was still absent, the Pope became alarmed and caused inquiries to be made in the city. A Slavonic coal-merchant, whose business kept him on the Ripetta, stated that about one in the morning he had seen two men emerge from an alley near the Slavonic hospital and go down to the Tiber at a spot where refuse was wont to be thrown into the river. After looking around as if to see that all was quiet, they went back, and two others appeared. They also peered about, and then gave a signal, at which a man on a white horse with a dead body behind him rode down to the bank. His companions lifted the corpse from the horse, and flung it into the stream, throwing stones at the dead man's cloak, which remained floating, so that it might tell no tales. Thus far the coal-merchant, who, when asked why he had not at once reported what he had seen, naïvely replied: "I have seen a good hundred corpses flung into the Tiber at yonder spot in my time, but I never before heard of any one bothering about them"—a remark which speaks volumes for the state of society in Rome! But on this occasion no efforts were spared to discover the body; hundreds of fishermen were set to dredge the Tiber, and in a bitter epigram a poet described the Pope as a worthy successor of St. Peter, for he was indeed "a fisher of men." The quest was successful; the Duke's corpse was dragged to shore, fully clothed but stabbed in nine places, the hands bound behind the back and an unopened purse

in one of the pockets. The Pope was horrified at the discovery; he shut himself up in his room, and was heard weeping and crying aloud: "I know who has killed him." At last he summoned the Cardinals and the foreign ambassadors, and told them that he would rather have his son alive again than be seven times a Pope. He made virtuous resolves to reform himself and the Church, to give up the sale of benefices, to strike a blow at pluralists. He even talked of abdicating, and seemed at last to have a conscience and a God.

Meanwhile, all Rome was agog with curiosity to know who was the murderer. The police searched high and low, all sorts of persons were accused—for the dead man had many doubtful acquaintances—but in vain. The cry of the Pope, his sudden order to stop further inquiries, and the principle of suspecting the man who profited most by the crime all fixed the guilt upon the murdered Duke's brother, Cæsar. Three years later the Venetian ambassador openly stated that Cæsar was the culprit, and the best authorities took his view. No eye-witness was present at the first meeting of father and son on the morrow of this tragedy, by comparison with which the horrors of the House of Atreus seem as nothing. The people whispered that the dead man's ghost was heard in the Vatican, calling down on his brother the curse of Cain. Evil spirits were supposed to haunt the Pope, and an explosion in the powder magazine of Sant' Angelo, caused by lightning, which destroyed the upper part of the castle and smashed the marble angel, was attributed to the vengeance of

Heaven. But Cæsar, unpunished and emboldened by the success of his atrocious crime, became every day more powerful, and took the position of his elder brother in the Borgia family. The execution of Savonarola, who had dared to warn the Pope of the state of the Church, relieved Alexander from the most earnest critic of his acts, and left him free to go on in his career of guilt, only startled at times by the pasquinades which he found affixed to the doors of the Vatican. Cæsar laid down the dignity of a Cardinal in order to attain yet higher honours ; and, as Duc de Valentinois, went on a special mission to France where he received the hand of a French princess, and gave the Pope's consent to a second French invasion of Italy as the price of the aggrandisement of the Borgia clan. The amiable Lucrezia was married again to an eligible prince, and appointed Regent of Spoleto, to which Sermoneta, the property of the Gaetani, was added by means of a series of crimes such as the Pope and his dear children knew so well how to commit. The next step was to root out the petty lords of the Romagna, so as to provide Cæsar with a principality there.

Aided by French troops, Cæsar set about his task with his usual skill and his natural unscrupulousness, and in the early days of the eighth year of Jubilee, which the worst of all Popes held with conspicuous pomp in 1500, Rome was illuminated in honour of his first successes. While two hundred thousand pilgrims were receiving the blessing of Alexander on their knees before St. Peter's, his son was celebrating his triumph over the defenders of Imola, Cesena, and

Forli. Cæsar's entry into Rome was a magnificent pageant; he was appointed standard-bearer of the Church, as a reward for his victories, and received the standard and the *bâton* from the hands of his father, as well as the golden rose—the symbol of virtue! The whole city seemed given up to the adulation of this murderer whom flatterers compared with the great Cæsar, and who boasted that he, too, "came, saw, and conquered." The pious offerings of the pilgrims were devoted to hiring soldiers for his ambitious schemes, and for their edification he gave a proof of his enormous strength by cutting off a bull's head on the steps of St. Peter's. But the bloodthirsty Cæsar was not content with the slaughter of bulls. Rome had not yet forgotten the murder of his brother when the assassination of another victim, his brother-in-law, horrified the citizens. The Prince of Bisceglie, Lucrezia's husband, was attacked and stabbed one night as he was on his way home from the Vatican. Wounded as he was, the Prince managed to drag himself back to the Pope's apartments and stammered out the name of his assassin. Lucrezia who was present fainted, and her husband was carried away to a neighbouring palace, in the hope that his wounds might not prove mortal. His wife and sister prepared his food with their own hands for fear of poison, and the Pope ordered him to be watched day and night by sixteen men. But these precautions were all in vain. On the third day after the outrage, Cæsar arrived in the wounded man's chamber, ordered the women to leave it, and then called in one of his myrmidons and bade him

throttle the defenceless Prince. The murderer made no secret of his crime, nor did he hesitate to stab his father's favourite chamberlain before the Pope's very eyes, and in such close proximity to Alexander that the latter was bespattered by the falling victim's blood. It was, indeed, a reign of terror. Alexander trembled before his ruthless son, and the widowed Lucrezia was forced to leave Rome at his command, until such time as Cæsar should want to use her for the furtherance of his own ends.

But this arch-fiend in human shape was not alone in his career of crime. A contemporary resident has left a gruesome account of the rapes and assassinations, the plunder of churches, and the complete impunity with which every kind of enormity was committed. As a specimen of wickedness in responsible places may be mentioned the physican of the Lateran hospital, who used to shoot and then rob passers-by in the early morning, and poison rich patients who were pointed out to him by his confederate, the confessor of that institution. In order to raise more money for his campaign in the Romagna, Cæsar forced his father to create a batch of Cardinals, who paid the vilest creature of the age heavy sums for the doubtful honour of sitting in such an assembly as the College then was. As for himself, he was made Duke of the Romagna, and, under the cover of religion and a crusade against the Turk—the general excuse for acts of robbery in that age—he took part in the expedition of Louis XII. of France against Naples, which ended in the fall of the House of Aragon, and the establishment of the power of Spain in that

sorely-vexed kingdom. As soon as the Neapolitan dynasty had fallen, the Pope went in person to possess himself of the lands of those barons who had been its allies, leaving his daughter to act as his vicar in the Vatican—a novel incident which was bitterly criticised in Rome. On his return, her marriage with the Duke of Ferrara was announced, and politicians saw at once the real motive of her late husband's murder. Her little boy, and an illegitimate son of the Pope, together received the confiscated property of the barons in Latium. The influence of the Borgia family had never been so widespread as at the moment of this fourth betrothal of Lucrezia, which cost Rome very dearly. The bride was followed by a procession of fifty noble ladies, the Cardinals vied with each other in obsequiousness to her, and the grumbling citizens had to pay the piper. The towns through which she travelled on her way to Ferrara spent large sums on her reception, but she was more feared than loved. At Ferrara she seems to have reformed at last, and her declining years were devoted to works of charity, and perhaps to repentance.

Meanwhile, her terrible brother carried all before him in the Romagna. He seized the Duchy of Urbino, and for a few months the Republic of San Marino lost its liberty. He was at the zenith of his power; the most eminent men of the age were his servants. Leonardo da Vinci became his architect and engineer; courtly poets sang his praises. Nor was his rule in that turbulent part of Italy altogether an evil. He put down petty tyrants, and the writ

ran throughout the land. His methods won the admiration of Machiavelli, if that can be regarded as a recommendation; and the author of "The Prince" approved the vile act of treachery by which Cæsar killed his revolted allies. But his father was not behindhand in crimes of this kind. The famous white powder of the Borgia found its way into the cup of the most rapacious of the Cardinals, "whose body," so ran the pasquinade, "went to earth, his soul to hell, and his goods to the Pope." Another Cardinal, one of the Orsini, was seized on his way to congratulate Alexander on his son's success, and hurled into prison with other members of that powerful clan. Their palace was occupied, and the Cardinal's aged mother turned out into the streets, where she in vain besought the terrified citizens to take compassion upon her. It was to no purpose that the Cardinal's colleagues besought the Pope to have mercy; he remained inexorable to their appeals. Every day fresh batches of noble Romans were thrown into the dungeons of Sant' Angelo. It seemed as if the days of Tiberius had come again. Some people died of sheer fright, others emigrated; at last, the braver spirits among the barons rose against their tyrants, determined, if die they must, not to die unavenged. They attacked the Ponte Nomentano, and Cæsar had to hasten back to the defence of his family. Before he arrived Cardinal Orsini had been poisoned—by the Pope's orders, it was said; another Cardinal quickly followed him to the grave, and his property, too, passed into the hands of the Borgia. The next victim was the Pope's confidential secretary, who was

throttled in Cæsar's presence. No one was safe; for the minions of the Borgia, if no other charge were forthcoming, were ready to denounce people as heretics in order to get money for their employers. Then, suddenly, when this terror was at its worst, the tyranny of the hated father and son received a fatal check. Both fell ill; six days later Alexander VI. was dead.

The report was at once spread that he had been poisoned, and there was ample evidence for that assertion. August, it is true, was always a dangerous month in Rome, and that year it was particularly hot, and, therefore, particularly deadly. But the Pope had a fine constitution, and it had hitherto resisted the fevers of a month which had proved fatal to three of his predecessors. Moreover, the sudden illness of Cæsar at the same moment, and the ghastly appearance of the Pope's body after death, "black and swollen, the most horrible spectacle ever seen in a Christian country," as contemporaries wrote, both pointed to the employment of poison. It was felt, that so wicked a man as Alexander VI. could not have been permitted, if there were such a thing as Divine justice, to die a natural death, and the populace believed that the devil had appeared to him in the form of a baboon and took his soul away with him. According to the best-known story, Alexander and his son had arranged to poison the rich Cardinal Hadrian at a supper-party in a vineyard of the Vatican, and, by accident, they both drank of the poisoned wine. Another version states that the flagons of wine were changed by the Pope's

butler, who had been heavily bribed by the suspicious Cardinal. Whatever the real truth may have been, it is certain that the supper took place, and it soon became the general belief that the Pope had been the victim of his intended victim.

The terrible figure of the Sixth Alexander still stands out, after the lapse of four centuries, from the dark background of the Middle Ages. Institutions cannot logically be judged by the men who preside over them, and it is a feeble argument to condemn the Papacy, because it has been represented by a John XXIII. and an Alexander VI. But it is scarcely an adequate defence of this poisoner and robber who was styled the Vicar of Christ, to say that he was the product of his age. No doubt he was; and if he had been an ordinary mediæval statesman that might be some palliation for his crimes. But a Pope, in his religious capacity, must be judged, not by any relative standards of morality, but by the absolute rules of the religion of which he professes to be the head. Tried by such a criterion, Alexander was less fit to sit on the seat of St. Peter than the worst of convicts, and his presence there seems to us a profanation and an infamy. Nor was he a great statesman. Guided by the one motive of advancing the fortunes of his family, he allowed the foreigner to enter Italy, for which, as a Spaniard, he had no feelings of affection, and which regarded him, as a Spaniard and a foreigner, with little love. He treated Rome as a tyrant treats a captive, and no rich man was safe under his sway. Efforts have, indeed, been made in modern times to whitewash

him and his children, for it has become the fashion to represent the great monsters of history as the victims of misrepresentation. It is true that the eminent persons of Alexander's period did not receive much mercy from the pens of their contemporaries, and Rome has always been fond of scandals. But, after making due allowance for the malevolence of his subjects, we can hardly suppose that a man so universally hated and feared was other than a monster. No one can doubt that, with greater opportunities for evil-doing, he was at heart one of the conscienceless creatures in whom that age abounded. It cannot be denied that he was a first-rate man of business and a strong personality; many great scoundrels have been that. According to modern ideas perhaps the worst thing that can be said of him is that he won the enthusiastic praises of Machiavelli. "Of all the Pontiffs that have ever been," wrote the author of "The Prince," "he showed best how much a Pope could accomplish by money and by force." On his supposed tomb in the crypt of St. Peter's might appropriately have been inscribed the verse of the Roman satirist:—

"One scoundrel gets the gallows for his pains, another the tiara." [1]

Yet even Alexander VI. did something for the external improvement of Rome. He continued the restoration of churches; he fortified the castle of

[1] This sarcophagus is said to be that of Calixtus III. Alexander's ashes remained unburied in a wooden coffin at Santa Maria di Monserrato, with that of Calixtus, whither they had been removed in 1610, till Alfonso XII. of Spain had both the Borgia Popes buried in a marble mausoleum of that church in 1883.

Sant' Angelo with new walls and moats, during the excavation of which the colossal head of Hadrian, now in the Sala Rotonda of the Vatican, was discovered; and he laid out subterranean dungeons inside the fortress for his numerous victims. He also built a new entrance to the castle, and, for the convenience of the pilgrims to the Jubilee of 1500, he constructed the street which is now called the *Borgo Nuovo*, but which originally bore his name. He restored the Porta Settimiana, paved the Piazza di San Pietro, and erected a fountain there with two golden bulls as ornaments, in allusion to his own coat-of-arms. In the Vatican, the Torre Borgia, where he resided, and the rest of the Appartamenti Borgia preserve his name, though they were only his extension of the work of Nicholas V. The Palazzo Borgia, now called Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini, was built by him before he became Pope, but the University buildings, though not in their present form, were a memorial of his pontificate. To the same era belong Santa Trinità dei Monti, which was constructed by Charles VIII. in 1495 out of marble fetched from France as a memento of his stay in Rome; and the Spanish National Church and hospice of Sta. Maria di Monserrato. The foundations of the similar German institution, Sta. Maria dell' Anima, and the hospice of San Rocco date from the Jubilee year, 1500. A year earlier Bramante had come to Rome, and, though most of his work belongs to a later period, before Alexander died he had been employed on the Cancelleria, which had been begun under Innocent

STA. TRINITÀ DEI MONTI.

VIII., and on the Palazzo Giraud, which later on came into the possession of Henry VIII. of England and was used as the residence of the English Ambassador to the Vatican. Under the second Borgia Pope also was executed the famous *Pietà* of Michael Angelo, who came to Rome in 1496 and there began his career. Nor must we omit to mention the court-painter of this Pontiff, Pinturicchio, who was entrusted with the decoration of the Appartamenti Borgia. Perugino also painted in the Stanza dell' Incendio during this reign, while Pinturicchio was engaged in adorning the rooms of the Castle of Sant' Angelo and in other work which has unfortunately perished.

Before leaving the period of the Borgia, we may cast a glance over the city as it appeared to the visitor at the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time its population was about 70,000, or not quite one-seventh of its present inhabitants, and it bore little resemblance to the Rome of our own time. In the Borgo, St. Peter's had still retained a great part of its old form, and the square in front of it was scarcely half its present size. The Vatican presented an unfinished appearance, and in its vicinity numbers of innkeepers, mostly Germans or Swiss, had established themselves to cater for the pilgrims. In this quarter, too, dwelt many of the Pope's relatives; the renowned Cæsar himself is said to have lived in the Palazzo Serristori; but the Borgo must have been quite as mean-looking as it is to-day, when grandeur and squalor still meet there, and the greatest church of Christendom towers over wretched houses and

ignoble streets. Trastevere had a few years earlier been enriched by the erection of its St. Peter's—that in Montorio—but there, longer than in any other part of Rome, the Middle Ages lingered on. Towers, the strongholds of robber nobles, still rose above the houses of the citizens, but the old families had almost entirely disappeared, and many Genoese traders had taken their places, while the Jews were, as always, strong there. The quarter where the bankers from Florence, Siena, and Genoa had settled and drove a profitable business, was the present Via del Banco di Santo Spirito. In the Campo di Fiore were the largest and best hotels of that period, among them the famous *Albergo del Sole*, of which mention is often made. In those days one of the advantages enjoyed by its patrons was an excellent view of the executions which then took place on the square in front of it. In the same district was the poultry market; but a much more important institution of the locality was the famous statue which, known under the name of Pasquino, was, with the similar Marforio, now in the Capitoline Museum, the only means left to the priest-ridden Romans of expressing their opinions. The statue, which was discovered on the site of the present Palazzo Braschi, was put on a pedestal by Cardinal Caraffa in 1501, and was moved to its present position at the end of the eighteenth century. Opinions differ as to what it had originally represented, but all are agreed that it became one of the most important mediæval institutions of Rome. Its present name was derived from some witty tailor or schoolmaster who lived in the neighbourhood, and

the name then passed from the torso to the epigrams affixed to it. A specially favourite date for their publication was the feast of St. Mark, April 25th, when the priests of San Lorenzo in Damaso were wont to repose for a time on a stone seat not far from the figure. The custom arose of decking the statue with clothes and painting its face for the occasion ; in some years Pasquino was made to look like Minerva, Jupiter, Apollo, or Proteus ; at other times he was tricked out as Flora or Harpokrates, the God of Silence. Silent he was not, for in one year he was the vehicle for three thousand epigrams. A whole literature of these lampoons speedily grew up, and pasquinades in all languages trace their origin to Pasquino.

Tyrannical as they were to the rich and the nobles, the Borgia tried to keep the common people amused, and Rome was never long without some public entertainment. The Piazza Navona, where the city market had been recently fixed, was at this period the scene of the great Roman shows. There tournaments, races, and plays were to be seen, and it was thus the centre of popular amusements. In the midst of the ruined theatre of Marcellus rose the ramparts of the mansion of the Savelli, while in the lower part artisans had made themselves at home. Already the Corso stretched in a straight line from the Piazza di Venezia to the Piazza del Popolo, though there were in some places vineyards on either side of it where now stand houses. The Capitoline Museum was then the garden of the Monastery of Aracœli, and goats clambered about the Tarpeian rock, which was used in the Middle Ages, as by the

THEATRE OF MARCELLUS.

ancients, as a place of execution, until a little before the pontificate of Alexander VI. The Forum was very different from what it has become under the direction of Sig. Boni. Houses stood there as far as the Arch of Titus, and the cattle market had given it the name of *Campo Vaccino*, by which it was then and long afterwards known. The Palatine was abandoned to ruins and gardens, overgrown with creeping plants, and seemed to a contemporary observer to be a fitting symbol of the vanity of all human greatness. In the Colosseum the ruins of the palace of the Anibaldi served as a dressing-room for the actors who took part in the passion-plays which were then performed there. Along the Ripetta, as we have seen, a Slavonic colony had settled, and from it the district had been nicknamed *la Schiavonia*, just like the *Riva degli Schiavoni* at Venice. The Piazza del Popolo was still fields, but the adjoining gate was the busiest in Rome, and houses were beginning to be built there. In the Via del Babuino, so-called from the figure of the baboon, which was once to be seen there, there were only as yet a few small dwellings. The Pincio was overgrown with bushes, and vineyards covered its slopes towards the Piazza del Popolo. Around the Trevi fountain there was hardly anything in the nature of houses, but the good water supply soon began to attract residents thither. The quarter round Sta. Maria Maggiore was thinly populated, and the Lateran had not received its present form. The Quirinal was largely covered with olive-trees and vines, but the two horse-tamers already stood there, and gave the hill its popular name of *Monte*

THE HORSE-TAMERS.

Cavallo. The fine air and the classical traditions of a region, where Virgil was said to have lived, induced classical students to take up their abode there, and the Greek scholar, Lascaris, resided and the Roman Academy held its gatherings on the Quirinal. The Forum of Trajan was covered deep in rubbish, which had been piled up above the pedestal of the column.

Such was the aspect of the Eternal City, as the Jubilee pilgrims may have seen it in 1500. More ruinous, but more picturesque, it must have been than the Rome which presents itself to our gaze from San Pietro in Montorio, or from the top of the Castle of Sant' Angelo, thirty years after the Italian occupation. Modern building, and also modern research for the remains of classical antiquity, have destroyed many vestiges of the Middle Ages, until the capital of modern Italy has come to differ in appearance, almost as much as in morality, from the Rome of the Borgia.

X

ROME DURING THE RENAISSANCE

Up to the moment of his father's death Cæsar Borgia had been master of Rome; the Sacred College contained a number of his friends, the strongest fortresses in the Campagna were garrisoned by his adherents; he had both money and mercenaries at his command; and, as he told Machiavelli, he had made all his calculations beforehand as to his policy on the demise of his father. But one thing he had omitted to foresee—his own illness, and that one omission upset all his plans. Still, he did what he could in his feeble condition. One of his followers obtained possession of the papal treasures, and then the doors of the Vatican were thrown open, and the news of the Pope's death was proclaimed. The people went wild with excitement, and cries of joy and revenge were mingled when the glad tidings became known. But the scene inside the dead man's chamber was even more extraordinary than that without. The ghastly spectacle of the discoloured corpse terrified the servants, and it was with difficulty that they were induced to put it in its grave-clothes.

Beggars had to be heavily bribed to carry the body into St. Peter's, and it was useless to expose the feet for the customary kisses of the pious, for no one revered the Sixth Alexander. But, if no one came to pay respect to the mortal remains of the late Pope, thousands flocked to feast their eyes on that enemy of mankind. At last the body was shoved into a coffin, and the coffin placed in a chapel without a single candle. A black dog, so ran the story, was the sole mourner, and that dog was supposed to be the devil.

Meanwhile Cæsar lay in the Vatican, strongly guarded by his retainers, who barricaded the Borgo and prepared to resist a siege. He was resolved to dominate the Conclave if he could, and tried to prevent the arrival of unfriendly Cardinals. But the fury of the people was such that he had to make a compromise with the Sacred College promising to obey its decision and receiving from it confirmation of the dignity of General of the Church. He next separated by timely concessions the Orsini from the Colonna who were both thirsting for his blood, and secured French protection for himself and all his possessions. Then he left Rome in a litter, surrounded by armed men, for the castle of Nepi, which had lately been rebuilt by his father, and the Cardinals were able to meet for the election of a new Pope, while the Romans scrawled bitter epitaphs on the old one. After vowing that they would reform the Church, call a council, and make war on the Turks, the electors chose the Cardinal of Siena, Francesco Piccolomini, as Pope, and thus completely check-

mated the schemes of the King of France for the nomination of a French puppet in the person of the Cardinal of Rouen. The new Pope, who styled himself Pius III. in compliment to his uncle, the famous Pius II., was merely a figurehead put forward by others as a stopgap until their own time should come. But he was a man of honest purpose and pure morals, though an ordinary criminal would have seemed virtuous by comparison with Alexander VI. He owed his election, however, to his weak health, which prevented him from standing upright, and in less than a month he was dead. Every one knew that his successor would be the one strong man in the Conclave, Cardinal Della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., who ascended the papal throne under the name of Julius II.—a name which he made eminent in the annals of the Papacy. A man of unbending character, made as it were of the oak which was his coat-of-arms, he was a great ruler, but not in any sense a divine. He cared as little for religion as for theology, and his one redeeming moral quality was his love of truth. Ambitious and unscrupulous in the choice of means to his end, he had let the French King, Charles VIII., loose upon Italy in order to overthrow his personal enemy, Alexander VI.; yet, in order to win the Papacy, he had made peace with Cæsar Borgia, whose still considerable influence he wanted so as to make quite sure of his election. But the end of that monster of crime and deceit, whom Machiavelli regarded with such admiration, was now drawing to a close. During the brief rule of Pius III. he had obtained leave to return from Nepi to Rome,

where he desired, so his friends pretended, to die at peace with the world. Many of his towns in the Romagna had risen against him; in the capital the Orsini and the Colonna had forgotten their private feuds in their desire to wreak vengeance upon their common enemy. The gates of Rome were watched so that he could not escape a second time, and it was with difficulty that the Spanish Cardinals managed to smuggle him into the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Julius II. found him a prisoner in that grim fortress, and was at first inclined to use him as a tool against the Venetians, who had entered the Romagna and were attacking one place after another in spite of papal protests that that province was the property of the Church. Cæsar at once announced that he had "found a second father" in Julius—Julius who had been his father's bitterest adversary and whom, under more favourable circumstances, he would have sent into exile or suppressed. But his dear "father" did not trust him so far as to give him full powers in the Romagna; misunderstandings arose between them, and the Pope had Cæsar arrested and shut up in the Vatican under his own eye. The prisoner signed an agreement to deliver up various strong places in the Romagna within forty days, and to remain in custody until he had kept his promise. As a reward for performing it, he was to be allowed to go where he chose. In accordance with this arrangement, as soon as the chief Romagnole fortresses were surrendered, Cæsar was set at liberty, and at once betook himself to Naples, where he was arrested by Gonzalo de Córdoba in the name of the King of Spain. His

arrest was an act of treachery, but the world acclaimed it as well deserved, and message after message was sent to the Court of Madrid, imploring the King to rid the earth of such a double-dyed villain. He was taken to Ischia, and there put on board a ship which had orders to transport him direct to Spain, the land whence the Borgia family had started on its career of crime. For two long years he lay in a Castilian prison, the now ruined castle of Medina del Campo; then he escaped to Navarre. A few months later, in 1507, he fell fighting at Viana, near Valladolid, in an obscure local war, a miserable ending for one who had aimed at the sovereignty of all Italy, perhaps at the Papacy itself. Cæsar Borgia has been called "the greatest practical statesman of the age," and in a sense the remark is true. For at a time when practical statesmanship consisted of every deceit and every crime, when poison and the dagger were the usual implements of policy and nothing was considered wrong, provided that the object were attained, no man excelled him in the arts of public life. He must be judged, of course, not by the standard of the nineteenth century, but by that of the fifteenth, not by comparison with constitutional English statesmen, but in connection with the morality of the Middle Ages as it was interpreted in Italy. Yet, even so, he has left an indelible impression as a great criminal, a worthy son of his infamous father. His chief service was the unification of the States of the Church by the destruction of a swarm of petty tyrants; but, in the light of later history, it may be doubted if even that exploit was a benefit to Italy.

To restore the temporal power to its full extent was the great object of Julius II.; so, as soon as he felt himself secure in Rome, he set out in person to subdue Perugia and Bologna which had not yet submitted to his rule. Both cities received him within their walls, and he returned in triumph to the Vatican; arches and altars were raised in his honour, and the golden oak of the Rovere was represented, raising its branches as high as the roof of a church. But the Pope had now to complete his work by the humiliation of the Venetians, who still held Rimini and Faenza, and whose power was a constant danger to his States. "I will make your Republic," he once told the Venetian Ambassador, "a fishing village again." "And we," replied the Ambassador, "will make you a small parson, unless you are sensible." The answer to this retort was the famous league of Cambray of 1508, which united France, Spain, the Emperor, and the Pope against the City of the Lagunes. In the Doges' palace at Venice may still be seen the painting which represents Venetia on the lion opposed to Europa on the bull, in memory of this unequal contest of half Europe against the Republic. The issue of such a struggle could not be doubtful; the Venetians relinquished one place after another; and when even these offerings failed to satisfy the ambition of the Pope, they took counsel as to whether it were not better to seek aid of the Turks. This threat and the growing discord among the allies induced the Pope to pause; he reflected that, as the Turks were now firmly installed in Bosnia, the destruction of Venice would remove the last bulwark

between them and Italy, while in any case his foreign allies would be sure to seek influence over the States of the Church. After due deliberation he made his peace with the once proud, but now humbled, Republic of San Marco; and, armed with a golden rod, administered a light blow at each verse of the *Miserere* to the Venetian envoys, who crouched at his feet before the bronze gate of St. Peter's. He then ordered them to atone for their sins by visiting the seven churches of the city. These shrewd men of the world were much impressed by his behaviour towards them. "The Pope," wrote one of them to the Doge, "is a great statesman, who intends to be lord and master of the world." Yet, if he was harsh to the proud, he could be generous to the weak. While he did not spare the Republic of Venice, he confirmed the liberties of her little sister of San Marino, assuring the people of his care and protection in those troublous times. His policy was, in fact, to play off strong powers against each other; and, having weakened Venice by the aid of France, he now sought to weaken France by the aid of Venice. Of spiritual things he thought not at all, and it was sarcastically said of him that he "threw the keys of St. Peter into the Tiber and kept only the sword of St. Paul."

The breach between him and King Louis XII. of France grew wider every day. The French were furious with the Pope for deserting the league, and had no desire to see him predominant in Italy. Patriotic Italians hounded him on against "the barbarians" and urged him to become the saviour of

the peninsula from foreign yoke. On the other hand, reformers of the Church saw with horror the head of Christendom, oblivious of abuses and careless of councils, hurrying to the battlefield and planning the conquest of fortresses and the capture of his enemies. A Synod met at Tours and denied the Pope's right to make war for mundane objects, while Louis forbade any payments to be made by his subjects to Rome; a fresh schism seemed imminent. Yet, in spite of enemies and gout, Julius went on a litter to encourage his troops in the siege of Ferrara, then in possession of a *protégé* of the French king. He, at least, saw nothing inconsistent with his ecclesiastical position in thus taking active part in warlike operations. He let his beard grow long, visited the trenches, and exposed himself to fire. Poets called him "a second Mars," and he certainly seemed to have taken a pagan god rather than a Christian apostle as his model. When a fortress fell, he had himself drawn up through a breach in the walls in a wooden box, such was his eagerness to gloat over the vanquished. As his malady did not allow him to mount a horse, he was drawn along the rough roads of the Romagna in a bullock waggon such as may still be seen in the country round Rimini. He was unmoved by the horrors of war, and would not hear of peace. Then Bologna rose against him; his bronze statue, the work of Michael Angelo, which had been placed over the door of the Church of San Petronio, was smashed to pieces, and the fragments were melted down and made into a cannon; a papal favourite, suspected of having betrayed the city, was

murdered by the Pope's nephew in the streets of Ravenna. Fury and shame overwhelmed the bellicose Pontiff; and, to crown all, came the news that those Cardinals who had abandoned him had summoned a Council for the reform of the Church. Rumour even credited the Emperor Maximilian with the bold idea of making himself Pope, and so uniting the two greatest dignities of the Western World in the same person. There was the precedent of that Duke of Savoy who had mounted the chair of St. Peter as Felix V.; there was the scheme, attributed to Cæsar Borgia, of following his father on the papal throne. But if the Emperor really meditated such a step, his plan came to nothing. Julius was, however, sensible of the real danger that menaced him from the threatened Council, and tried to parry it by summoning a Lateran Council himself as soon as he reached Rome. There, at last, he collapsed; his death was announced, and his rooms were plundered; the people and the nobles made tumults in the streets; the Cardinals began to think of the Conclave. One of the Colonna family, angry at the refusal of Julius to select Cardinals from among the nobility of Rome, headed a rising, and held forth from the heights of the Capitol on the blessings of Republican freedom and the bane of papal despotism. He depicted the wickedness of the priests and the virtue of the people, and claimed a suitable number of seats in the Sacred College for his friends. Then came the news that the Pope was not dead but had only fainted. The agitation at once ceased, and the barons took a solemn oath to abstain from all feuds, and work

together for the future in the public interest and to the honour of the Pope. This *pax Romana*, as it was called, marked an advance towards a civilised state of things, even if it was not a complete success. The Pope had a medal struck to commemorate it, and it was certainly worthier of commemoration than many of those quarrels and intrigues which make up so much of mediæval Roman history.

As soon as he had recovered, Julius worked hard at the formation of a "holy league" against France, and the adhesion of his late foes, the Venetians, and the King of Spain, enabled him to proclaim the league as a great fact in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo in 1511. He hired Swiss mercenaries, always at the service of the highest bidder, and the war began. But the first blow was a tremendous surprise for the Pope. About two miles outside Ravenna, not far from the Church of Sant' Apollinare in Classe, on the dismal plains of that swampy region, the French Commander, Gaston de Foix, inflicted a crushing defeat on the papal forces. Two future Popes took part in the battle, and the poet Ariosto was also among the combatants. But in the moment of victory the victor fell, and a column on the battlefield still commemorates his fall. All Romagna at once abandoned the papal cause, Rome was convulsed with the news, and the Cardinals urged Julius to make peace and escape. But the old warrior-Pontiff stood firm; "I will stake my tiara and a hundred thousand ducats," he said, "on the attempt to drive the French from Italy." A new league arose, as if by magic, from the ashes of the

old ; Henry VIII. of England joined it, and in three months the victorious army of Ravenna had retreated beyond the Alps. Julius ordered Rome to be illuminated in honour of his triumph, and posed as the saviour of Italy from the foreigner—he who, four years before, had called the foreigner into Italy to aid him in attacking an Italian Republic ! Great was his anger against his enemies, and when one of them, the Duke of Ferrara, sent Ariosto as his envoy to pacify him, the furious Pope threatened to have the plenipotentiary drowned like a dog in the Tiber, and the cautious poet hastily withdrew. The Romagna again submitted, and Parma and Piacenza became for the first time papal territory. The services of the venal Swiss were suitably rewarded, and it sounds like bitter irony to hear of the contemporaries of Zwingli receiving from the Pope the titles of "Allies and Defenders of the Church's liberty." In the meantime, Julius had assembled his Council in the Lateran, while the rival assembly had proved to be a failure. He stood at the zenith of his power ; he had beaten the French, he had restored and increased the States of the Church, had evaded reform, and had made himself the first potentate in Italy. But Nemesis fell upon him in the hour of his triumph. Still scheming, planning the overthrow of the Spanish power in Naples, and thinking of other political successes, the old Pope died. When he felt his end approaching, he remembered the fate of some of his predecessors whose corpses had lain neglected and unclothed, and bade them bring him his best clothes and his richest rings. As he thought over

all that he had done, he, too, like so many of his predecessors in their dying moments, wished that he had never been Pope. For the last time he summoned the Cardinals, and bade them pray for his soul, for he had been a bad man, he said, and needed their prayers. Then he died. For a whole generation there had never been such a crowd in Rome as at his funeral, for every one wanted to see the dead man who, when living, had filled the whole world with his name. Had he been a king or an emperor, he might have passed muster among those often dubious characters whom historians have decided to call great; but it is impossible to forget—though he often forgot it—that he ought to have behaved like a priest, and he must be judged accordingly. By his policy he unconsciously dealt a blow at the Church which was long felt, and his diplomacy was an unwitting cause of the Reformation.

On the external form of Rome he did not fail to set his mark. Under him began a new era of splendour, and the golden age of Augustus seemed to have returned. Like many great rulers, he wished to leave behind him grand buildings as a memorial of his reign, and the age was propitious to him, for there were geniuses in plenty to do his bidding. He had the traditional love for building which distinguished his family, and followed out the plans of his uncle, Sixtus IV. He widened the streets, under the guidance of Bramante, the greatest architect of the age, and the Via Giulia which became the favourite thoroughfare of Rome during the sixteenth century bears his name. He made the Via Lungara, and

erected a papal mint where the silver pieces, called after him *Giuli*, were coined. His banker, the famous Agostino Chigi—head of a Sienese family, settled in Rome, which resembled the Rothschilds of our own time—built the villa, which from a later owner has received its present name of Farnesina, and the architect of which is now believed to have been none other than Raphael himself, though the plan was originally ascribed to Peruzzi. Bramante was constantly employed by Julius on important buildings, and the circular chapel in the Court of San Pietro in Montorio, the Cancelleria, the Palazzo Giraud, the arcades in the first Court of the Vatican, and the Court of Sta. Maria della Pace, are all monuments of his genius. But his masterpiece was the plan for the rebuilding of St. Peter's, "the most glorious structure," according to the admission of Gibbon, "that has ever been applied to the use of religion." The first suggestion for this gigantic undertaking emanated from the Florentine, Giuliano di Sangallo, architect of the Castle at Ostia and of the Court of the Monastery adjoining San Pietro in Vincoli. In spite of considerable opposition from the Cardinals who wanted the Church preserved in its original shape, Bramante projected a structure in the form of a Greek cross with a magnificent dome over the centre, placed between two belfries. On April 18, 1506, the foundation-stone of the new building was laid. The Pope descended a ladder into the hole made to receive the foundations under the choir-pillar of Sta. Veronica; a goldsmith brought with him in a clay vessel twelve newly-coined medals, two of gold, the

rest of bronze, which were buried at that spot. The foundation-stone was of white marble and bore a Latin inscription with the name of the Pope, and it is a curious proof of England's international importance at the time, that on the same day Julius sent a despatch to King Henry VII., announcing that he had "blessed the first stone and signed it with the Sign of the Cross." For eight years Bramante worked at the new edifice, while portions of the old Church were taken down to make room for it. It is impossible, however, to acquit the strenuous architect of the charge of vandalism brought against him by Michael Angelo. Like many other restorations, that of St. Peter's did a great amount of harm to the fabric of the building and to the monuments which it contained. Even the tomb of Nicholas V. was broken in pieces, and beautiful columns were ruthlessly sacrificed. But Julius was "an old man in a hurry," and he gave his architect no time to take proper precautions for the preservation of what was worth preserving. Yet, in spite of all this haste, neither Pope nor architect lived to see much progress made with the work. Bramante began some of the tribunes and finished the four colossal pillars of the dome, yet even that was not final, for later on Michael Angelo had to strengthen their foundations. But those who wish to study his plans in detail will find them in the Uffizi at Florence. Upon his death, Raphael was appointed, in accordance with Bramante's desire, to carry on the work, and associated with himself Giuliano di Sangallo and Fra Giocondo of Verona. The original plan was abandoned, and

Raphael substituted a Latin for a Greek cross. On his death, only six years after that of Bramante, Peruzzi and Antonio di Sangallo oscillated between the Greek and Latin styles, and then Michael Angelo returned to the ground-plan of Bramante, and one Pope after another ordered his design to be accepted as final. But in the early years of the seventeenth century Paul V. was persuaded by his architect to revert to the Latin cross, and at last, after being in the hands of the builders during the reigns of twenty Popes, the new church was formally consecrated by Urban VIII. on November 18, 1626, the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the original building by Sylvester I. The cost was enormous, and the contributions towards defraying it, which were wrung by Julius and his successors from Christendom by questionable means, were one of the chief causes of the Reformation. In the words of an ecclesiastical historian, "Thus the material structure of St. Peter's provoked the collapse of a large part of its spiritual structure."

But Julius II. was not content to build his reputation as a Mæcenas of the arts on these great edifices alone. He was the founder of the Vatican Museum, and placed in the Belvedere which Bramante had constructed at his orders the newly-discovered Apollo Belvedere and the group of the Laocoon, the torso of Hercules, and the Ariadne, or Cleopatra. These lucky finds stimulated the zeal for excavation, and Agostino Chigi and other rich men imitated the Pope's example. The great houses of Rome began to be filled with valuable antiquities, which not only

gratified the taste of their owners but served as models to sculptors. Among these we may mention Andrea Contucci of Sansovino, who executed for Julius the tombs of Cardinals Ascanio Sforza and Girolamo Basso della Rovere in the choir of that Pope's favourite church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, which had been enlarged by Bramante. The same artist has left another example of his work in the marble group of St. Anne, St. Mary and Jesus Christ, which is now to be seen in the Church of Sant' Agostino. We have already mentioned the name of Michael Angelo in connection with St. Peter's. That great genius was summoned by Julius to Rome in 1505, and entrusted with the task of designing his tomb. The artist at once set to work, and devised a plan so grandiose that it was never carried out. The monument, as it now stands in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, famous as it is, does not nearly represent all that Michael Angelo had intended. The "Moses," its most striking feature, is known to every visitor to Rome, but the original design included allegorical figures of the provinces subdued by the Pope, representations of all the arts and virtues, genii and angels, and the statue of St. Paul, as well as those of Rachel, Leah, and Moses. Above them all, heaven and earth were to have been seen bearing aloft the sarcophagus of the Pope. Julius was delighted with the idea, and Michael Angelo went to the marble-quarries of Carrara to select the best material for the work. The huge blocks were placed in the Piazza di San Pietro, and the eager Pope often came to see how his own monument was

THE "MOSES" OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

progressing. He even had a special bridge constructed to give him access to the sculptor's studio, so that he might urge him on to complete his task. Perhaps the two men saw too much of one another; possibly the masterful Pope did not make sufficient allowance for the artistic temperament. At any rate, they quarrelled, the sculptor took himself off to Florence, the Florentine government offered its services as a peacemaker, and finally Michael Angelo and his patron were reconciled. But even afterwards, other engagements hindered the completion of the monument, and in his last will and testament Julius ordered the adoption of a less ambitious design. Weary lawsuits with his executors followed, and it was not till over thirty years after his death that the "Moses" was erected in the church where it now stands, instead of in St. Peter's, where the Pope had intended it to be placed. An earlier work of Michael Angelo, the *Pietà*, does, indeed, adorn one of the chapels in the latter building; but his "Christ with the Cross" in the Church of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva was erected after the death of Julius. It was during that Pope's lifetime, however, that he painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, while "the Last Judgment" on the altar-wall was executed nearly thirty years later.

In the same year, 1508, which saw Michael Angelo begin on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Raphael, at the instigation of Bramante, first arrived in Rome, where he received a commission from Julius to complete the decoration of the papal dwelling-rooms in the Vatican, which had been begun under Nicholas

V. and Sixtus IV., and had been continued by Perugino and Sodoma under Julius himself. No sooner had the Pope seen Raphael's work than he rejected that of the two latter painters, and employed his new *protégé* exclusively. For twelve years Raphael laboured at his task, which was, however, not quite finished at his death and was completed by his pupils. Julius himself did not live to see more than a part of what he had ordered, but to him belongs the credit of having initiated an undertaking which has cast a more enduring lustre on his reign than all the battles and sieges which were his own special pride; for the *stanze* and *loggie* of Raphael are still the admiration of every traveller, while the temporal power of the Papacy which Julius tried so hard to build up has gone the way of the Roman Empire.

Even in the hour of its triumph the Papacy was being silently undermined. At the height of his power the conquering Pope little suspected, that within the walls of his own city there was an unknown monk, who was ere long destined to shake the Church to its foundations. The Papal Court did not trouble itself about the goings-out and the comings-in of the obscure pilgrim, Martin Luther, who arrived in Rome on monastic business about 1510. Ere he had entered the gate, the future hero of the Reformation had fallen on his knees at the sight of the city which he as yet regarded as the capital of Christendom, the holy place of religion, the centre of the Church. In his own rough words, he was at that time ready to "believe every lie and every stink that was invented

there." Yet a little later he declared, "I would never have believed the Papacy to be such a monstrosity, if I had not seen the Roman Curia with mine own eyes." [1] "If there is a hell, then Rome is built on it." Such was the impression which the city of Julius II. made on the Wittenberg monk on his memorable visit to it.

As successor of Julius the Cardinals elected Giovanni de' Medici, who took the name of Leo X., presumably because every Leo had been in some way distinguished. The new Pope owed his appointment partly to his bad health, partly to his distinction as the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. His manners lent charm to an unprepossessing appearance, he never refused anything to a suitor if he could help it, and he was so good a diplomatist that he never disappointed even those to whom he had nothing to give. His father called him his "shrewd" son, and those who did not know him very intimately thought him moral; by comparison with Alexander VI. he certainly was so. All Italy was delighted at his election, and the Florentines were particularly pleased that the house of the Medici had furnished a Pope. On the anniversary of the day on which he had been taken prisoner by wild Albanian horsemen at the battle of Ravenna, he went in pomp to the Lateran on the same white horse that he had ridden on that fatal field. Never before had a Pope displayed such magnificence at this opening ceremony: 200 lancers led the procession, followed by the servants of the Cardinals and the minor officials of the Court;

[1] Compare the modern Italian proverb: *Roma veduta, fede perduta.*

banners waved, and trumpets blew; the noblest Romans rode beside the foreign Ambassadors, and a brilliant deputation of the Florentine aristocracy was there to do honour to the distinguished Florentine who had just mounted the papal throne. Behind his Swiss guard, 200 stalwart mountaineers, clad in their yellow, green and white uniform, came the Pope, his face even redder than usual under the weight of his stifling robes and his heavy tiara, blessing the people as he passed along and almost deafened by their shouts. The decorations in the streets were splendid; the banker Chigi had erected a costly triumphal arch before his palace, with a Latin couplet proclaiming that after the reigns of Venus and Mars, Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, had now begun to rule. Fountains poured forth wine and water, and the bridge of Sant' Angelo was spread with a carpet. In the evening the city was illuminated, and the Pope at the end of the day confessed with childish delight that, after what he had just seen, he no longer wondered at the ambition of the Cardinals to become Pope. He was, like most monarchs on their coronation-day, all goodness; he wished nothing but the welfare of mankind, and bade all kings and princes forget their differences and join him in a new crusade against the infidel.

But it was even harder for a Leo X. than for a Leo XIII. to keep the peace of Europe. Italy was, indeed, enjoying a brief period of repose at his accession, but Louis XII. of France was not easily balked of his designs upon the rich Duchy of Milan, so long the Naboth's vineyard of the French

monarchy. The dissuasive arguments of the pacific Pope had less weight with the invaders than the doughty arms of the Swiss mercenaries, whom he had equipped for the defence of the coveted Duchy, and the battle of Novara freed the Duchy of the French. A further piece of good fortune awaited Leo. Henry VIII. of England invaded France, whereupon the French King, in his distress, made overtures to the Pope, renounced the schism which had broken out between the French and papal parties in the Church, and was reconciled to the Papacy.

An even more significant event, as we should consider it in this colonising age, marked the second year of Leo's reign. Portugal, just embarked on its splendid career as a colonial Power of the first rank, sent an embassy to the Pope, one member of which was the celebrated discoverer, Tristão da Cunha, laden with gifts from India and bringing a tame elephant and other strange animals. In the name of the Portuguese sovereign, the envoys laid India at the Pope's feet, told him that the Kings of Arabia and Saba would pay him tribute, and that his dominion now stretched from the Tiber to the Poles! Flattered by this rhetoric, Leo, in imitation of Alexander VI., presented King Emmanuel of Portugal with a solemn document, which assigned to him all the lands from Cape Nun, on the West Coast of Africa, to the two Indies. Thus, in theory, the authority of the Pope was extended over a vast territory almost at the moment when a large part of Europe was about to emancipate itself from his influence.

The accession of François I. to the French throne

in 1515 began, however, a fresh period of confusion for Italy, the possession of which that ambitious monarch intended to make the corner-stone of his coveted ascendency in Europe. At that time the policy of the Vatican consisted in playing off Spain against France; and, as France was for the moment more threatening, Leo joined the league of the Emperor and the Spanish monarch, and raised Wolsey to the rank of a Cardinal, in order that that powerful minister might induce Henry VIII. to resume military operations against the French. But the latter invaded Italy without difficulty; the Swiss mercenaries, on whom Leo had again relied to defend the Alpine passes, this time met with a defeat which ruined the reputation won so recently at Novara, and François I. entered Milan. The utmost distress prevailed in the Vatican, where Leo at first made preparations to flee to Gaeta or Ischia, and then changed his mind and resolved to throw himself on the mercy of the victor. At Bologna the King and the Pope met and embraced, and both refrained from smiling at the rhetorical description of the conqueror's motives in entering Italy. François, it seems, had climbed mountains, traversed crevasses, penetrated forests, and waded torrents, merely in order to kneel at the throne of the Holy Father! After much more of this diplomatic humbug, the pair came to business, and the King demanded as one of his conditions the group of the Laocoon! Leo at once promised to surrender it, and then sent the King an exact copy of the group, trusting that François was not sufficiently critical to detect the pious fraud. An

alliance was made between France and the Papacy, which pleased both parties ; François obtained a free hand in Italy, Leo gained a voice in the affairs of the Church in France. But the balance remained in favour of the French monarchy, which had now planted itself in Northern Italy. Still, if the French were masters of the North, Leo resolved that his own house should hold the Centre, and, with characteristic nepotism, dethroned the Duke of Urbino on the most frivolous of pretexts, and handed over the Duchy to his own nephew, Lorenzo de' Medici. Nothing can excuse this crime, which was one of the basest acts of ingratitude ever committed ; for when the Medici had been in exile, the ducal family of Urbino had been their best friend. But Nemesis was at hand ; Urbino rose at the earliest opportunity against its new master, and Leo had to raise money at a ruinous rate of interest, all for the sake of a fourth-rate duchy, which he had stolen from its rightful owner. By an unfortunate coincidence, while this war was scandalising Christendom, Rome was the scene of another, and even more piquant scandal, a conspiracy of the Cardinals against the Pope, which cast a lurid light on the morality of the Sacred College.

The author of this conspiracy was a certain Cardinal Petrucci, who had assisted in securing Leo's election, only to reap the usual reward of all political services—ingratitude. The Cardinal did not shrink from meditating the assassination of his ungrateful superior, and on several occasions carried a dagger, concealed in his sleeve, when he was going to see the Pope. But he could not "screw his courage to the

sticking-point," and sought refuge by hiding himself behind the collective responsibility of Leo's other enemies in the College. There were, of course, many disappointed men among them ; one Cardinal had been offended by the papal policy at Urbino, not because it was immoral but because the rightful duke was his relative ; two others had been told by Jewish fortune-tellers that they would each be one day Pope, and each naturally wished that day to come as soon as possible. Having sounded his colleagues, Petrucci decided that poison was the safest way to get rid of Leo, and entrusted the delicate commission to a noted surgeon. At this point, however, some of his letters were intercepted, and the Pope had him arrested on suspicion. The surgeon confessed all on the rack, other arrests were made, and Rome learnt, with dismay, that the most reverend dignitaries of the Church were charged with attempting to murder the Holy Father. At first Leo promised to pardon his would-be assassins, but on further consideration he retracted his word. Petrucci was strangled by a Moor in the Castle of Sant' Angelo ; his secretary and the surgeon were put to death under the most fearful tortures; the others were released on payment of blackmail to the Pope, but two of them died in a suspicious manner after their liberation. The moral effect of these revelations was disastrous to the Papacy ; and the suppression of the documents used at the trial aroused the shrewd suspicion that the whole affair had been trumped up to levy money from the accused. No one commiserated Leo ; no one congratulated him on his escape. But he was deter-

mined to make the utmost use of the plot against his life. He straightway created a batch of 31 cardinals, one of them at the mature age of seven, and made them pay heavily for their red hats. The money thus raised he devoted to the conquest of Urbino—a paltry enough object, and dearly bought at the price.

But even then the Pope was not content. Leo was a classical scholar, and had thoroughly mastered the Horatian maxim: "Get money, rightly if you can, but, by any means, get it." No Pope sold more offices than he; even the Turkish Government in its worst days was less venal than this cultured and Christian potentate. The Curia had simply become a stock-exchange, and one of the Cardinals in particular would even in our own day have shone as a company-promoter. The Florentine relatives of the Pope desired to profit from their kinsman's promotion, and the Medici were a numerous clan. Juvenal had once complained that the Rome of his time had been invaded by the Greeks; the Rome of Leo was a prey to the Tuscans, who had all the best posts and lived on the papal revenues. The splendid munificence, the costly banquets, the luxury of the Pope, devoured the ecclesiastical income which flowed into the Vatican from the whole Catholic world. Ladies of pleasure appeared at the orgies of the cardinals, and every land was ransacked for delicacies to deck the tables of the Vatican. To us who know that Leo XIII. spends only 6s. a day on his meals, the revels of Leo X. seem almost incredible. After every course the golden dishes were ostentatiously flung into the Tiber, and then carefully fished up by means

of nets placed to catch them! The times of the early empire seemed to have returned, and St. Peter, had he come back to Rome, would have found neither the amusements of the people nor the morals of the Court very much better than they had been in his lifetime. The Vatican was full of buffoons and actors, who performed the most licentious plays under the patronage and in the presence of the Pope. One wonders that such a patron of the drama did not imitate Nero, and go on the stage himself. Every kind of entertainment, classical and theological, pagan and Christian (if such a term can be applied to such a subject), was devised for the diversion of the papal Court, and when the Holy Father rode out to the hunt at La Magliana, with hounds and falcons, poets and Cardinals, barons and ambassadors in his train, he threw off the very last vestige of his ecclesiastical character, and, dressed in hunting costume, might easily have been mistaken for a sporting Roman noble. We cannot be surprised that men like Ulrich von Hutten wrote with horror of what they had seen in Rome.

At last there came the day of reckoning. Every device for raising funds had been tried; new posts had been created, in order that they might be sold; and the modern practice of selling titles had been introduced. But still the expenses of the papal Court exceeded—and no wonder!—its revenues. Then Leo, hard-pressed for money, bethought him of proclaiming an universal remission of sins, which could be had for hard cash, under the pretext of defraying the cost of rebuilding St. Peter's. That edict was the last straw. On the last day of October, 1517, Luther

affixed his theses to the church-door at Wittenberg. The Reformation had begun!

Like the beginning of all great movements, the agitation which was destined to convulse the Church seemed at first to the Roman Curia a trumpery business. The worldly courtiers, who surrounded Leo X., could not understand the moral grounds which were at the bottom of Luther's protest, and ascribed the German religious movement to merely material causes. Their attempts to crush the bold monk of Wittenberg only increased his following in Germany, where Ulrich von Hutten proclaimed the doctrine of a National Empire and a National Church. Leo issued a Bull, declaring that every Christian must believe in the papal power to grant remission of sins; Luther replied that the Pope was only human and therefore fallible. The invention of printing was all on the side of the reformers, and the pure text of the Gospels which had lately issued from the press was the best commentary on the papal claims. Leo published another Bull, excommunicating Luther; Luther hurled it into the flames at Wittenberg, and the agitation grew apace. But the new Emperor Charles V. had political reasons of his own for not breaking with the Pope. He decided against the Reformation, and at Rome they burnt Luther in effigy and believed that his work had perished. But in the same year in which Luther appeared before the Diet of Worms, Leo died. Shortly before his death he had made an alliance with Charles V., and espoused that monarch's side in the struggle for the headship of Europe between him and François I., and one of his last

remarks was that the capture of Milan by his troops and those of the Emperor was "worth more than the Papacy" to him. So great was his excitement over this success of his arms, that he fell ill, and a week later he was dead. His English biographer thinks that he was poisoned, and there certainly were many who thought that at forty-five he had lived long enough. At once all his enemies raised shouts of exultation; the ever-ready Roman satirists said that he too had "crept like a fox on to the throne, reigned like a lion, and died like a dog." Thousands to whom he owed money were ruined by his death; so empty was the treasury, that it was impossible to provide new candles for the lying-in-state, and those which had been used for one of the Cardinals had to be relighted! Only the Tuscans, the artists, the poets, and the scholars, who had lived on him, lamented his demise, but their judgment was too biassed to carry much weight. Leo X. has been regarded as one of the most famous of the Popes, and he was so in the sense that under him Rome enjoyed a position as a seat of culture which she had not had since the days of Augustus. But a munificent patron of the arts is not always a great ruler, and least of all when his munificence is practised at the expense of others. In all ages extravagant sovereigns are idolised; in proof of it, we have but to enter a Bavarian village and observe the love which still lingers for that mad spendthrift, Ludwig II. But, apart from his patronage of art and letters, it cannot be contended that Leo X. was a good Pope. He utterly failed to understand the significance of the Reformation; he made no serious

effort to reform the Church himself on moderate lines, and so to obviate a drastic revolution from without. At his best, he was one of the most cultured of Pontiffs, and as such his name has a foremost place in the literary and artistic history of mediæval Rome. But with all his diplomacy he remained merely a diplomatist without the creative genius of a statesman.

The age of Leo X. has been extolled by men of letters for its culture, and it might, indeed, be compared with the *Siècle du Grand Monarque* in France. Just as French writers called Louis XIV. *le Roi Soleil*, so Italian poets apostrophised Leo as "the Sun," whose rays illumined the world. But it was an age of imitation, and the models which were chosen by the authors and cultured men of the period were the classical writers of ancient Rome. The language of the heathen mythology was adopted, as at the time of the French Revolution, and the most unclassical personages blossomed out into classical names. St. Peter and St. Paul became "the tutelary gods of Rome," the Pope was addressed as "Jupiter," and the adjectives usually applied to that pagan deity were transferred to him. Orators mimicked the language of Cicero, though as a great scholar said with much common sense, "no one would laugh at them more than Cicero himself, were he alive." Even the papal Bulls became Ciceronian pamphlets, and Leo is said to have imbibed sceptical opinions from the study of the Greek philosophers. The attitude of the priests towards Christianity at this time seems to have been much the same as that of the educated

Romans of the late Republican days towards the pagan ritual of their age; they kept up appearances, but in their hearts believed little or nothing of what they taught. The one thing necessary was to be polished; the one thing forbidden was to be in earnest. Rome was governed by witty and cynical men of the world who were resolved, in the phrase attributed to the Pope, to make the most of the good things provided for them.

Society had greatly changed in the ancient city. The old Roman aristocracy had declined in influence and wealth since the time of the Borgia, and the Cardinals had larger fortunes and more luxury than the heads of historic houses whose pedigrees went back for centuries. The middle classes had risen, owing to the influence of their wealth, just as in modern England, and we have seen how important a person was the typical banker of the period, Agostino Chigi. Hosts of needy poets and artists sponged upon these millionaires, and in their venal praises of their charming patrons we have the germs of the modern society newspaper. Yet the real charm of all society was lacking—the presence of ladies—and, just as in the time of Periklês at Athens, the *demi-monde* took their place. Even to those who have read at school the sixth satire of Juvenal, the scandals of the city under Leo must seem monstrous, and we can only allude briefly to a subject which was then openly discussed by high dignitaries of the Church. The Pope himself did not hesitate to celebrate the union of Agostino Chigi with a beautiful Venetian of easy virtue, and the house of another

famous courtesan was frequented by all the *beau monde* of Rome. So full were her reception-rooms with costly knick-knacks, the gifts of her admirers, that the Spanish Ambassador, unable to find a spitoon, was forced to spit in the face of a servant! Venice was, at that era, worse than Rome, but then the Queen of the Adriatic did not pretend to be the holy city of Christendom. No wonder that Erasmus was amazed at the folly, the wickedness, and the immorality which he found in Rome, where the love of money, honours, and power was the only motive; while, at the same time, nowhere else was there so much polish, so much classical learning, or so much taste. Florence had no longer the monopoly of the arts and sciences; for, with a Florentine on the papal throne, they had gone to Rome. Side by side, the revival of learning and the decline of morals might be studied at the papal court; beneath the masks of those elegant courtiers there were all the vices of the worst days of the Roman Empire.

The centre of culture was the Roman Academy—a body of which Leo's secretary, Angelo Colocci, was the head, and which enjoyed the patronage of his master. Leo was himself a zealous Latinist, like the present Pope, and sent out agents in all directions to buy old manuscripts. Among these purchases was the manuscript of the first five books of Tacitus's "Annals"—the first six as they stand in modern editions—a work worth all the Ciceronian rubbish of all the Humanists put together. Leo reformed the Roman University, gave the professors higher salaries, and summoned celebrities from other cities

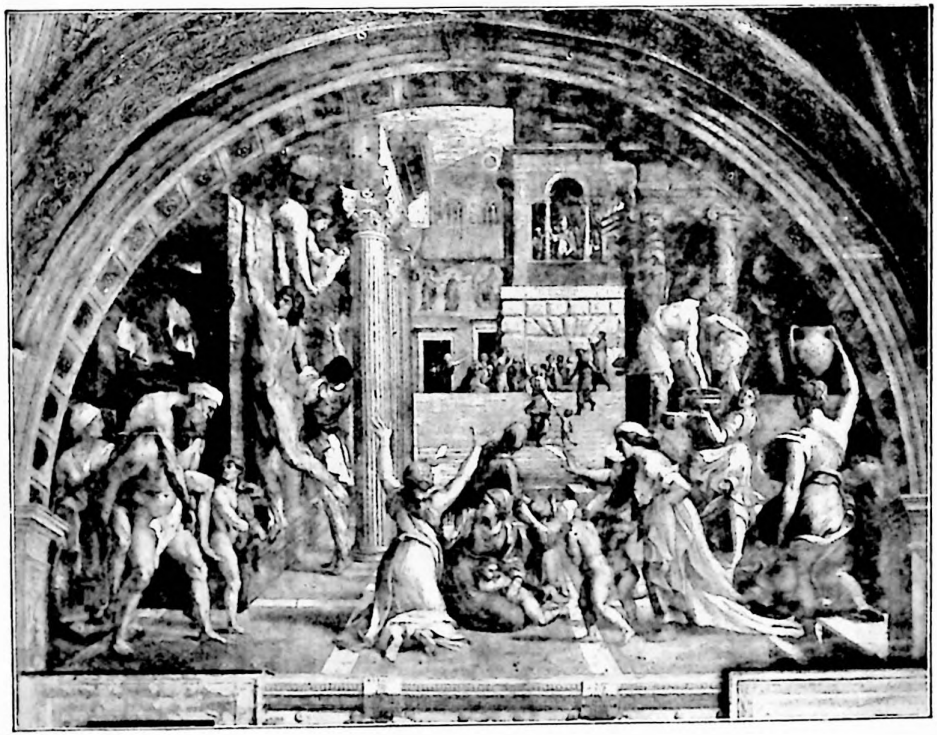
to teach there. A chair of Oriental languages was created and Hebrew was studied. But in spite of papal support Rome could not compete in academic distinction with other University towns. Rhetoric was the plant that flourished best on Roman soil, and a good speech was the highest proof of culture in the eyes of the Romans of that day. Leo was always delighted with an eloquent Latin discourse, and he once sat out an oration (true, it was in praise of himself), which began with Adam and traced the history of Rome down to the Leonine age. His special favourite was Bembo, the acknowledged chief of the Ciceronian school of rhetoric, whose works have no more claim to the title of original compositions than the Latin verses of sixth-form boys have to the title of poetry. Of more value was the first attempt made by a Roman bookseller to publish a collection of inscriptions found in the city. Such was the interest which the long-neglected monuments now aroused that Raphael was seized with the idea of drawing a complete plan of ancient Rome. The great artist set to work, visited the chief sites of interest, took measurements, and instituted excavations—an operation for which he needed no permission, for he was himself official guardian of all the antiquities. He laid his scheme before the Pope, drew up a list of the monuments which had been ruthlessly destroyed in his own time, and was still engaged on the plan at the moment of his death. But of the fourteen districts of Rome he had finished only the first, and his sketches of even that have disappeared. Meanwhile ancient Greece, as well as ancient Rome,

occupied the attention of the learned, though in this respect the Romans were less apt scholars than the Florentines and Venetians. One of Leo's first acts was to call to his side the famous Hellenist, Lascaris, under whose superintendence he established a school of Greek literature and a Greek printing-press in imitation of that which the banker Chigi had already set up in his own palace. Lascaris lies buried in the Church of Sta. Agata in Subura, and his tomb bears a touching inscription on the hard lot which drove him to die in a foreign land where he had yet found kindness. It was to Leo also that another eminent Greek scholar, Musurus, editor of Plato, owed his archbishopric, and the famous printer, Aldo Manuzio, the exclusive privilege of publishing editions of the Greek and Latin authors. But the Pope's patronage was less discriminating in the case of the Latin versifiers, apes of Virgil and Ovid, whom he honoured and rewarded. No one now reads the arid masses of fifth-rate verses, which were then considered to be quite equal to the best efforts of the authors of the *Æneid* and the *Fasti*. An English statesman once confessed that, when he had composed a schoolboy copy of Greek verses he fancied himself a second and a greater Sophocles. Such was the modest opinion which the glorified schoolboys who in the Leonine age were styled poets had of their own abilities. Nor was that opinion confined to themselves. Just as British Prime Ministers have considered the editing of a dubious Greek play a sufficient qualification for a bishopric, so Leo made one verse-writer a canon, and threw open the doors

of the Vatican to all who could make a pentameter scan with tolerable correctness. But we cannot afford in England to scoff at this curious taste, for we have only comparatively lately emerged from a state of things when a false quantity damned a Parliamentary career and a neat trick of versification was an advantage to a politician. Every one in Rome wrote epigrams with more or less success, and "literature," which now means only novels, then meant only Latin verse. A worthy Luxemburger, then resident in Rome and well known for his hospitality to these bards, was so pestered by their effusions that he knew not what to do with them. His trees, his ornaments, his gardens were disfigured by reams of verses, just as if they had been so many hoardings for advertisements. Even the young nobles took to scribbling Latin poetry; and, in anticipation of Klopstock's wearisome epic, Latin verse-writers began to hymn the verities of the Christian faith in more or less Virgilian hexameters. It was felt as a relief when there was a revolt against Humanism, and its votaries at last appeared ridiculous in the eyes of every one. The really great literary genius of the age, Ariosto, though he came to Rome and was admitted to kiss Leo's toe, received no post from that patron of inferior scribblers. For the drama the Pope was an enthusiast. He wished to be the first to see the new pieces, and he made the Vatican the first theatre in Europe; every year he summoned some celebrated comic actors from Siena, and never displayed the least embarrassment at spectacles which for immodesty may be compared

with the English drama of the Restoration. Even some of his contemporaries mourned over the depraved taste of a Pope who revelled in scenes of immorality and made the author of one of the most disgraceful comedies of the age a Cardinal. This worthy was the director of all the amusements of the papal court—an onerous task in the days of the Tenth Leo. The best thing that can be said about the drama of that period is that it served as a mine whence the genius of Shakespeare extracted the rough materials for his plays. But in his hands the dross became pure ore. To-day the only value that all this stuff possesses is the historical evidence which it furnishes for the state of Roman society. If he morality of a people may be judged by its enter-ainments, then low, indeed, was the tone of Leo and nis contemporaries. Our Charles II. would have been quite at home in such surroundings, yet he, at least, had the excuse of having suffered from the ridiculous restrictions of the Puritans, against which his licentious court was the natural reaction. There was no such excuse for Leo X., for it was long, indeed, since the Roman Curia had been afflicted with asceticism.

In the domain of art Leo chiefly contented himself with continuing what his predecessor had begun. Raphael completed the two famous pictures on the walls of the Stanza d'Eliodoro in the Vatican—the check of Attila's march on Rome by Leo I., and the liberation of St. Peter. Both paintings contained topical allusions, for in the former the features of Leo I. were those of his namesake and the Huns



INCENDIO DEL BORGO.

represented the French, expelled from Italy after the battle of Novara; while in the second there was a suggestion of Leo X.'s own liberation from the thraldom of France. Three years later, in 1517, the Stanza dell' Incendio was completed, and there, too, the courtly artist made use of his opportunities to glorify the Pope. In the picture of Charlemagne's coronation Leo III. has the face of Leo X., and the Emperor that of François I. In the Loggie Raphael designed the scenes known as his "Bible," and, as the complement of that series from the Old Testament, drew the cartoons for the tapestry which were intended to illustrate the New Testament. But he was not wholly occupied with sacred subjects. In the midst of all his avocations he found time to design the decorations for Agostino Chigi's villa, the Farnesina, painting the whole of the Galatea and providing the outlines for the Myth of Psyche, which was executed by his pupils. He designed, too, the Marriage of Alexander the Great with Roxana for a summer-house in the grounds of the Villa Borghese—a work which had fortunately been removed to the Villa itself before the destruction of the summer-house in 1849. For Chigi also he painted the Sibyls in the church of Sta. Maria della Pace, and drew the sketches for the dome of the Chigi family chapel in Sta. Maria del Popolo, where the great banker lies buried. For the Luxemburger Goritz he executed the figure of Isaiah in the nave of Sant' Agostino. His last work was the Transfiguration, now in the picture gallery of the Vatican, and he died in 1520 and was buried in the Pantheon. Five days later

died his patron, Chigi, whose funeral was one of the most magnificent of the period. Raphael's labours were continued by his pupils, one of whom, Giulio Romano, shone alike as architect and painter, and has left specimens of his work over the high altar in the church of Sta. Maria dell' Anima and in the Villa Madama. The master was indebted, also, for the popularisation of his paintings to Raimondi, the engraver, who was at that time in Rome. But, in spite of the patronage enjoyed there by Raphael and his dependents—for the great artist had a whole host of literary as well as artistic hangers-on—there was no favour under the Leonine dispensation for Michael Angelo, whose one Roman work at that time was the Christ with the Cross in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. Of sculpture there was little, except the statues of Jonah and Elijah in Sta. Maria del Popolo; but such minor arts as the setting of jewels and the inlaying of wood flourished in that age of luxury. Leo himself was the owner of a fine collection of medallions and gems, and the goldworkers' guild was important enough to build a church of its own.

But Leo was not a great builder, like some of his predecessors. He did, indeed, order the construction of San Giovanni dei Fiorentini for the use of the Florentine colony in Rome, the plan for which was drawn by Sansovino, and as Cardinal he had restored Sta. Maria in Domnica from the designs of Raphael. Those two geniuses were, however, occupied with profane quite as much as sacred architecture, fo the epoch was more favourable to the erection o palaces and villas than to the building of churches.

Thus Raphael designed his own palace in the Piazza Scossa Cavalli, which was built by Bramante, and Sansovino was the architect of the Palazzo Niccolini. To the pontificate of Leo, too, belong the beginnings of the Farnese Palace, which was continued by Cardinal Farnese when he became Pope. It now became the fashion to decorate the façades of the great mansions, and we are told of one house which was adorned with portraits of the twelve Emperors and scenes from the life of Cæsar. On the Palatine there rose a villa of the Mattei family, which, after various fortunes, passed in 1818 into the hands of an Englishman named Mills, whose name it bore till it became a nunnery. Leo bought himself a villa on the Quirinal, and his favourite hunting-box of La Magliana was decorated with frescoes from Raphael's designs. Yet, with all these improvements, the Rome of Leo X. left much to be desired. The city was not, and never will be, a complete whole. Fine palaces stood in poky streets, ruinous buildings had spacious villas for their neighbours. The Pope could not destroy all the rookeries of the poorer quarters, nor yet widen all the lanes of the old town. Perhaps it was well that he could not, for those who knew Rome before 1870 mourn the drastic changes of the Italian occupation with the tasteless architecture of the new districts that have sprung up since then. Small, indeed, was the population in the early part of the sixteenth century compared with what it is now that Rome is the capital of the kingdom. At the end of 1899 the city contained 512,423 souls, or a little more than double its population just after the

Italians entered. In the time of Leo it could not have been more than 85,000. And yet it is said to have increased by one-third during his reign—a considerable addition when we remember that the Romans had little trade and lived mainly by supplying the needs of the priests and the foreign visitors. The enlightened commercial policy of this Pope in removing restrictions on trade and abolishing monopolies had doubtless contributed to this increase of population. The fact, too, that under him the city was at peace had led many Italians to immigrate there for safety and repose, and the immigrants were not entirely of Italian stock. We have already seen that an Albanian and Slavonic colony had been long settled on the Ripetta, just as settlements of Albanians may be found to-day at Catanzaro and other places in the south. Spaniards, Germans, and Flemings had formed little groups around their national churches, as the Florentines had done. Many came and went, but others came to stay. To-day, too, but a very small proportion of the so-called Romans is really of Roman birth. The old families had suffered from the constant strain of civil war; some ha disappeared, and those which remained were, for th most part, poor. Splendid as was the age of Leo X. in its outward appearance, it was not all of gold, and the cosmopolitan city which he had made the capital of the cultured world, "the modern Athens," contained much that was miserable and mean. Brief was his career as Pope and a few years after his death came the deluge.

XI

THE SACK OF ROME

A PROPHECY had said that a Pope called Hadrian should follow Leo X. on the throne, and the forecast came true. The Conclave was divided into two factions, one of which was on the side of Charles V., the other in favour of François I., the two dominant forces of European politics at the moment, and each sought to select a candidate who would be approved by its august patron. Of candidates there was no lack, and the well-informed Venetian Ambassador counted eighteen. Quite in the spirit of a modern Presidential election in America, bets were laid on the result, and the odds were freely quoted on 'Change. "Hell itself," wrote the Imperial Ambassador to his master, "cannot conceal so much hatred and so many devils as are to be found among these Cardinals." Such was the reality of an election supposed in theory to be the work of the Holy Spirit! Cardinal Wolsey was not the least active among the candidates, and offered large sums for the tiara which Charles V. had dangled before his dazzled eyes in the meeting between the Sovereign and the

statesman at Dover. But it was destined that our countryman should not break the record of Hadrian IV. Another Hadrian, a Fleming of humble origin from Utrecht, who had been Charles V.'s tutor and continued to enjoy his favour, was elected in 1522, to the general surprise and to his own disgust. He was at Vitoria when the news was announced to him, and would scarcely believe it when the breathless messenger hailed him as "Holy Father." No one had regarded him as a candidate until it had become impossible to obtain a majority for any one else; yet he was so little known in Rome, and therefore so little disliked, that his election was all but unanimous. No sooner was it announced than the people, in fury at the nomination of an outsider, hissed the electors; the houses bore the inscription, "Rome to let." Yet Hadrian VI. was a man in whom the Apostles might have recognised one of their own kind, and the Imperial Ambassador considered him to possess the two important qualities of saintly virtue and absolute devotion to Charles V., whose creature he was. Charles was delighted at the result, and the Romans feared that a second Avignon would be established in Spain. For Hadrian showed no desire to hasten his entry into Rome, so that in his absence the Vatican was plundered by the Cardinals, and the late Pope's fine collection of gems disappeared in the general scramble among his numerous creditors. The city was given over to anarchy, robber bands prowled in quest of booty, and the plague broke out and carried off thousands. As a curious example of the influence which the classical revival then exercised

in Rome may be cited the case of a Greek sorcerer, who offered up a bull in the Colosseum to appease the injured deities with all the paraphernalia of pagan sacrifices. As a proof of the state of public morals, we may quote the request of the new Pope to the Cardinals, as a special favour to himself, not to receive bandits into their palaces. When, at last, he entered the city he was shocked at the luxury and dissipation of the ruling class. He resolved to set an example to the degraded worldlings around him, and would have preferred a simple house with a garden to the pomps and splendours of the Vatican, desecrated as it was by the obscene entertainments of his predecessor. Long before dawn he rose to pray. Some time every day was devoted to study; a single female servant cooked his food, made his bed, and washed his clothes, and his table expenses were covered by a ducat a day, which he handed every evening to his attendant. All the army of parasites was banished from his palace; the arts languished, and Hadrian was not to be captivated by the melodious Latin verses of poetasters whose language he could not pronounce properly. He patronised one man of letters, but he was an historian, and the comic authors and actors, the sculptors and architects who had basked in the sunshine of Leo, murmured at the thick darkness which had fallen on the land since a "barbarian" had succeeded that most cultured of Pontiffs. The rigid economy of the new Pope made him shoals of enemies, for, in order to pay the huge debts of his predecessor, he had to cut down expenses. He dismissed the whole crew

of servants at the Vatican, and of the hundred grooms whom Leo had kept in his stables retained only four. The Flemish attendants whom he had brought with him were, of course, unpopular, and the Pope's inability to speak Italian made him dependent upon others, who often deceived him for their own ends. Such a sudden reaction from the magnificent extravagance of Leo was certain to provoke a counter-reaction, and Hadrian was soon hated by all who had made money out of the late Pope's expensive tastes.

The reform of the Church was a necessary but thankless task, which added to the number of Hadrian's enemies. He held the highly unorthodox view that pluralists should be abolished, and that the sale of benefices, the business in pardons and Bulls, and similar tricks of the clerical profession, were against the express teachings of Our Lord. But the great dignitaries of the Church would have agreed with that Hungarian Cardinal who, when asked why he entered Buda-Pesth in a splendid coach while the Saviour had entered Jerusalem riding on an ass, replied, "Jesus Christ was the son of a poor carpenter, but I am an Hungarian magnate." Even the refusal of the Pope to favour his own relatives was considered as a proof, not of his honesty but of his hardness of heart. But the finishing stroke was when he declared null and void all those claims on benefices, for which thousands of people had paid in hard cash under the rule of Leo and for the fulfilment of which they now clamoured. It soon became apparent that reform was hopeless; and, when the Pope imposed a tithe on the States of

the Church, as a contribution to the expenses of a new crusade against the Turks, he at once reaped the odium which is usually the lot of the tax-collector. All the wits in Rome poked fun at him ; even his taste in fish was pronounced low by prelates who sat down to meals of six hours' duration and seventy-five courses. His condemnation of the Laocoon as an "image of the heathen," showed that he was not, and yet did not, like most people, pretend to be, a connoisseur of the fine arts. Unfortunately, he was very sensitive to criticism, and he even threatened to have the statue of Pasquino, to which his enemies naturally resorted, thrown into the Tiber. Even his honest confession that the Church needed drastic reforms was considered as a tactless admission, which would bring grist to Luther's mill. Nor was he more successful in his efforts against the Turks. Rhodes fell, as Belgrade had fallen, and the three ships which he sent to its succour came too late ; its defenders, the proud Knights of St. John, entered Rome as exiles, like many other Christian rulers of the Levant. One further disillusionment was in store for the Pope. His cherished dream of making the Great Powers of Europe put aside all their quarrels and join forces against the Sultan melted away, and he found himself tricked and deluded by cunning diplomatists into becoming the ally of England and the Emperor against France. Then he died, one of the most unhappy figures that ever sat on the papal throne. Even his death-bed was desecrated by the greed of the Cardinals, and when his demise was announced the Romans decorated the door of his doctor with

garlands, as if the worst instead of one of the most virtuous of Popes had passed away. No truer judgment has been pronounced on the Sixth Hadrian than that contained in the brief inscription on his tomb in Sta. Maria dell' Anima: "Alas! how much depends on the age in which the lot of even the best man is cast!"

The Conclave, which met in 1523, reflected the same tendencies as that which had elected Hadrian the year before. But this time no foreigner had a chance, and Giulio de' Medici, the favourite at this and the previous elections, was appointed Pope, and took the name of Clement VII. For once the Roman adage was falsified, that "he who enters the Conclave a Pope, leaves it a Cardinal." Rome was jubilant at the victory of the great Cardinal, whose name recalled the days of Leo X., and hungry men of letters rejoiced at the revived prospect of a splendid court and a generous patronage. The fact that the new Pope was a bastard seemed less of a disadvantage than if he had been a saint. Every one expected great things of him as a statesman, and every one, as usual, was disappointed. He found the world in confusion, a great sovereign on the Turkish throne, a great movement going on in Germany, a great war just begun between the three most powerful Christian monarchs of the time—a war to which he was himself pledged. After trying to please both the Emperor and the French King, he came to the diplomatic conclusion that the latter would win, and resolved to be on his side. But this wily scion of the Medici had for once overreached himself. Not two months after he had signed

a treaty of alliance with France, the news arrived that François I. had been defeated and taken prisoner at Pavia, and that Charles V. had vowed vengeance on the Pope, whom he had helped to the throne, and who had rewarded his support with such base ingratitude. It was under these painful circumstances that Clement celebrated in bitter irony the Jubilee of 1525.

The battle of Pavia was one of the really decisive conflicts of history, and its importance was at once recognised in Rome. The Spanish faction with the Colonna fell upon the French and the Orsini; the Pope fortified himself in the Vatican, and made frantic efforts to bring about a coalition of the Powers against the Emperor. By dint of unscrupulous concessions he succeeded, and a "holy league" entered the field, of which the perjured King of France and the Pope were the chief members, and the independence of Italy the chief object. But abroad the "league" began badly, while at Rome the Colonna once more rose and the populace hailed their rising with acclamations. The Pope appealed to the Romans for aid, but his avarice had made him unpopular, and his oppressive system of taxation had wounded the people in the most sensitive spot. They would do nothing for a Pontiff who gave them no amusements and took their money to spend on aqueducts and suchlike fads. The Vatican and the Borgo were plundered, and even the papal guard joined in the sack. The Pope fled to the Castle of Sant' Angelo, where his attendants carried all that they could save from the general ruin; the papal tiara fell into the

hands of the mob, and was only rescued by the Imperial Ambassador, who restored it to Clement, and at the same time advised him to make peace with the Emperor. It would be difficult to imagine a more humiliating position, unless it were that which Clement next took up—the position of a perjurer, who broke his word the moment that it suited him. Great was the indignation of the Imperial party at this act of treachery. George of Frundsberg, the most famous fighting man in all Germany, threatened to go to Rome and "hang the Pope," and was reported to carry about in his pocket a noose for the purpose. But the threat was not mere idle bluster. At the head of a band of seasoned warriors, he crossed the Alps and marched down Italy, while the terrified Clement learnt to his amazement that here at least was a man whom he could not bribe. But Frundsberg was soon unable to pay his followers, and when they mutinied against him it broke his heart. His death, however, afforded merely a temporary relief to the Pope. Another and more dangerous leader, the Constable de Bourbon, who had abandoned the side of François I. for that of the Emperor, carried out Frundsberg's plan of marching on Rome, and in the spring of 1527 arrived before the gates. Great was the consternation at the papal court. In vain, at this eleventh hour, did Clement send an urgent application to Henry VIII. for aid; in vain he appealed to the patriotism of the Romans themselves. The edicts which both he and Leo X. had issued against the bearing of arms had deprived the citizens of the opportunity of using them, and the dregs of the world

accumulated round the Vatican were very different from the ancient population of Rome in its martial days. Those few who could be induced to fight by pay or promises were collected together; the Pope appointed several Cardinals at so much a head, in order to provide a war chest; and strongly worded demands for money were issued to the upper classes. One of the few who responded to this appeal was the English Envoy, who pawned his valuables and raised troops with what he had obtained for them. The Vatican was hastily entrenched, and nobles fortified their palaces against the anticipated siege. Crowds of fugitives covered the roads out of the city, while a prophet wandered about the streets announcing its approaching doom, and comparing its fate with that of Troy and Nineveh. Wonderful signs appeared in the heavens, and houses collapsed from no obvious cause. Yet some, ever confident in the majesty of Rome, believed that their city was invulnerable, and that no human hand could overthrow it. Renzo Orsini, to whom the Pope had entrusted the defence, shared this view, and Clement, appealing to the sacrosanct character of his capital, issued a manifesto against "the Lutherans," who were threatening the Holy of Holies with their profane weapons. Unhappily for him the papal thunders had no terrors for those unbelievers. The times had changed since Leo the Great had terrified Attila.

The army of the besiegers, about 40,000 strong, and composed of Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, lay encamped close to that part of the walls which adjoined the Vatican. The council of war met in the

Church of Sant' Onofrio on the Janiculum, where the Constable had taken up his quarters, and the German soldiers looked down with hatred and the craving for plunder upon the abode of him whom Luther had taught them to regard as anti-Christ. All the long struggles between Empire and Papacy, all the abuses of the Church, all the sacrifices which Rome had exacted from the peoples in the centuries of her existence, seemed to be finished now. Fanaticism and greed were mixed in the minds of these men, who only awaited the signal to begin the attack upon the walls. On May 6, 1527, the assault commenced; and, favoured by a morning mist, the assailants stormed the ramparts of the Leonine city. The Constable was one of the first to fall, and a shout of joy was raised from the battlements at this lucky shot, fired, it was said, by Benvenuto Cellini. But the loss of their leader only increased the ardour of the besiegers. The Germans gained a footing on the walls, captured the cannon, and pointed them at the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Then the Spaniards followed, and the whole army descended into the Leonine city, driving the defenders before it. Those who resisted were cut down, and the Swiss guard was almost annihilated after an heroic struggle. The Borgo rang with shouts of "Spain" and "Empire," as the enemy rushed through the streets, slaying and pillaging on the way. Even the sick in the Hospital of the Holy Spirit were butchered, and fire was set to the houses. The Pope, who was praying in St. Peter's, had only just time to flee into the Castle of Sant' Angelo; but as he fled, he could see the scene of death and

destruction that was being wrought in his capital. On the wooden bridge which connected the castle with the covered passage from the Vatican, there was a stampede of fugitives and many were trodden under foot; one Cardinal, who arrived after the portcullis had fallen, was dragged through a window. All who could took refuge in the houses of Spanish or German residents, hoping thereby to save their lives. Meanwhile, the victorious troops carried their dying commander into the city. He died with the words, *à Rome! à Rome!* on his lips, and was laid on a bed in the Sistine Chapel, regretted by all his men. Then they continued the attack; all Trastevère fell before them, but on the Ponte Sisto the papal forces made their last stand. A young Roman, like Horatius of old, tried to "keep the bridge," and unfolded a red flag with the inscription: "For Faith and Country." But he soon succumbed, and Renzo himself could not stem the onward rush of the Imperial troops. He, too, retreated into the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Rome was in the hands of the foe, and a panic seized its defenceless inhabitants. Some fled to the altars of the churches, and implored the long-forgotten saints to be merciful and help them; others besieged the strongly-barred doors of the nobles' palaces and begged for admission; while others, again, hid themselves in gloomy arches and ancient ruins, hoping to escape the notice of the murderous bands which scoured the streets in all directions. At one moment it seemed as if succour were at hand, for the inmates of the Castle of Sant' Angelo descried a body of papal troops coming down from Monte Rotondo towards the city.

But at the Ponte Salario the hoped-for deliverers turned back, and as soon as the hour of midnight had sounded, the Imperial troops, now free from all fear of attack, set to work to plunder the city.

The horrors of that "Sack of Rome" have left an indelible mark on the history of the place. Nothing was too sacred to be spared, no one was too humble to escape. The hope that the residences of Spaniards and Germans would at least be respected proved futile, for the pillagers recognised distinctions of neither race nor party. Embassies, protected in all civilised communities from outrage and attack, were sacked and gutted, and the only argument that availed with the greedy troops was the payment of a gigantic blackmail. Resistance was hopeless, for the assailants laid trains of gunpowder along the walls of houses that were defended, and blew them up, defenders and all. The churches yielded double loot; for, in addition to the rich treasures which belonged to their foundations, they contained the goods of the fugitives who had fled there with their possessions for safety. The Germans even plundered their own National Church, Sta. Maria dell' Anima, and the Spaniards theirs, San Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, which stood hard by. Sta. Maria del Popolo was stripped of all its ornaments and the monks were butchered in cold blood. The worst passions of the brutal soldiery were wreaked on the nuns of the convents. As for sacred images and relics, they had no sanctity for these marauders. The head of St. Andrew and the head of St. John were of no more account to them than that of the first

papal soldier whom they met in the street. The point of the lance, which tradition declared to have been that which pierced the side of the Saviour, was stuck by a German trooper on the top of his pike, and the handkerchief of Sta. Veronica was used as a napkin by greasy and blood-stained hands in many a filthy tavern. The Cross of Constantine in St. Peter's was dragged through the Borgo, and there disappeared; and, as a trophy of the siege, a German carried home with him the huge rope with which Judas was said to have hanged himself. The Spaniards did not even allow the dead to rest in their graves at St. Peter's. The coffin of Julius II. was broken open; but the bronze shell which covered the remains of Sixtus IV. resisted all the efforts of the soldiers. The altars were turned into gaming-tables, the chalices used as drinking-cups, the chapels became stalls for horses, and priceless manuscripts were trampled under their hoofs like straw. It was only with difficulty that the Vatican library was saved, but numberless archives perished, and glorious works of art were carried off and sold. It was worse than the ravages of the Vandals eleven centuries earlier. If Rome had sinned, she had, indeed, been sorely punished for her iniquities.

At the end of the third day, the Prince of Orange, who had exercised the chief authority since the Constable's death, forbade further plunder; but even he could not compel obedience. The same haughty Cardinal who had treated Luther with scorn at Augsburg was dragged and kicked through the streets, till he had found a moneylender who would

advance him the amount of his ransom; another prelate was pulled out of bed, and carried in procession on a bier, while the ribald troopers, with candles in their hands, sang the chants for the dead over his living body. In this manner the wretched man was brought to Aracœli, where a grave was opened, and he was told that he would be buried alive, unless he paid what his captors demanded. A favourite amusement of the men was to masquerade as Cardinals holding a Conclave, and proclaim Luther as Pope in front of the Castle of Sant' Angelo Perhaps the climax was reached when these so-called Christians dressed up a donkey in clerical garb, and compelled a trembling priest to give it the Sacrament. And all the while the Pope was a helpless prisoner in the castle, repentant perhaps, at last, of the perjured diplomacy which had brought down such an awful judgment on Rome. At times he wished he had never been born, and his wish was probably shared by most of his fellow-prisoners. A constant bombardment was kept up by the Imperialists, and hunger began to have its effect on the garrison. The most dainty dish at the Pope's table was donkey's flesh—a great change from the banquets of Leo X. and Chigi. And, when the smoke of the enemy's cannon lifted, Clement could see the flames rising from his villa on Monte Mario, to which his bitter foe, Pompeo Colonna had set fire. His one hope left was that the Duke of Urbino, who was not far off, would march to his aid, and the historian, Guicciardini, who was with the Duke, urged him at all costs to make the attempt. But

the Duke had received bad treatment from the Medici family, and was disinclined to run risks because one of them was shut up in Sant' Angelo. He, too, withdrew from the vicinity of Rome; so Clement, abandoned by every one, was forced to capitulate. A month after the sack had begun, he surrendered, pledging himself to remain with the Cardinals as hostages in the castle until he had paid the huge ransom which the victors demanded. In order to raise the money for the first instalment, he was obliged to get Benvenuto Cellini, who had been in charge of the artillery during the defence of Sant' Angelo, to melt down the papal tiara. Imperial troops replaced the papal guards in the castle, and then the bulk of the conquering army retired to summer quarters in Umbria in order to avoid the fever and famine that had taken possession of Rome. But Clement was left behind in the fever-stricken city in a pitiful plight. He was closely watched by his gaolers; he was almost penniless; he was allowed to see no one from outside without strict precautions; the one thing permitted to him was to implore the clemency of the Emperor and the good offices of the other Powers.

The news of the capture of Rome had made an immense impression abroad, where it was received with mixed feelings. The Lutherans and not a few religious Catholics rejoiced that the Papacy had been punished for its sins; the Imperialists hailed the downfall of a city which had defied the Emperor; England and France were, however, frightened of the conqueror, though not particularly sorry for the

conquered; and Wolsey told Henry VIII. that the deposition of Clement would hinder his divorce with Catherine of Aragon. An Anglo-French alliance was, therefore, formed for the Holy Father's deliverance out of the hand of the oppressor. The Emperor, while deploring the outrages of his army, asserted, not without reason, that the Pope was himself to blame for what had happened, and that Providence had visited him thus heavily for his offences. In the meantime, while Charles V. was considering what he should do with his captive, the Imperial troops returned to Rome and carried off any plunder which they had overlooked during their previous visitation. Not content with their booty, they insisted on receiving the hostages mentioned in the convention; Clement was forced to surrender them, and these eminent prelates, one of them afterwards Pope Julius III., were chained in couples and so dragged to the hostile encampment on the Campo di Fiore. Then Charles's plenipotentiary signed a definite agreement with Clement, promising to restore to him his freedom and his estates, and thus an unrivalled chance of abolishing the temporal power was allowed to slip. But Charles, masterful as he was, could not afford to affront the coalition of the Powers which was forming against him under the leadership of Wolsey. Nor was public opinion in Catholic Spain ripe for such a drastic measure. The temporal power of the Pope was saved in 1527 by the same means which in our own days have preserved the European dominions of the Sultan—by the jealousy of the sovereigns of Europe. Clement

was permitted to slip away by night to Orvieto, and Rome was given back to the papal authorities. Yet the miserable condition of the Pope's court at Orvieto was not much better than it had been in Sant' Angelo. The English envoys who sought an audience of him there were astounded at the poverty of his furniture and the lack of all comfort in his rooms. Even more wretched was the state of his mind, torn between the urgent demands of France and England on the one side, and the fear of incurring anew the wrath of the Emperor on the other. At last, when Charles seemed to be getting the better of the coalition, Clement declared for him and returned, at his request, to Rome.

Deplorable, indeed, was the aspect of that once flourishing city on his arrival. Four-fifths of the houses were unoccupied, the population had sunk to thirty-two thousand; and as the Pope rode through the streets, he could not refrain from tears, and spread out his arms to Heaven for mercy, while the starving remnant of the inhabitants shouted reproachfully at him. Rome was no longer the home of art and culture that it had been so few short years before, and artists and scholars lamented the terrible catastrophe of the city, without being able to revive its former glories. "In truth," wrote Erasmus, "this was the destruction not of the city, but of the world." Clement was not the man to restore Rome, for the chief aim of his policy was the subjugation of Florence to the rule of his family, and on that condition he was ready to do whatever the Emperor wanted. The latter came to Italy and met the

Pope at Bologna, where peace was signed and his coronation took place. Pius VII., forced to crown Napoleon I. in Paris, was not a more pitiable figure than Clement VII., crowning his conqueror at Bologna. Having stooped so low, he was resolved to have his reward, and the savage way in which he planned the destruction of Florence moved even seasoned diplomatists to make appeals to his humanity. But not all that he had seen in Rome induced him to be merciful to his native city, and Florence fell and freedom with her. Even the terrible inundation of the Tiber in 1530, one of the worst ever experienced, which destroyed nearly six hundred houses and swept away the Ponte Sisto, left him unconcerned. Romans might die of hunger and plague, provided that the Medici reigned. His greatest triumph was the marriage of his niece, Catherine de' Medici, with the future King of France, and the result of that triumph was the massacre of St. Bartholomew!

Clement did not long survive the success of his schemes. When he felt his end approaching, he wrote a letter to the Emperor, in which the future of the Papacy and the future of his nephews received unequal attention. He died in 1534, regretted by few, one of the most unfortunate, yet not one of the worst, of the Popes, and was buried, like Leo. X., in the choir of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. There may still be seen the monuments of the first two Medici Popes—of him who reigned over the city in a brief blaze of glory and of him who saw it a mass of ruins.

XII

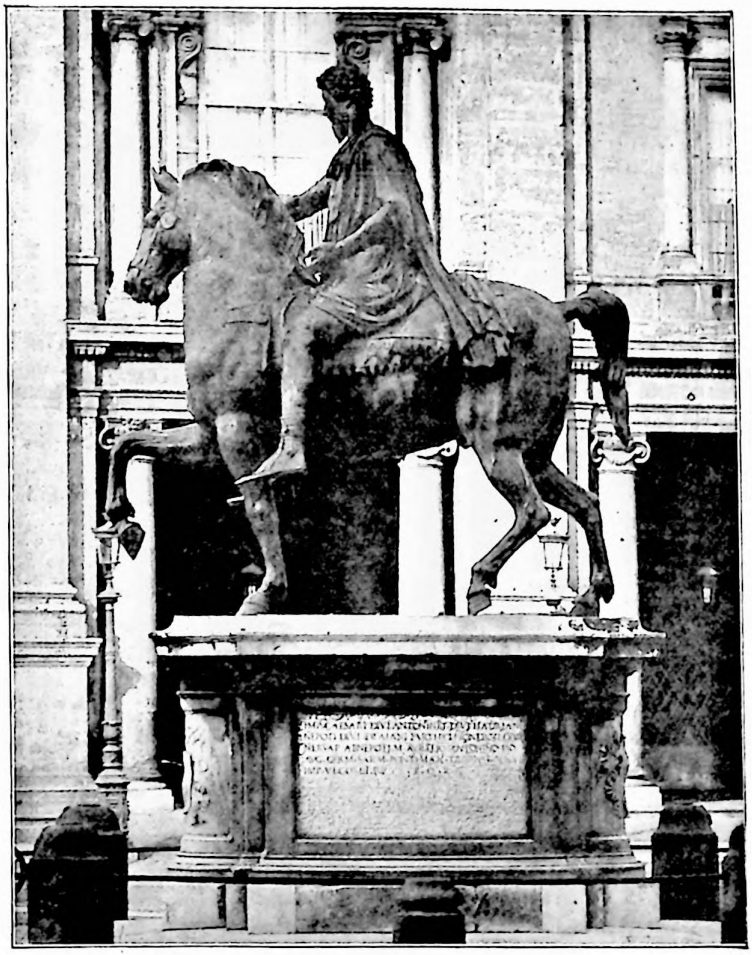
THE INQUISITION AND THE JESUITS

THE successor of Clement VII. was Alessandro Farnese, who took the name of Paul III. The new Pope had first risen to eminence under Alexander VI., who had made him Treasurer—an important post, which he continued to hold after that Pontiff's death. He was popular with the citizens and had not only won but kept the confidence of successive Popes of very different characteristics. The enthusiasm which greeted his election and which found expression in a sham fight before St. Peter's, was a favourable omen for his pontificate after the evil days of his predecessor. But the task of saving and, if possible, increasing, the authority of the Papacy, was no easy one in that epoch of reform.

The entry of Charles V. into Rome in 1536 on his triumphal progress through Italy was an important event for the city. The most powerful monarch of the age, who had just returned from his successful expedition against Tunis, approached Rome by the Appian Way, where the statues of the first three kings of the city greeted his arrival. The citizens

had decked their houses all along the line of route, while the Pope was waiting ready to receive the great Emperor on the steps of St. Peter's. Charles resided in what is now the Palazzo Vidoni, then the property of the Caffarelli family, during his stay in Rome, which was indirectly the cause of a great alteration in the appearance of the old town. For, in order to make way for the conqueror to ride, some two hundred houses and several churches were swept away between the beginning of the Appian road and the Capitol, the central approach to which, known as *la cordonnata*, was also constructed on the same occasion. Paul's reign of fifteen years was, quite apart from this incident, productive of much change in Rome. Almost immediately after his election he appointed a certain Manetti as Commissioner for the monuments of the city and suburbs, with special instructions "to preserve all statues, inscriptions, and blocks of marble, free them from brushwood and ivy, and prevent the erection of new buildings on them, or their destruction, conversion into lime, or removal from the city." Manetti held this post till his death, when another person was appointed to succeed him. Under this Pope, too, excavations were begun on the north and south of the Forum, which led to the discovery of the Schola Xantha and of the fragments of the *fasti consulares* or lists of Roman Consuls, which are now preserved in the Palazzo dei Conservatori. These latter were unearthed in 1546 near the Church of Sta. Maria Liberatrice, which was pulled down in January, 1900. By Paul's command, the huge granite basin, now

used for the fountain in front of the Quirinal, was removed from the Forum where it had been used as a drinking-trough for cattle, but it was not till the last century that it was placed in its present site. It was this Pope, also, who in 1538 transferred the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius from near the Lateran to its actual position in the Piazza del Campidoglio. The erection of the statue and of the steps leading up to the Palazzo del Senatore was carried out under the superintendence of Michael Angelo. Paul cannot, however, be wholly praised by archæologists, for he laid out the Farnese gardens on the Palatine, which caused the destruction of much that was old. By way of compensation, the excavations at the baths of Caracalla in 1543 produced the Farnese bull, the Hercules, the Flora, the Venus Kalipygos, and other statues and sculptures. The greatest street improvement which Paul executed was the construction of the Via Paola, which still perpetuates his name. But his activity was not confined to excavations and street architecture. He appointed Michael Angelo "chief architect, sculptor, and painter of the Vatican," with a salary of two hundred *scudi*. The first great result of this appointment was the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel, which was completed at Christmas, 1541; there followed the two frescoes which represent the Crucifixion of St. Peter and the Conversion of St. Paul, and which adorn the Pauline Chapel, built for this Pope by Antonio di Sangallo the Younger. Both the latter architect and Michael Angelo, as well as Giacomo della Porta, were employed on the designs



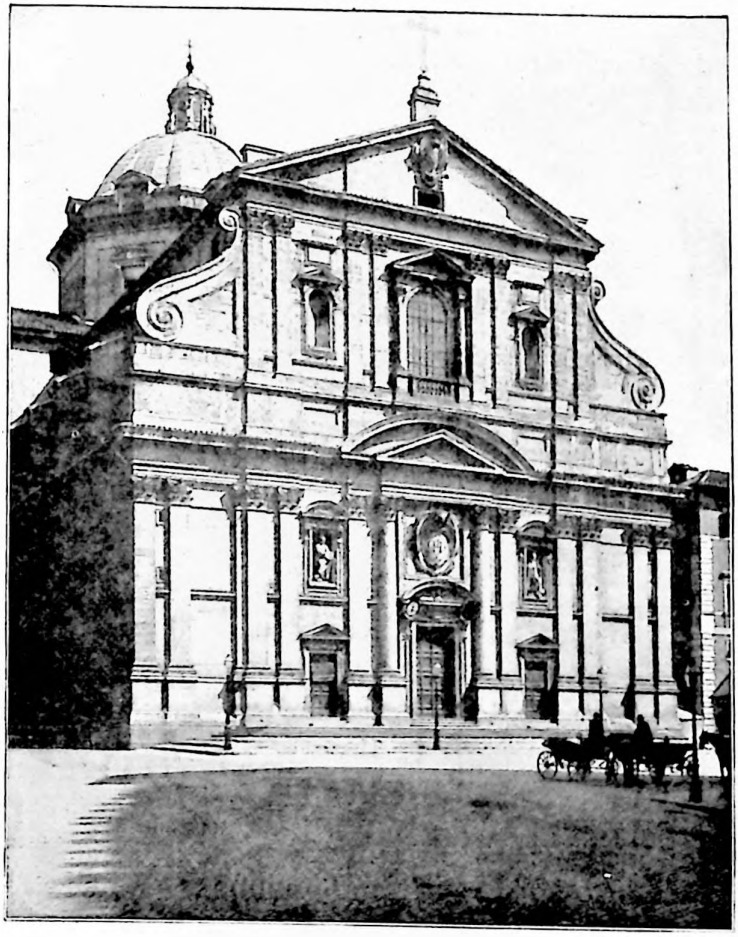
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

for the Farnese palace, which was constructed out of ancient materials, while the granite basins of the fountains in front of it came from the baths of Caracalla. Nor was mere ornamental work the Pope's sole object. Moved by the lessons of the siege of 1527, he was determined to fortify the city so that it might be able to resist further attacks, and a big scheme of defences was accordingly planned. The Pope did not live to accomplish it all; but, in spite of the quarrels of his architects, a portion of the projected fortifications was finished during his reign. The work at St. Peter's was continued; the Sala Regia of the Vatican was built; and two summer residences were constructed for the Holy Father, one on the Quirinal, the other on the Capitol. The monuments of the first two Medici Popes were also completed in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, and the Villa Medici, as it was much later called, was erected for Cardinal Ricci on the Pincio. Thus, Paul III.'s reign has left its mark on the city, which rose once more from the terrible havoc wrought after the siege. It is this phœnix-like gift of rising from its ashes which justly entitles Rome to the proud attribute of eternity.

Politically, Paul endeavoured to steer the vessel of the Church between the Scylla of France and the Charybdis of the Emperor, and even journeyed to Nice to meet the rival monarchs, passing on that occasion beneath the Roman arch near Ventimiglia which still bears his name upon it. It was he who effected the armistice at Nice; but, when the two sovereigns took up arms again, and François I. scan-

dalised Europe by making an alliance with the Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, Rome once more trembled at the thought of a Turkish invasion, for the allied Franco-Turkish fleet appeared off Cività Vecchia. Neutral as he remained in the great duel of his time, Paul, like most of his predecessors, was beguiled by nepotism into intervention in Italian politics. Perugia rose against him, on account of the high price of salt, and he felt compelled to erect the citadel there with the offensive inscription: *ad coercendam Perusinorum audaciam*, which has disappeared together with the citadel. He quarrelled with Florence; he made war on the Colonna; he even attempted to convert the Republic of San Marino into a principality for one of his sons. But more important than these schemes for the aggrandisement of the Farnesi was his attitude to the ecclesiastical movement of the era. Despite, or perhaps because of, his training in the school of the Borgia, Paul was convinced of the need for some reform of the Church; his Cardinals, among them Reginald Pole, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, were mostly men of real distinction. But the long-hoped-for Council was postponed, until at last it met at Trent in 1545. But some years before that date Paul had taken a step which was destined to be of the utmost gravity for the future of the Roman Church and of the Papacy itself. In 1523 Ignatius Loyola had arrived for the first time in Rome on the way to Jerusalem, after dedicating himself to the Virgin in the picturesque sanctuary of Montserrat. Fifteen years later he returned with the matured plan for

the famous society of which he was destined to be the founder. In 1539 Paul, after considerable hesitation, gave his verbal approval of the rules of the proposed Order of Jesuits, and a year afterwards issued his formal confirmation of them. We need not here enter into the merits and demerits of that society, which is even to-day enormously powerful at the Vatican. But it may be interesting to mention the external traces which Rome still bears of this momentous institution. Foremost among them is the Gesù, built by order of another Farnese in the second half of the sixteenth century, on the spot where Loyola began his work, and containing his remains, the altar dedicated to St.-François Xaxier, and the grave of Cardinal Bellarmin. Hard by in the convent may still be seen the rooms in which Ignatius lived and died. The Collegio Romano, a perfect nursery of the later Papacy, was founded under Julius III. by one of the Borgia family, the saintly Duke of Gandia, who became General of the Jesuits and did much to atone by his life for the crimes of his race. It became the means of diffusing the Jesuits' methods of education and their code of morals, and no man was better qualified to direct them than the pious Borgia who had also founded the first Jesuit school at Gandia. Another religious teacher, San Filippo Neri, also came to Rome under Paul III., and there founded a little later the Congregation of Oratorians, for which was erected the Chiesa Nuova, where lie the remains of the founder. A religious institution of a very different character was the Inquisition, which was established in Rome during this pontificate, and at



THE GESÙ.

a single blow completely changed the conditions of thought in Italy. We have seen what licence prevailed in the days of Leo X., and how the scholars of the Renaissance were allowed to scoff at religious beliefs by the careless Gallios of that epoch. But the times became very different when the Inquisition had once been introduced. Even the most conspicuous personages of the city were suspected of holding heretical, or at least unorthodox views, and ladies of rank were not exempt from the machinations of this omniscient tribunal, which was abolished by the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849 but soon revived.

The last years of Paul were occupied with family troubles and the religious war, which had taken its name from the Protestant league of Schmalkalden, and in which he aided the Catholic party with men and money. But the clumsy diplomacy of Rome at this juncture and the evil repute of the papal troops annoyed Charles V., whose relations with the Pope became strained in consequence. No steps were taken by the Emperor's officials to apprise Paul's favourite son, whom his father had made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, of a conspiracy which cost him his life; in fact, so far from expressing regret, the Imperial officers occupied Piacenza in the confusion which ensued. Further treachery in the bosom of his family broke the old Pope's heart, and he died in his villa on the Quirinal in 1549. His figure, in the act of pronouncing the benediction, may be seen on his monument in St. Peter's, and his face has been immortalised by Titian, whose activity in Rome

during his reign was, however, hindered by the jealousy of other artists. The chief events of his pontificate were depicted by Vasari in the Cancelleria, but his best achievement, the profound peace which he gave to Rome, could not be represented in a fresco. The wounds, which the city had received in the stormy times of his predecessor, began to heal; the population increased, the wealth of the citizens increased also. The people had what it wanted—"bread and shows"—and blessed the Pope for those twin mercies. The wedding of Ottavio Farnese with Margaret of Austria, who resided in and gave her name to the Palazzo Madama, now the Senate-house, was even more splendid than the entry of Charles V.; the illuminations were magnificent, and races of horses and buffaloes were held from Sta. Maria in Trastevere to the Vatican. The carnivals in this reign were most costly, but Rabelais, who was in Rome at this period, considered that it was better to observe the papal court at a distance, if one wished to keep one's illusions. As the modern Italians put it: "*Roma veduta, fede perduta.*"

A long Conclave followed the death of Paul III., and at one moment it seemed as if England would for the second time provide a Pope, in the person of Cardinal Pole. But the Imperial party carried the day, and Del Monte was elected and took the name of Julius III. in 1550, the year of the tenth Jubilee. His short pontificate was of importance for English history, for it was he who sent Cardinal Pole as papal legate to England on Mary's accession. He also gave his support to the Jesuits in Rome, confirmed

Loyola's foundation of the German-Hungarian college, and endeavoured to moderate the terrors of the Inquisition. In Rome he is chiefly remembered for the Villa di Papa Giulio and the Church of Sant' Andrea on the Flaminian Way, the works of Vignola and Vasari. The chief discovery of his reign was that of the statue of Pompey, which he purchased and which now stands in the Palazzo Spada. Under him, too, the Villa d' Este at Tivoli was begun, and visitors to Perugia will remember his statue there. Of his successor, Marcellus II., who died twenty-two days after his election, there is only one thing to be said, that he seemed better qualified than any other man of his time to reform the Church, and that the joy with which his appointment was greeted, was only equalled by the sorrow at his death.

The choice of the Cardinals then fell on a man whom no one, least of all himself, regarded as a possible Pope. Cardinal Carafa, who took the title of Paul IV., belonged to a Neapolitan family ; he was "a man of choleric temperament and a born ruler ; all nerves, and a good linguist ; a fine speaker, endowed with an excellent memory ; a pure-minded, and zealous ecclesiastic, with a high conception of his mission and a low opinion of kings and princes." Such was a Venetian statesman's description of the new Pope, and it proved, as Venetian descriptions usually did, to be accurate. Almost immediately after his accession the religious peace of Augsburg closed the first period of the Reformation, and that peace was followed by the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Both events had great effect on the fortunes of

Rome, for the former excluded papal interference from a large part of Germany, the latter removed the centre of gravity of the Catholic world in political matters to Spain, where the bigoted Philip II. now sat on the throne. Paul, as a true Italian patriot, detested Spanish influence, the evils of which he had learnt in his Neapolitan home. "It were well," he once said, "that French and Spaniards, barbarians both, should stay in their own countries and that no language but ours were spoken in Italy." But he could not appeal to Italians to attack both these "barbarians" at the same time with any hope of success, nor was it even possible to drive out the Spaniards from Naples without an ally. So Paul, little as he liked it, found it desirable to make an alliance with France. Meanwhile the hostilities with the Duke of Alva, then Spanish Viceroy in Naples, had begun. The first step was an onslaught by the papal party on the Colonna who were on the Spanish side; the ladies of the family were arrested in their palace in Rome, but escaped in male attire over the Neapolitan frontier. Paul bestowed the lands and titles of his enemies on his own relatives, and arrested the Imperial postmaster and agent. Alva replied by marching against Rome. Great was the alarm, for the terrible sack of 1527 seemed likely to be repeated, and the defensive measures of the Pope only increased the alarm of the people. At the Porta del Popolo numerous houses and the Augustine Monastery, where Luther had once resided, were torn down, and many persons fled from the city. But the resolute Pontiff issued an edict,

ordering all inmates of convents to lend a hand at the works of defence and forbidding emigration, while Gascon troops were rapidly drafted into Rome. The soul of the garrison was Cardinal Carafa, the Pope's nephew, who hated the Spaniards with an undying hatred, and who was far more fitted to command soldiers than to sit in the Sacred College. The Duke of Guise, who was sent by the King of France to aid the Pope, was of far less use, and when, in 1557, Alva himself arrived before Rome, it seemed certain that the city would meet the fate which had befallen it thirty years before.

Alva's plan was to seize the Porta Maggiore by means of a night attack, and thence conduct his operations against the rest of the city. He chose a pitch-dark night, and then set out towards the gate. But as he drew near, he saw the whole city ablaze with light, and knew that his plan had been discovered. For a moment he resolved to attack another part of the walls; but, perhaps from a desire to spare Rome the awful fate of a second sack, he withdrew instead to a distance, and attended further events. He had not long to wait. Within the walls, the Pope and his nephew could not control the mercenaries, whom they had levied, some of them out-and-out Lutherans, caring nothing for the mass and only willing to serve the Pope as long as he could pay. Money, munitions, and food had become scarce; the defeat of the French by the Spaniards at St.-Quentin deprived Rome of any further hope of aid from that quarter, and Guise was recalled by his sovereign. Paul bitterly said of him: "The Duke

has done little for his king, less for the Church, nothing for his honour." At Cave, near Palestrina, peace was made; both parties promised to forget and forgive, and Alva, attended by a small retinue, was received at the Vatican, where he did obeisance to the Pope. Spain had gained all along the line; the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis in 1559, which drove the French out of Italy, left her the predominant power there.

Paul's passionate nature now found vent in an almost unheard-of act in the annals of the Papacy—the disgrace of his own relatives. The remark of a Cardinal, that the reform of the Church ought to begin at home, had stung him to the quick; he resolved to make a clean sweep of the abuses which he found existent around him. His three nephews were accordingly deprived of their dignities, and banished, in spite of their mother's prayers. At the same time, the complaints of the taxpayers were heard, and some of the heaviest taxes removed. But the Pope's want of tact and headstrong nature caused him to adopt dangerous extremes in religious questions. Although he had been at one time Nuncio in London and knew something of English affairs, his attitude towards Queen Elizabeth alienated her and cut off the last chance of a reconciliation between Rome and England. He declined to recognise the validity of Anglican orders, and so furnished a precedent which Leo XIII. did not forget to quote during the controversy on that question in 1896. He attended the weekly sittings of the Inquisition, thus increasing the influence of that body, which extended its censorship

over literature to an alarming degree. It had long been a rule of the Vatican that a license was required for the publication of a book. But in 1559 Paul went yet further and allowed the issue of the first *Index Expurgatorius*. All bibles in modern languages were placed on this list, and everything that proceeded from the presses of sixty-one heretical printers was put under the ban of the Church. The result was the withdrawal of many great printing firms from Italy to Switzerland and Germany. Indirectly, this severe censorship tended to keep up the practice of writing in Latin, for a work composed in a language which was unknown to the vulgar was considered less dangerous by the censors than one written in the vernacular. He was anxious to purify the Church of abuses, and effected much, alike by practice and precept—for he was a man of unspotted life—so that, in the words of the Venetian Ambassador, "Rome seemed like a cloister; and, if sins were committed, the sinners preserved an outward decorum, which even bishops and Cardinals had disregarded in former times." But his stern methods made him unpopular with all classes, above all with the Jews, who had good reason to remember his pontificate. Until the middle of the sixteenth century, the Roman Jews had enjoyed more liberty than their co-religionists in most Christian lands, in spite of the insults to which they were occasionally subjected. But the lower classes, when they had become heavily indebted to the Hebrew moneylenders, clamoured for protection, and a state pawn-office, or *Monte di Pietà* was accordingly founded. The Government did not,

however, confine itself to measures against excessive usury. Julius III. also forbade the reading of the Talmud, and Paul IV. prohibited the Jews from residing in any town of the Papal States, except Rome and Ancona. Even there they were obliged to live in a separate quarter and to content themselves with a single synagogue. They were no longer allowed to keep Christian servants, to work on Sundays and feast-days, or to play with Christians. All previous commercial privileges of their race were abolished, their tribute was raised, the legal rate of interest was lowered, the acquisition of landed property by a Jew was forbidden. Even Jewish doctors—some of whom had been summoned to attend on Popes in days gone by—were disbarred from practising among Christians, and all Jews were compelled to wear a distinctive badge, the men a yellow hat, the women a yellow veil. No Hebrew might address a Christian without the use of the word *Signore*; in short, everything was done to mark off the Jews as an inferior race. From this edict dates the establishment of the *Ghetto*, the walls and towers of which were demolished in 1848, and which finally disappeared in 1887.

So long as Paul was in full possession of his faculties he allowed the Romans to hate him, provided that they feared him. But when, in 1559, he fell ill, the citizens rose in an instant; the prisons disgorged their inmates; the buildings of the Inquisition were stormed, all the documents were thrown out of the windows, and part of the palace was destroyed by fire. As soon as the news of his

death was made known, further batches of prisoners were set free by the mob; the statue of the Pope, which had recently been erected on the Capitol, was torn from its pedestal, and a Jew, amidst the laughter of the crowd, placed his yellow cap upon the head, which, after serving as a target all day, was at last pitched into the river. Every inscription or coat-of-arms of the Carafa family was smashed and obliterated. Such was the hatred which their name inspired, that the hawkers of the flagons known as *caraffe*, were obliged to change the name of their wares to *ampolle*. All law and order ceased; murders were committed for a few *scudi*, and no decent person durst walk abroad at night. From fear of the people, Paul's friends buried his body as deep as possible under St. Peter's, where it remained till it was removed later on to the Carafa chapel in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva.

Paul IV. found little time, and had small inclination, for artistic matters. He once remarked that it was "more necessary to fortify Rome than to adorn it," and with this object he built the great gate of the Castle of Sant' Angelo. But those, who wish to see some memorial of this austere man, before whom even the terrible Alva is said to have trembled, should visit his tomb. There he is portrayed as he was in life—the embodiment of justice without the saving "quality of mercy."

His successor, Pius IV., the third Pope whom the Medici had produced, was his exact opposite. Mild and affable, more of a man of letters than a theologian, he possessed a pleasant personality, which

seemed to some too frivolous for his station. But he soon showed that he, too, could be stern on occasion, and the occasion was the memorable trial of the Carafa family, with which he inaugurated his reign.

No sooner had he ascended the throne than the enemies of that unpopular clan demanded its proscription. One of the late Pope's nephews had killed his wife's lover with his own hand, and her brother completed her punishment by strangling her. The husband, not even yet content with his vengeance, accused another of her paramours, one of the Colonna family, of attempting to poison him. The whole Colonna family, which had old scores to pay off, espoused the accused's cause, and the Pope, whose election had been largely due to Cardinal Carafa's aid, consented nevertheless to the arrest of the Cardinal and other members of the hated race. Eight Cardinals were entrusted with their trial; no pains were spared to pile up accusations against them; even forgery was employed, in order to bring forward evidence of their crimes, one of which was the authorship of the Spanish war. Yet the King of Spain pleaded for them; but even his prayers were unavailing. Sentence of death was pronounced, and executed in March, 1561, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. The guides still show the room in the Castle of Sant' Angelo where the Cardinal was strangled with a silken cord. A light, placed on the tower, apprised the Pope of his death. The Duke of Paliano and two others were beheaded in the prison of Tor di Nona, which, though since destroyed, has bequeathed its name to the Via Tordinona. Their

bodies, after having been exhibited on the bridge of Sant' Angelo, were buried in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. The young Cardinal Alfonso Carafa escaped with a huge fine, which he was unable to pay. But when Pius V. ascended the throne, the judgment was reversed, and the survivors received back their confiscated property, while the prosecuting counsel was in his turn beheaded. Nothing, however, consoled Alfonso for what he and his family had undergone, and he died at an early age of a broken heart.

The nephews of the late Pope had fallen; those of the new one rose in their place. The most celebrated of them was Cardinal Carlo Borromeo, whose statue catches the traveller's eye as he arrives at Arona on Lago Maggiore, and who is commemorated at Rome by a chapel in Sta. Prassede. But times had changed since the nephews of Popes had scandalised the religious by their worldliness and reckless extravagance. Borromeo was a man of pure life, and he lived in an age when the reforming influence which found expression in the Council of Trent had made itself felt even in Rome. Bishops were now compelled to reside in their sees; they were therefore no longer able to live and spend their incomes at the papal court. There was less place-hunting, because pluralists were regarded with disfavour. The secession of England and other Protestant countries had cut off large sources of ecclesiastical revenues, so that the expenses of the Papacy had to be cut down, and an excellent example of economy was set by Borromeo himself. An eye-witness of the daily life

in Rome at this time remarked that one never saw Cardinals going about with ladies, and that banquets and hunting-parties had ceased. The Roman tradesmen, he added, were "all bankrupt," and all business and the best posts were in the hands of the Milanese, for Pius IV. came from Milan. Still, there were magnificent Cardinals, like Ippolito d'Este, builder of the famous villa at Tivoli, and his nephew Luigi, the patron of Tasso; above all rises the figure of Alessandro Farnese, a princely personage, whose residences in and out of Rome were the wonder of all who visited them. Yet even he, man of the world as he was, became one of the most zealous supporters of the Jesuits whose power went on increasing. The Index was published on the lines laid down by the Council of Trent and the censorship of books became stricter and stricter. Yet Pius IV. did much for learning. He founded the Seminario Romano, enriched the Vatican library with a number of manuscripts, summoned to Rome the noted printer, Paolo Manuzio, for the purpose of bringing out an edition of the Fathers, assigned him a residence, and let him set up his press on the Capitol. He also conceived the plan of collecting from all sources all documents relating to the Papacy, in accordance with which his successor ordered the transference of most of the papal archives at Avignon to Rome. He carried out the decisions of the Council in respect of Church music, and entrusted Pierluigi, of Palestrina, choirmaster at Sta. Maria Maggiore, with the composition of a simple mass, which was dedicated to Pope Marcellus II. Meanwhile, building was not neglected.

There was more work at the fortifications; two gates were begun, the Porta Pia and the Porta Angelica, the latter destroyed in 1888, the former designed by the aged Michael Angelo, but not completed till the time of Pius IX., and the outside of the Porta del Popolo was constructed by Vignola at the Pope's orders. For Pius IV. also Michael Angelo converted part of the baths of Diocletian into the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, where the Pope's monument was afterwards placed. Three years after he had finished the church, the great artist died in his house in Trajan's Forum. The Villa Pia, or Casino del Papa, which still stands in the Vatican garden, was also erected by this Pius, who spent a large amount of his time there with his favourite nephew. The Church of Sta. Caterina di Siena, part of the buildings comprised in the Palazzo Mattei, and the foundation of the fine Villa Mondragone near Frascati, now a Jesuit school and recently the subject of a heated political discussion in the Italian Chamber, all date from this pontificate. It was then, too, that the two Egyptian lions, now in the Capitoline Museum, were placed at the foot of the steps leading up to the Capitol, and the marble plan of ancient Rome, also in that Museum, was discovered behind the Church of SS. Cosma e Damiano. On the other hand, if archæology gained in one way it lost in another, for it was under Pius IV. that the arch of Claudius which had stood on the Piazza Sciarra was pulled down, and the last column of the baths of Caracalla was carried off to Florence, where it now adorns the Piazza Santa Trinità.

The close of this pontificate was darkened by the corruption which once more crept into the administration of justice, and by the siege of Malta by the Turks which cost the Pope and his subjects large sums. Pius became unpopular, and in 1565 a plot to murder him during a procession only failed because the conspirators lacked the necessary courage. The ringleader confessed under torture how divine visions had told him that the Church wanted a new head, and how he had felt called upon to obey this supernatural injunction. In the same year nature accomplished the design of the conspirators, and early in 1566 the most zealous of all ecclesiastics, Cardinal Ghislieri, who had been chief of the Inquisition, was elected Pope, and styled himself Pius V. In him asceticism, after the lapse of ages, once again ascended the papal throne, for he wore a hair shirt, kept a modest table and early hours, and devoted his whole thoughts to what he honestly believed to be the good of the Church. For him everything must be subordinate to religion; of his relatives he was perfectly independent, while every one, even the humblest, could obtain an audience of him; in short, he was one of the most conscientious men who have ever sat in the seat of St. Peter. But he found it hard to govern the Romans by the light of the Sermon on the Mount. Like most earnest reformers of public morals, he was in advance of his time, in many respects of ours also, and his experience proved that the political interests of the Papacy for which he cared little could not easily be reconciled with the religious aspects of that institution.

In one respect politics and religion were to him the

same, for, like Pius II., he was a zealous advocate of an anti-Turkish crusade to check the advance of the infidel. In the first year of his pontificate, the Turks extinguished the Catholic duchy of Naxos, "the last of the great fiefs of the Latin Empire of Romania;" a little later they captured Cyprus from the Venetians. But the Pope, undaunted by these successive blows, not only sent money to stem the tide of Turkish invasion in Hungary, but was the soul of the league which led to the victory of Lepanto. It must have been an inspiring scene, when Marc Antonio Colonna, the ablest officer among the Roman nobles, attended by a band of his fellows, rode to the Vatican to receive his appointment as commander-in-chief of the papal fleet, and a consecrated banner with the time-honoured device: *In hoc signo vinces.* At the famous battle the best blood of Rome was spilt for the Christian cause. A Farnese, a Della Rovere, an Orsini, a Colonna, and many more historic names figured in the list of the combatants, and far more than a thousand of the papal auxiliaries were wounded. Great was the rejoicing when, towards the close of 1571, the victorious commander entered Rome. The civic authorities and the people crowded the Appian Way to receive him as he rode in at the Porta San Sebastiano on a white horse in the Spanish costume of the time with the Order of the Golden Fleece on his breast. The Arch of Titus bore an inscription, prophesying (vain hope!) the liberation of Jerusalem by a Roman Pontiff. In St. Peter's Pius welcomed his champion, in the evening Rome was all ablaze with fireworks, and a few days later

the conqueror was entertained on the Capitol, and in the adjacent Church of Aracœli dedicated a silver *columna rostrata*, representing the prows of the conquered ships, after the fashion of the ancient Roman Admiral, Duilius. His statue may still be

PORTA SAN SEBASTIANO.
(*From a photo. by Mrs. Miller.*)

seen in one of the Sale dei Conservatori, his exploits at Lepanto are commemorated by a fresco in the Sala Regia of the Vatican, by the ceiling of Aracœli and on one of those of the Palazzo Colonna, and a pine-tree in the garden of the palace is said to have

been planted in honour of the victory. Pius founded the festival of La Madonna della Vittoria, and in many a Spanish Cathedral the flags of Lepanto may still be seen. But, as Finlay has shown in his great history, the results of the victory were greatly exaggerated; the check to the Turks was only temporary, and even the Pope's inexhaustible energy failed to keep the Powers united against them. He actually helped to increase the disunion of the French, for his troops fought on the Catholic side against the Huguenots, and brought back some captured banners to adorn the Lateran.

At home, too, he was as severe with suspected heretics as with avowed dissenters in France, and the decapitation of the Florentine Carnesecchi on the bridge of Sant' Angelo showed the increased power of the Inquisition. "The Pope," said one of the Inquisitors themselves, "needs the bridle rather than the spur." Everywhere it was the hey-day of religious persecution, and Pius found his readiest supporter in Philip II. of Spain. But his Bull, deposing our Queen Elizabeth, was powerless. It is a curious fact, however, that his last public act was to hear the prayers of some English Catholic fugitives from their country. At Easter, 1572, he became ill; on trying to climb the Santa Scala he fainted, and was taken back to the Vatican to die. He was buried in the Sistine Chapel of Sta. Maria Maggiore, where a monument commemorates his career, and after a long interval he received the honour of being canonised. For nearly three centuries no Pope had received, and perhaps none had deserved, the title of

Saint, and he was the last to obtain it. The reason may, perhaps, be found in his own saying, that "he had hoped to save his soul as a monk, he had feared that he could scarcely save it as a bishop and a Cardinal, and had despaired of saving it as a Pope."

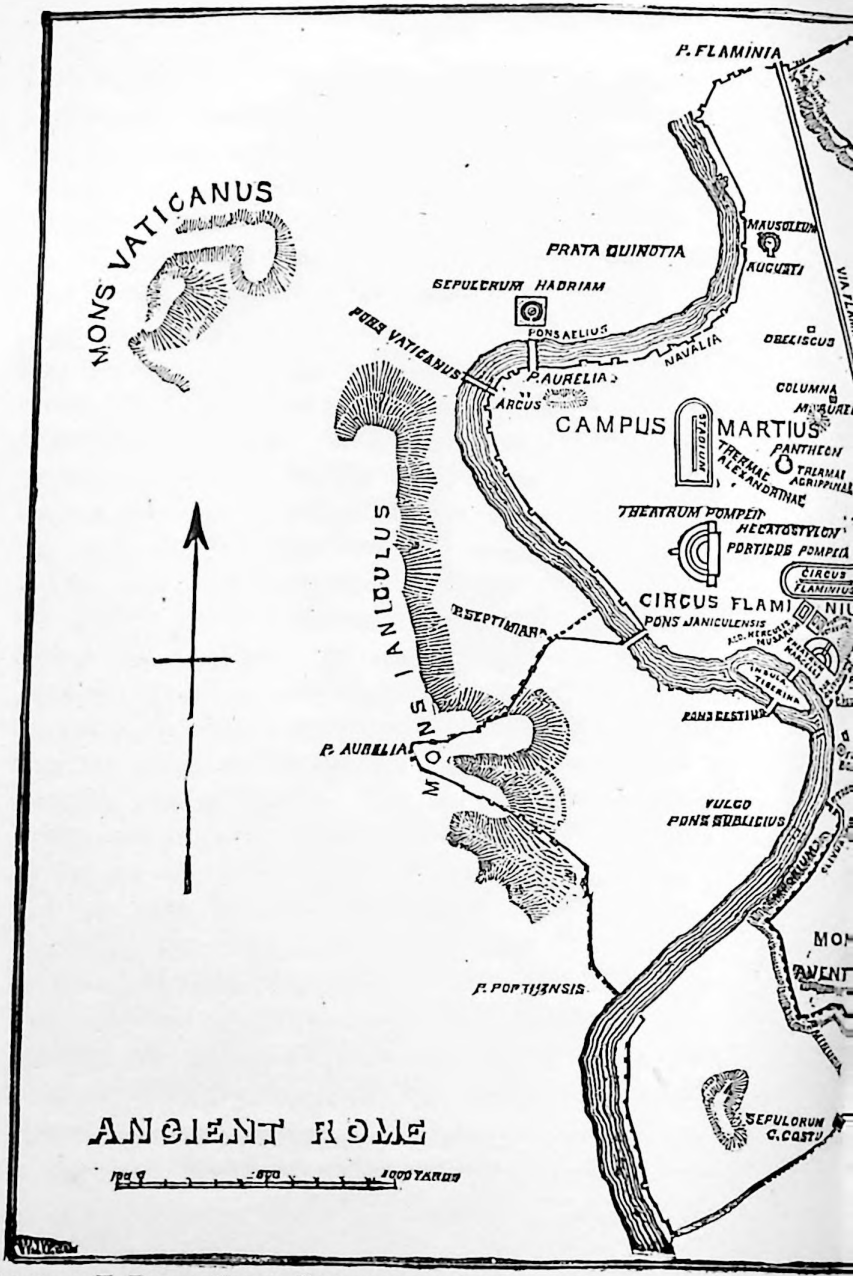
His pontificate has left few traces in Rome so far as buildings are concerned. He, however, built the Church of SS. Domenico e Sisto, and gave to the Inquisition the Palazzo del Santo Uffizio, then called the Palazzo Pucci. Under him, too, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese began the Gesù. But scholars will remember his reign, for then it was that in a vineyard outside the Porta Portese were discovered those memorable records of the Arval brotherhood which form one of the earliest known specimens of Latin.[1] Pius V. was not, however, a lover of archæology, regarding ancient statues as so many "idols of the heathen." Accordingly, we find him presenting cartloads of them to Florence and plundering the baths of Titus which had hitherto remained almost intact. The new Via Alessandrina, too, so-called from a nephew of this Pope, cut right through the district round the Fora of the Emperors; but Pius was usually too much occupied with trying to reform the morals of Rome to have much energy left for great constructive or destructive works, for in Rome the two terms are often synonymous.

The pontificate of the next Pope, Gregory XIII., which extended to 1585, was remarkable for four things—the revision and correction of the Roman statutes, a large number of new ecclesiastical

[1] Cf. Mommsen's *History of Rome*, i. 230–1.

foundations, the attempt to cope with the evils of brigandage, and the reform of the calendar. Gregory was an earnest man who had sown a good many wild oats in his youth and had a grown-up son to provide for when he was elected. He established the college for English missionaries, enlarged the German-Hungarian college of Julius III., and erected the present buildings of the Collegio Romano, which had been founded, as we saw, by San Francisco Borgia, Duke of Gandia. He took decisive steps to free Rome from the plague of beggars who infested the streets and churches by the construction of a work-house, and was so successful that we are told that "in 1581 not a single beggar was to be seen in Rome"—an achievement even greater than those of the modern *società contro l' accattonagio*. From his coffers the Cypriots, who had suffered from the Turkish conquest, were relieved, and granaries for the use of the Romans were designed at his expense near the baths of Diocletian. Finally, during the eleventh year of Jubilee, 1575, when Tasso was in Rome, and was presented to the Pope, to whom he alludes in his great epic,[1] no less than 200,000 pilgrims were boarded and lodged in the hospital adjoining the later Church of the Trinità dei Pellegrini, in accordance with the plan of San Filippo Neri. But the enormous sums which Gregory spent on these and similar philanthropic objects had to be found somewhere, and here the Pope's difficulties

[1] "Ove ora il novo successor tuo degno
Di grazia e di perdono apre le porte."
La Gerusalemme Liberata, xi. 8.



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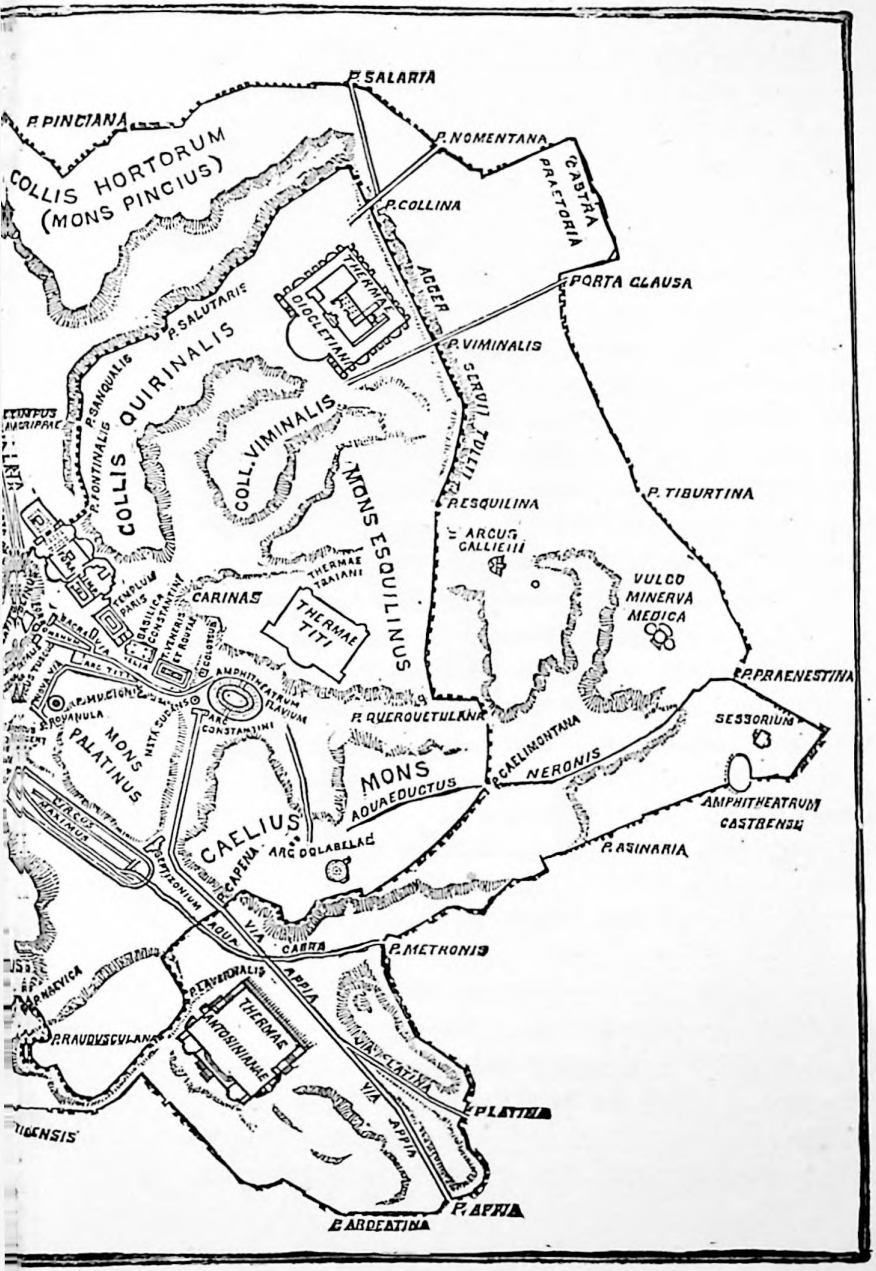

P. SALARIA
P. PINCIANA
P. NOMENTANA
COLLIS HORTORUM
(MONS PINCIUS)
CASTRA PRAETORIA
P. COLLINA
THERMAE DIOCLETIANI
AGGER
PORTA CLAUSA
P. SALUTARIS
COLLIS QUIRINALIS
P. VIMINALIS
P. QUIRINALIS
P. FONTINALIS
COLL. VIMINALIS
SERVII TULLII
MONS ESQUILINUS
P. ESQUILINA
P. TIBURTINA
ARCUS GALLIENI
THERMAE TRAIANI
CARINAE
THERMAE TITI
VULCO MINERVA MEDICA
TEMPLUM PACIS
BASILICA CONSTANTINI
TEMENOS ET HORTUS
AMPHITHEATRUM FLAVIUM
P. PRAENESTINA
P. QUERQUETULANA
SESSORIUM
MONS PALATINUS
ARCUS CONSTANTINI
MONS AQUAEDUCTUS
P. CAELIMONTANA
NERONIS
AMPHITHEATRUM CASTRENSE
CAELIUS
ARC DOLABELLAE
P. ASINARIA
VIA APPIA
P. METRONIS
P. CAPENA
THERMAE ANTONINIANAE
P. RAUDUSCULANA
P. PLATINA
P. APPIA
P. ARDEATINA

began. He raised funds by cancelling a number of feudal privileges, which had originally been granted for a definite period but in some cases had been allowed to continue by the carelessness of his predecessors, and by resuming possession of various territories, the feudal dues from which had fallen into arrears. Naturally these impolitic, if strictly legal, measures—the acts of a lawyer rather than a statesman—produced grave dissatisfaction. Vested interests were injured, and at once began to assert themselves. The circumstances of the time unfortunately favoured the efforts of the dispossessed feudatories. Since the conclusion of peace between Spain and France at Cateau-Cambrésis, Italy had been overrun by disbanded soldiers, who formed robber troops with a military organisation, and found support from the nobles in the Papal States. One of these lawless companies under the command of the Duke of Montemarciano, who had taken to the career of a brigand in consequence of his grievances against the Pope, became the terror of the Pontiff's law-abiding subjects. Another brigand chief stylec himself "King of the Campagna," and plundered the mails just outside the gates of the city. Gregory tried to put down these malefactors by force, but was ultimately compelled to come to terms with them. The Duke of Montemarciano actually entered Rome under a safe conduct, accompanied by some fifty nobles, and attracted the respectful admiration of the crowd when it was whispered that he was only five-and-twenty and yet had no less than 370 murders to his account. We are told that this distinguished

cut-throat lodged with one of the Cardinals till Gregory had granted him a free pardon.

In Rome itself public security was constantly endangered by lesser luminaries of the same kind. There, as in the country, the nobles sheltered fugitives from justice, and pitched battles ensued in and around their palaces between the papal police and the occupants. One of these conflicts cost several of the oldest families in Rome the lives of some of their members; the mob sided, of course, with the law-breakers, treated the noble accomplices as martyrs, and rewarded the police for their professional zeal by beheading their chief and sticking his head on the ramparts of Sant' Angelo. Montaigne, who visited Rome in 1580, and stayed at the famous *Locanda dell' Orso*, which is still standing, has left a striking description of the state of the city at that time. Nothing seems to have impressed that shrewd observer more than the lack of business; the small French provincial towns were more important in that respect than the religious capital of Catholic Europe. Rome, too, he noticed, had become a cosmopolitan city where all the world was at home. The houses he considered better furnished than those in Paris, but the new buildings much inferior to the ancient monuments. The people he thought less pious than the French, and the churches less beautiful than those of some other Italian and even some French and German cities. Yet Gregory XIII. was most anxious to improve and beautify his residence, and his energy transformed, not always wisely, the appearance of several quarters. His innovations at

FONTANA DELLE TARTARUGHE.

Aracœli led to the removal of much that was old and interesting; he replaced the Porta Asinaria by the present Porta San Giovanni; he made the Via di Monte Tarpeio and the Via Merulana; and he drained the swamp which has given its name to the Arco dei Pantani, so that houses could be built there. He constructed the Gregorian chapel in St. Peter's, and renewed some of the frescoes in the Cappella Sistina. The group of the Dioscuri was now placed at the top of the central approach to the Capitol; the famous *Lex regia*, which figured so largely in the story of Cola di Rienzo, was moved from the Lateran to the Capitol, a new *campanile* was built on to the Palazzo del Senatore, and the façade of the Palazzo dei Conservatori was begun. Now, too, was erected the Villa Mattei, and not a few of the most celebrated Roman fountains, such as the picturesque Fontana delle Tartarughe, owe their inception to Gregory XIII. Some of the most precious ancient statues were unearthed at this period—among them the group of Niobe, and the wrestlers, which after adorning the Pincian villa of Ferdinando de' Medici, the greatest art-collector of the age, were sent to Florence where they still remain.

One other discovery, which was made during this pontificate, proved to be of the greatest scientific interest. On May 31, 1578, some labourers, digging for *pozzolana* earth in a vineyard on the Via Salaria, came across a sepulchral chamber. They at once reported what they had found, and the news excited the deepest curiosity. The ecclesiastical historian, Baronius, who was one of the first to visit the newly-

found cemetery, has left on record "the amazement of the city at finding hidden in its suburbs the colonies of a Christian community." The importance of this happy accident could scarcely be exaggerated; for the sepulchral chamber of the Via Salaria was none other than what is now known as the Catacombs of Sta. Priscilla. The existence of the Catacombs had been almost, if not quite, forgotten for many a long year, and now, as if in a moment, by a chance stroke of a workman's pick-axe, those extraordinary memorials of a dead past had been all discovered. From the time when, in the early part of the ninth century, Paschalis I. had removed the relics of the Christian martyrs to the Church of Sta. Prassede, which he had built for their reception, the Catacombs had been almost wholly neglected. We can trace few references to them in the records of the seven following centuries, though here and there an inscription, which has since been brought to light, proves that occasional visitors still went to see them. Thus a *graffito* with the date of 1321 bids Christians to "gather together in these caverns; to read the holy books; to sing hymns in honour of the saints and martyrs who, having died in the Lord, lie buried here; to sing psalms for those who are now dying in the faith." And the inscription goes on to remind the faithful that "there is light in this darkness; there is music in these tombs." Those who have been present at a lecture in the Catacombs can best imagine how impressive such a gathering of the devout must have been. From time to time a few of them seem to have come. Thus, there are traces of

a visit by a Bishop of Pisa in the early years of the fourteenth century ; in 1397 a company of six German priests made a pilgrimage to one of the crypts, and German-like, left their names there ; while a Latin inscription of 1467 in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus briefly states that in that year "some Scots were here." About the same time several members of the Roman Academy, including the notorious Pomponius Laetus himself, would appear to have entered the Catacombs, perhaps for the purpose of taking refuge there, as allusions to them have been found by explorers of those dim recesses. But, to all practical intents, the Catacombs had been forgotten till their strange discovery in 1578. In the years that followed enormous labour was devoted to their exploration, and the name of Antonio Bosio, a Maltese, will ever be connected with this great enterprise. "The Columbus of this subterranean world," as he has been called, he would sometimes provide himself with provisions for a week and then go underground till they were exhausted. He devoted no less than thirty-six years to this labour of love, growing at last, like the cave-dwellers in Plato, to prefer the gloom to the light of day. Yet he did not live to see the results of his toil ; for his book, *Roma Sotterranea*, was not published till after his death.

But the name of Gregory has been best perpetuated by the Gregorian calendar, which he introduced in 1582. Several of his predecessors had felt the want of a reform in the method of reckoning time, but to him belongs the honour of having summoned a

GREGORIVS·XIII·PON·MAX

council of men of science to correct the errors which had crept into the Julian calendar. After four years' labour, the result of their deliberations was published in the form of a Bull, and at once found acceptance in Catholic Europe. But in Protestant and conservative England it did not become the law of the land till the middle of the eighteenth century, and in Orthodox Russia and other lands under the influence of the Eastern Church it has not even yet been adopted. The monument of this Pope in St. Peter's appropriately bears a bas-relief, alluding to this beneficent work, worthy of the best days of the Eternal City. For in this, at least, Gregory was the successor of Julius Cæsar.

XIII

ROME UNDER SIXTUS V.

THE violence which had broken out in Rome under Gregory XIII. had convinced the Cardinals that a strong man was needed to restore law and order ; and when at last that Pope died they believed that they had found such a man in the Cardinal of Montalto, who is known in history as Sixtus V. Felice Peretti, to give him his family name, was the son of a poor gardener, whose ancestors, Slavs by race, had left their home on the rocky coasts of Dalmatia at the approach of the Turk and had sought a refuge on the friendly shores of Italy at Grottammare, which the modern traveller passes on his way from Ancona to Brindisi. The future Pope spent his early years in tending the fruit-trees and minding the pigs ; and, as his father was too poor to send him to the village school, he learnt his letters out of the horn-books, which he borrowed from his playmates. A philanthropic relative, a Franciscan, who thought that young Felice had talent, consented to pay for his education, and so at twelve years of age the lad himself entered the ranks of the

Franciscans. He continued to educate himself with the assiduity with which a boy of his age in England would devote himself to football, and soon acquired the reputation of a skilful dialectician. Then his chance came. In 1552 he was preaching in the

SIXTUS V.

Church of the Holy Apostles at Rome, when one day he found himself summoned before the Inquisition on the charge of heretical doctrine. At that time the Grand Inquisitor was Cardinal Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V., who was so struck with his theological knowledge, that, instead of punishing him, he became

his patron. From that moment Peretti's fortune was assured. Attaching himself to the thorough-going party of Ignatius Loyola and Filippo Neri, which was then in the ascendant, he was appointed Vicar-General of the Franciscans by Pius V., with the express object of reforming that order, and as a reward for his services in that capacity, was nominated a Cardinal and a bishop of that very see where once he had looked after his father's pigs and fruit. When his patron died, the Cardinal of Montalto (as he now styled himself from the village of that name near his birthplace) had the sense to live in comparative retirement, in his villa near Sta. Maria Maggiore, planting trees and vines and editing the works of St. Ambrose, but with an eye all the time to the greatest prize of the Church. Once only was his repose disturbed, when his only nephew was found one morning brutally murdered by the lover and the brother of his wife, the notorious Vittoria Accoramboni. The crime was characteristic of Italian society in that turbulent age. Vittoria, a woman of surpassing charm but of low origin, had married the Cardinal of Montalto's nephew when she was very young. But the marriage did not satisfy the ambition of her brother Marcello, who had already committed one murder and did not shrink from another, if, by ridding his sister of her husband, he could obtain her a more eligible match. His pride aspired to an alliance between his sister and the Duke of Bracciano, a member of the ancient family of Orsini, and the Duke's attentions to the bewitching Vittoria encouraged the preposterous idea. It only

remained to remove the superfluous husband, and in the Rome of the sixteenth century that was not a hard matter. The plot succeeded, and Vittoria became the wife of the guilty Duke, in spite of the protests of the Orsini family. The extraordinary self-possession which the Cardinal showed on the occasion of this grim tragedy impressed every one, and probably contributed not a little to his election as Pope two years later, for we may safely discard the libel that he gained his election by feigning ill-health. His first act as Pontiff was to warn and rebuke the Duke, whom all suspected of being concerned in his nephew's murder. The Duke and Duchess took the hint and fled from Rome. Nemesis, as usual, befell all the guilty actors in the drama. The Duke died under mysterious circumstances, the Duchess was murdered, and her brother was sent to the gallows by the Pope. And this was merely the prelude to a general onslaught on the bandits who had made Rome and the Papal States their hunting-ground. He began by making extradition-treaties with neighbouring states, and by threatening condign punishment to all persons who harboured criminals. Some of his measures might with advantage have been adopted by even nineteenth century rulers of brigand-haunted countries. Towns and communes were held responsible for the crimes committed within their boundaries; the relatives of robbers were considered as guilty of the misdeeds of those scoundrels; a free pardon was offered to all who rejected the time-honoured maxim of "honour among thieves." Sixtus V. was no respecter of persons.

His officers forced the doors of suspected Cardinals no less than those of peasants; it was a crime, punishable by death, to be found in possession of forbidden weapons. Gallows were erected about the country, and soon bore their hideous fruit; it was said one summer that there were more heads on the Ponte Sant' Angelo than melons in the Roman fruit-market The powerless Romans who had a sneaking liking for the Claude Duvals of their city resorted to the aid of Pasquino, and vented their rage on the Pope by anonymous lampoons; Sixtus retorted like Hadrian VI. by threatening to throw Pasquino with his precious literary freight into the Tiber. When the *Conservatori* complained to him that the rotting heads polluted the air, he replied, "Gentlemen, in that case you can go elsewhere." His stern policy did not tend to make him beloved, but the best compliment ever paid him was that of the foreign diplomatists, who commented on the quiet of the city and the Papal States under his iron rule. Unfortunately it did not long survive him.

Always a careful manager, he saved each year a large sum, which he deposited in the Castle of Sant' Angelo for the special emergencies of the Church, such as a new crusade against the Turks, a famine or a pestilence, the defence of a Catholic country, or the recovery of a revolted province of the Papal States. But, in his zeal to provide for the future, he revived and, indeed, increased, some of the worst abuses of his predecessors. He sold many offices which had never been sold before, and augmented the prices of others which had been ordinarily disposed of in this

simoniacal fashion but at comparatively cheap rates. He imposed duties, according to the modern Italian system, on the most necessary articles of consumption, and debased the coinage. Imitating the example, first set by Clement VII. and followed by several of his successors, he founded *Monti*, or as modern financiers would say, raised loans on the security of certain revenues ear-marked and set apart for the purpose. The earliest of these loans, the so-called *Monte della Fede*, dated from 1526, when the interest of ten per cent. was paid out of the produce of the city dues. Others rapidly followed; we hear of a *Monte di sale ed oro* and a *Monte del macinato*, the security for which was, in the one case the duties on salt and gold, in the other the tax on grinding corn. But no Pope went so far in this direction as Sixtus V., and Rome soon resembled a Balkan State of our own days which has pledged every source of revenue as a security for its loans. The money was usually advanced by the Genoese bankers, the Rothschilds of that age, and the Pope derived expert advice from a Portuguese Jew, who had fled from the Inquisition in Portugal, and found that in Rome his theological heresies were more than atoned for by his heresies of finance. The combination was a distinctly humorous one, especially when we remember the stern measures of Paul IV. against the Hebrew race. But Sixtus was shrewd enough to appreciate the financial skill of the Jews, just as some of his predecessors had been glad of their medical aid.

The next reform of his reign was the reconstitution

of the College of Cardinals. Following the scriptural analogy of the seventy appointed by our Lord, the number of the Cardinals was in 1586 also fixed at seventy, and the College was made to consist of six bishops of the ancient suburban sees, fifty priests, and fourteen deacons; the Bishop of Ostia remained the *doyen* of the College. The actual number of the Cardinals has varied since that date,[1] but in theory the arrangements of Sixtus V. have continued down to our own day. Another ecclesiastical innovation was that regulating the system of committees of Cardinals, which had been instituted by Paul III. for the better and speedier transaction of business, instead of the former practice of referring everything to the Consistory, or whole body. A Bull of 1588 fixed the number of these committees, or "Congregations," at fifteen, a number increased since that time. The presidency of the most important of these committees, that of the Inquisition, Sixtus reserved for himself, but in all cases the final decision lay with him. The general effect of these provisions was to give a strongly clerical stamp to the whole business of the Roman State. It is true that several of these "Congregations" dealt with purely mundane affairs, such as the building of bridges and the protection of the sea-coasts. But these matters were none the less left in clerical hands, and from this period onwards the Papal States were almost entirely governed by ecclesiastics, with the result that they were, at the Unification of Italy, among the most backward and

[1] All the vacancies are rarely filled; but at present there are sixty-seven Cardinals, forty Italians, and twenty-seven foreigners.

neglected provinces of the kingdom. To attain high office there it was henceforth necessary to be a cleric, and both religion and administration suffered by the imposition of this theological test.

Sixtus was, however, really anxious to benefit his subjects in all that he did; and, if he erred, it was because he meant only too well. He tried, like so many other rulers of Rome, to drain the Pontine Marshes, where the Canal known as Fiume Sisto still bears witness to his labours; he planned the formation of a much-wanted harbour for the coast of Latium, and improved that of Cività Vecchia; the bridge over the Tiber at Borghetto near Orte is called Ponte Felice after him, and on his native district he showered numerous benefits. Yet he found time to take part in foreign politics as well. The attack of the Spanish Armada coincided with his reign; and, after having begun by considering it possible to convert Queen Elizabeth, Sixtus was at last persuaded by the Spanish Ambassador to give his moral support to that naval enterprise. But the astute Pontiff was not willing to pay anything towards the costs until the Spaniards should have actually set foot on English soil. Even when the news arrived that the Armada was already in English waters, the wily Pope was not to be drawn; and when its defeat was announced, he hinted that it was just what he had expected.[1] To France, after the murder of Henri III., he sent a message, urging the election of a Catholic king; but

[1] See his very amusing interviews with the Spanish Ambassador in Froude's *History of England*, vol. xii.

he began to temporise, when he saw how strong was the feeling in favour of Henri IV. In both cases, his zeal for the Catholic religion was tempered by the fear of allowing Spain to become too powerful. It was at this crisis that he died, in 1590, after a reign of only five years, in which he had achieved more than many rulers would have accomplished in five-and-twenty.

It is from him that the Rome of our day, and still more that of the period before 1870, derived the most striking of her external features. Sixtus was a great builder, and, when we consider that after his brief spell of office he left a large sum behind him in the coffers of Sant' Angelo, it is marvellous that he could find the money for such great and numerous works, and that he managed to build so much in so short a time. But in this respect, as in all that he undertook, his energy knew no obstacles. He brought the Acqua Felice from the Alban hills to the City, and at his bidding Domenico Fontana erected the Fontanone from which it issues at the corner of what is now the Via Venti Settembre. Almost the whole of the buildings in the Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano were raised by him, for he rebuilt the Lateran palace, which had lain in ruins since the great fire of 1308, added the portico to the façade of the south transept of the Lateran basilica, and constructed the portico of the edifice which contains the *Scala Santa*. The obelisk in the centre of the square, which was discovered during his reign in the Circus Maximus, owes its erection on its present site to him. The still more famous obelisk in front of

SCALA SANTA.

St. Peter's was removed at his orders from its old position in the Vatican Circus and hoisted up with great difficulty into the perpendicular. This was the occasion, when the Sanremese sailor, Bresca, obtained for himself and his relatives the privilege of providing the palms for St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, as a reward for his timely cry to throw "water on the ropes"—a privilege still enjoyed by his descendants at Bordighera.[1] Two other familiar obelisks, that in the Piazza del Popolo and that in the Piazza dell' Esquilino, were moved by this Pope's orders to their respective sites, while the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius were repaired at his instigation, and statues of St. Peter and St. Paul placed on their summits. At the Vatican he began the wing which has since served as a residence to his successors, and bade Fontana erect the present building which contains the library. The dome of St. Peter's, after having remained unfinished for nearly a quarter of a century, was completed by him, and so great was his impatience—for he felt that he might die before the work was finished—that he rejected the estimate of one architect solely because he had demanded a year for the erection of the necessary scaffolding. When Sixtus had found others, who undertook to do the whole work in a comparatively shorter time, he kept eight hundred men hard at it night and day till it was finished, three months before his death. But the lantern was not completed till a little after that event. He embellished his favourite church of

[1] The story is best told in Ruffini's quaint novel, still the best guide-book to Bordighera, "Doctor Antonio."

Sta. Maria Maggiore with its Sistine chapel, where his own monument now stands, and where as a plain Cardinal he had erected the tomb of his fellow-countryman from the Marches, Nicholas IV. He re-erected, too, the Church of San Girolamo degli Schiavoni, and constructed the street, which still commemorates his name, the Via Sistina, as well as the continuation, the Via delle Quattro Fontane. These improvements revolutionised the aspect of large parts of the city, but, as usual, the constructions of Sixtus were the cause of further destruction of antiquities, for which this severely practical Pope cared very little. Thus, he destroyed the Septizonium of Severus, which had existed ever since the end of the second century of our era, in order to obtain materials for the work at St. Peter's. In his eagerness to develop the wool industry, he converted the Colosseum into a manufactory of that useful, but prosaic, commodity, and was only prevented by the universal indignation of the people from pulling down the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which he had actually begun to destroy. To provide a suitable site for the horse-tamers in the Piazza del Quirinale, he ruthlessly swept away the remains of some ancient buildings. To set against these acts of vandalism may be mentioned the erection of the so-called Trophies of Marius, which were discovered on the Esquiline in the last year of his reign, in their present position on the balustrade of the Piazza del Campidoglio. The original basalt lions, which adorned the Fontana delle Terme till the days of Gregory XVI., were placed there by Sixtus, but are now in the Egyptian Museum

of the Vatican. Thus, he altered not a few of the familiar landmarks; but, if here and there he destroyed too hastily, he yet deserves the title of the renovator of Rome. No one, even now, can help being struck by the frequency with which his name recurs in the architectural history of the city, and yet this was only one of his many and varied activities.

Sixtus, like most legislators in a hurry, had made many enemies; and, the moment that his death was announced, it was said of him, as of Alexander VI., that the devil had carried off his soul. During his lifetime the Senate had erected a marble statue to him on the Capitol with a laudatory inscription, recalling his restoration of order and his restoration of Rome. The mob now threatened to tear it from its pedestal, and was only prevented from doing so by the intervention of the nobles and the respectable citizens. But the incident led to a prohibition of the erection of such monuments to living Popes, a prohibition which was subsequently repealed. The mature judgment of posterity, unclouded by the passions of the moment, has pronounced Sixtus V. to be one of the greatest occupants of the Papacy, and in the three centuries which have elapsed since his death there has been no name of equal eminence among his successors. In the words of Gibbon, his "wild and original character stands alone in the series of the Pontiffs."

The remaining events of the sixteenth century need not long detain us. Sixtus, with a humorous pun on his name of Peretti and the pears (*pere*) in his coat of arms, had said in his last days, "Rome has had

enough of the pears, now it is the turn of the chestnut."[1] The saying was an allusion to Castagna, whom he thus marked out as his successor, and his forecast came true. But Castagna, who called himself Urban VII., reigned only thirteen days, and the next two Popes, Gregory XIV. and Innocent IX., completed no more than a year between them. Yet brief as was their rule, the condition of Rome and of the States of the Church had already begun to deteriorate. A terrible pestilence and an equally terrible famine devastated the city and the country alike, carrying off thousands of victims, and the unwise intervention of Gregory in the affairs of France, by sending papal troops to fight against Henri IV., enormously reduced the hoard, which Sixtus had laid up in Sant' Angelo, without the smallest corresponding advantage. Robber bands again appeared at the gates of Rome, and it was not till after the election of the next Pope, Clement VIII., that the worst of them were rooted out, or sent in the service of Venice to Crete, where they found congenial occupation in oppressing the native Greek population. But the smaller chieftains, with their followers, still continued to prowl about the Campagna, whence it was hard to dislodge them. In 1595 the Venetian Ambassador estimated the number of these "emigrants," as they were euphemistically called, at 15,000, and wrote that hardly a day passed without a fresh supply of heads arriving for the bridge of Sant' Angelo. The losses of the papal troops in this

[1] This incident is pleasantly told in Bourget's charming novel "Cosmopolis."

guerilla warfare had been enormous during the previous five years, and the condition of those forces was greatly inferior to what it had been. The papal navy also was decaying, and the papal harbours of Ancona and Cività Vecchia falling into neglect ; only five hundred men were available for the manning of the fleet. The revenues, like the trade and industry of the city, had declined since the death of Sixtus, while useless luxury had increased, and ostentation once more became the distinguishing mark of the Roman Court. The old Roman families were being elbowed out of the way by upstart houses, with which they could no longer compete in extravagance, though, as is the case in both England and Italy to-day, they sometimes recovered their position by matrimonial alliances with the new-comers. But their former influence at papal elections had dwindled away ; so, too, had their military prowess. If they and the Roman people generally continued to be well-affected to the Papacy, it was because they saw that another Avignon would mean the absolute ruin of Rome, which no longer occupied, even in the Catholic world, the hegemony of which had passed to Spain, that proud position which she had held before the Reformation. The Venetians, the shrewdest observers of their time, saw clearly that the Roman territory owed its preservation not to any merits of its government but simply to the facts that it was the home of the Pope and that its incorporation in any other state would destroy the balance of power in Italy. But their Ambassador declared with prophetic insight that, "if any great

revolution took place in Italy, the States of the Church with all the elements of disorder which they contain would run no small risk."

Such were the adverse circumstances with which Clement VIII. had to grapple in the last decade of the sixteenth century; but it must be admitted that according to his lights he steered the vessel of the Church with discretion and worldly wisdom. Chosen by a Conclave which had been divided by the rival interests of France and Spain, he had the good sense to make peace with Henri IV., who had "found salvation" when he had discovered that he would thereby gain Paris. In 1595 the solemn reconciliation between the two potentates took place beneath the portico of St. Peter's, where representatives of the King knelt down before the Pope, as so many a royal envoy had done in the days that were gone. As a faint reminiscence of the old crusading spirit of the Papacy, the papal guards were sent to take part in the defence of Hungary against the Turks. And the declining years of the century saw the accomplishment, by peaceful means, of what the old Popes had attempted by force—the incorporation of the Duchy of Ferrara with the Papal States in consequence of the extinction of the main line of Este. But at the same time other and less agreeable reminiscences of the old days were revived which cast a lurid light on the state of society in Rome.

The portraits of Lucrezia and Beatrice Cenci (if, indeed, the latter be genuine) in the Barberini palace, and the pen of Shelley have given universal notoriety to those who took part in the terrible drama which

was enacted at this period. Count Francesco Cenci, whose crimes would almost fill a page, was murdered in 1598 by two hired assassins under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. The murderers entered their victim's bedroom in his castle of Petrella in the mountains of Apulia and slew him while he was

BEATRICE CENCI.
(From a portrait in the Barberini Palace.)

asleep. Shelley, in his tragedy of "The Cenci," has made one of the assassins describe the ghastly scene:

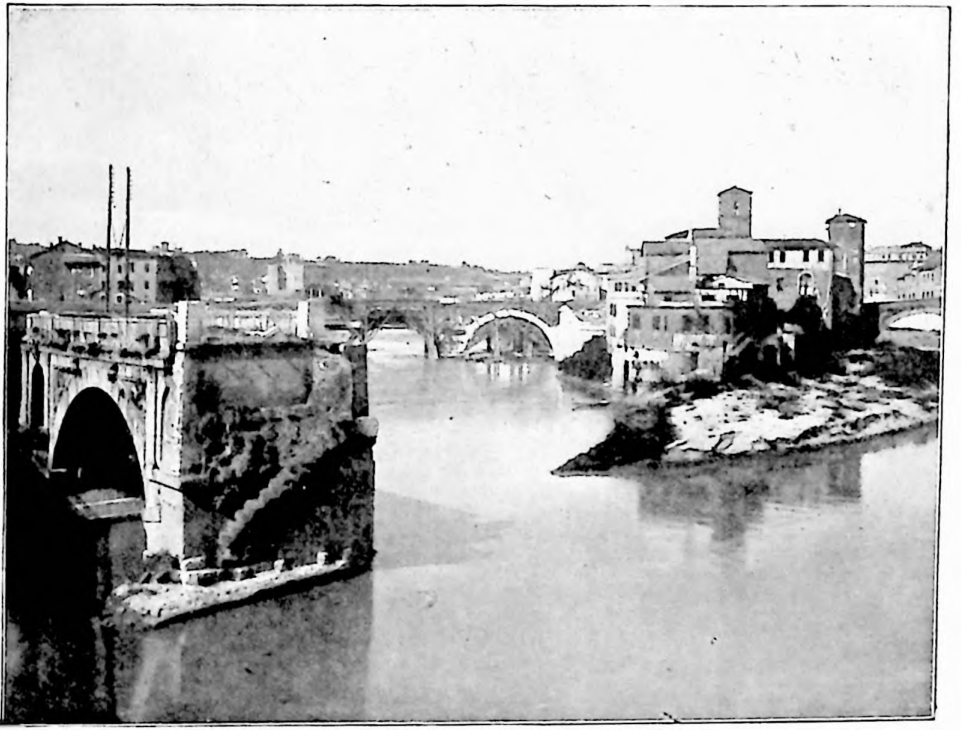
> "We strangled him, that there might be no blood;
> And then we threw his heavy corpse i' the garden
> Under the balcony; 'twill seem it fell."

But the more usual version of the story is that they killed the Count, as Jael killed Sisera, by driving a nail into his temples. At first it seemed as if the murder would remain undiscovered and unavenged, and the Count's sorrowing children kept up appearances by returning to the family palace in Rome, clothed in the deepest mourning. But suspicion fell upon the two murderers, and a warrant was issued for their arrest. Fearing lest they should compromise by their disclosures the real authors of the crime, a priest, who had been the accomplice, and, it is said, the lover of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci, the murdered Count's daughter, hired a second pair of ruffians to kill the first. But this fresh plot was only partially successful. One of the Count's assassins was, indeed, removed; but his fellow, Marzio, escaped the daggers of the cut-throats, only, however, to fall into the hands of the papal emissaries. Put upon the rack, he made a full confession, which pointed to the murdered man's children, Giacomo, Bernardo, and Beatrice, and to their step-mother, Lucrezia, as the instigators of the crime. The four accused were arrested, and the only defence which the youthful Beatrice's advocate could find was that she had suffered unendurable provocation from her inhuman father. The girl herself so terrified the wretched Marzio, when confronted with him, that he recanted his confession and declared her innocent, nor could further tortures make him renew his accusation. Beatrice's brothers, Giacomo and Bernardo, yielded, however, to the terrors of the rack, and made a full confession of their guilt. Beatrice herself for a long time defied

her judges and showed an obstinate courage, over which her sex and youth—she was only twenty-two—have cast an additional glamour. The visitor to the Castle of Sant' Angelo may still see the prison, where she is supposed to have been confined before her execution on the bridge outside, and where she is said to have undergone the most excruciating tortures. Her step-mother and her brother, Giacomo, shared her fate; Bernardo's youth saved him from the punishment of his crime. Of their guilt there can be no doubt whatever; but those who still sympathise with Beatrice's sufferings may pay their respects to her memory at the altar of San Pietro in Montorio, where by her wish she was buried, reflecting, as they climb the road, that the wall, which supports it, was built out of money bequeathed by her in her last hours. No monument marks her last resting-place, but the gloomy Palazzo Cenci still stands and recalls the grim deeds of that crime-burdened family. Their property passed to the Pope, and it is possible that the prospect of this magnificent windfall may have increased Clement's zeal for justice on the parricides. Still the Cenci were not the only high-born criminals of those days. Even while their trial was going on, one of the Santacroce family murdered his mother, and met with a violent death; his brother and accomplice was executed on the bridge of Sant' Angelo; and these tragedies were crowned by the act of the young Massimi, who killed their step-mother. Such crimes as these among the Roman nobility might well seem to have called down on the guilty city the terrible inundation of 1598—one

of the worst on record, of which those who witnessed the great floods of 1900 can form an adequate idea. No less than fifteen hundred persons lost their lives, and the Tiber swept away two arches of the old Æmilian bridge, known in the Middle Ages as the Ponte Sta. Maria, and rebuilt by Gregory XIII. only twenty-three years earlier. It was to this damage that the bridge owes its modern name of Ponte Rotto. The twelfth Jubilee, held in 1600, was some relief after this grievous disaster.

One distinguished figure, which had added lustre to the *anno santo* of twenty-five years before, was, however, missing on this occasion. The poet Tasso had been invited from his home at Sorrento by Clement VIII. in 1594 to receive the laurel crown on the Capitol, like Petrarch before him. He came, but the ceremony was delayed by bad weather, and ere it took place, he had passed away in the Monastery of Sant' Onofrio on the slope of the Janiculum on April 25, 1595. The cell in which he resided, his bust in wax, the oak under which he sat, and the monument which was raised to him in the adjoining church, may still be seen; the date of his death is still observed at Sant' Onofrio, and the tercentenary of that event was commemorated all over Italy. Thus, all the four great Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso were connected with the history of the Eternal City: but the last alone reposes there. A still more melancholy scene marked the early part of this year of Jubilee. Giordano Bruno, a Neapolitan, who had abandoned the Dominican Order and struck out a line for himself as an independent thinker, had been



PONTE ROTTO.

arrested in Venice and delivered up to the Roman authorities. After languishing for seven years in the dungeons of the Inquisition and scornfully refusing to purchase his freedom by a lying confession of faith, he was burned in the Campo di Fiore on February 17, 1600. Bruno's execution has been the source of no small annoyance to the lineal descendants of his persecutors. The statue of him, which now stands on the spot "where the faggots burnt," was erected by his admirers in 1889, in spite of the remonstrances of the clerical party; his name still survives as an anti-clerical battle cry and may be seen chalked up on the walls of Rome; and the celebration of the tercentenary of his death last year, though discouraged by the Italian Government, was kept by the extreme section opposed to the Vatican.

This last decade of the sixteenth century, though not so productive of changes in the appearance of Rome as the five years of Sixtus V., still contributed to make the city what we know it. The Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle was begun, and other buildings were cleared away to make room for it; the baths of Diocletian came partially into the possession of a devout lady, who converted the rotunda into the present Church of San Bernardo; the Palazzo del Senatore received its present façade, and was adorned with a grandiloquent inscription commemorative of the exploits of Clement VIII.; the leaden roof of the Pantheon was restored; the tomb known as the Monte del Grano, outside the Porta San Giovanni, was opened, and from it emerged the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus and Mammæa, which is now

in the Capitoline Museum; finally the first scientific investigation of the Catacombs was commenced, thus adding a new interest to those with which the name of Rome was already invested.

We have now traversed some five centuries of the history of the Eternal City. We have seen how, under the rule of over seventy Popes, the fortunes of Rome varied during that period, long in the annals of most nations, yet only a fraction of the extraordinary, and as yet unfinished, career of that marvellous creation. The meteor-like course of Hildebrand, the life and death of Arnold of Brescia, the masterful figure of the Third Innocent, the melancholy failure of the dreamer Cola di Rienzo, and his still more unfortunate disciple Porcaro, the crimes of the Sixth Alexander, and the pomps and pageants of Leo X.; all these things fall within the period which we have described. The quarrels of rival Roman houses, the widowed state of the city during the absence of the Popes at Avignon, the sack of Rome by her worse than Gothic invaders, the revival of religious zeal, and the consequent development of the Inquisition, have been traced, and we have watched the transformation of the city at the hands of the great Pope with whose reign this chapter has been chiefly concerned. Mediæval Rome has, like Mediæval Greece, attracted less general attention than the classical period. Yet the Rome of the Popes contains some lessons for us, which the Rome of the Kings, that of the Republic, and that of the early Empire lack. If there be one truth which emerges more clearly than another from the records of this period, it is that the union of the

spiritual and temporal power in the same hand is disastrous, alike to the religious and political welfare of both rulers and ruled. The days when Rome and her master were involved in every petty intrigue of mediæval diplomacy were the worst for Catholicism; the attempt of the Popes to govern a State by the maxims of a cloister or a Jesuit college was a failure which has even now left traces behind it. Nor should it have escaped the notice of the reader, that many of the evils with which the mediæval city and the Patrimony of St. Peter were afflicted could not have occurred in any Catholic State which was governed by an hereditary monarchy. Poland and Rome both point the moral of elective sovereignty—a thing excellent in theory, but, like most excellent theories, ruinous in practice. The system by which the ruler of Mediæval Rome was always old, almost always surrounded by a host of relatives, and almost always selected for some purely, or impurely, political consideration, could not have been other than bad. To the almost inevitable nepotism which such a system produced the worst features of papal rule may ultimately be traced. Moreover, the peculiar relation in which Rome stood to the rest of the world by virtue of her privileged position as a papal see, bestowed some benefits, but also not a few disadvantages, on the inhabitants. They became spoiled by the streams of gold which pious persons from other lands poured upon their city; they had fewer motives for exertion than the citizens of Venice, or London, or Paris; they lived, not on an active trade, but on their own past and other people's hopes of the

future. The shadowy Senators, the formal rights of the people, and all other legacies of the old days, when Rome was a free city, came to be mere names, and the one desire of the populace in the later part of the Middle Ages was to be fed and amused. Still, with all its faults, the Roman life of the Middle Ages, now gone for ever in this age of trams and taxes, cannot have been without its charm. The dreamy old ruins, which fired the fancy of a Petrarch and a Rienzi, looked more poetic in their deserted savageness than the trimly-kept excavations of *la terza Roma*. The ecclesiastical pageants which formed so large a part of the mediæval life, have now dwindled down to diminutive proportions. The costume has practically all gone, and the carnival has degenerated into a mere frolic of street-boys and a few balls. The pessimism, the lack of faith, the feeling of disappointment after grand illusions, which are characteristic of modern Italy, have made their way into the Italian capital. Yet the dark side of Mediæval Rome, with its feuds and its fevers, its appalling crimes and its stupendous criminals in high places, its want of principle and its combination of extreme credulity and extreme indifference, enormously preponderates over the lighter aspects of the picture. But even the great faults of the mediæval city cannot be judged without reference to the general conditions then almost universally prevalent in Southern Europe. *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht;* but before the tribunal of history, "the City on the Seven Hills," if she may be judged to have greatly sinned, must be

admitted to have greatly suffered. Let us hope that the tale of her sufferings is complete, and that the third Rome, which has now entered on her fourth decade may retain some of the poetry of the Middle Ages, together with that splendid inheritance of monuments which the long succession of Popes has handed down to posterity.

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